



THE BALLADS AND SONGS
OF YORKSHIRE.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF YORKSHIRE,

TRANSCRIBED FROM PRIVATE MANUSCRIPTS, RARE BROADSIDES,
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS ; WITH NOTES
AND A GLOSSARY.

BY

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1860.

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8414
2516

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

This Work

IS, WITH PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR.

389457

PREFACE.

THE present work is a selection from the Ballads and Songs of my native county, and I trust the publication may not be deemed an unacceptable offering. In a polished age like the present, I am sensible that many of the productions of our county bards will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and artless grace, which, in the opinion of such writers as Addison, Dryden, Percy, and others, have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties; and, in the words of the latter, “If they do not dazzle the imagination, they are frequently found to interest the heart.”

Wherever I have had an opportunity, I have collated my copies with the earliest editions, retaining in the notes, in many places, the different readings, the text in modern editions being materially changed and frequently deteriorated. I have omitted pieces from the pens of Scott, Wordsworth, Rogers, and other modern writers, whose works may be assumed to be in the reader's pos-

session. Another class, the last dying confessions of criminals, &c., have been, with few exceptions, left out, as more appropriate for a separate volume. I trust, however, in what is retained will be found every variety :—

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

And should the reader receive one half the pleasure in perusing the contents, that has been afforded in collecting, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

In the notes prefixed to the Ballads and Songs, I have acknowledged my obligations to the friends who have so kindly assisted me, but cannot allow this opportunity to pass without again expressing my sincere thanks to Edward Hailstone, esq., F. S. A., Charles Jackson, esq., and others who have manifested so great an interest in the work.

North Allerton,

May, 1860.

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THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF YORKSHIRE.

THE DIRGE OF OFFA.

BY THE REV. MR. BALL.

THIS ballad is supposed to be written by Mordrid, chief of the bards, in the reign of Edwin, king of Northumberland, whose son Offa was slain in the battle of Hatfield Wood, near Doncaster, A. D. 633. It concludes with the words of the bard. Rapin says, on Hatfield Heath a bloody battle was fought between Ceadwalla, king of the Britons, and Penda, the Pagan king of Mercia, against Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumberland, in which Edwin and Offrido his eldest son were slain.

SEE my son, my Offa, dies!
He who could chase his father's foes!
Where shall the king now close his eyes?
Where but in the tomb of woes.

'Tis there thy stony couch is laid,
And there the wearied king may rest—
But will not Penda's threats invade
The quiet of the monarch's breast?

No—my son shall quell his rage—
 What have I said?—ah me, undone;
 Ne'er shall the parent's snowy age
 Recall the tender name of son!

O would that I for thee had died,
 Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous case!
 Who dar'd defy those looks of pride,
 That mark the chiefs of Wyba's race!

But, O my son, I little knew
 What pow'r was in that arm of might!
 That weeds of such a baleful hue
 The laurel's beauteous wreath should blight!

Yes, my son, the shaft that thee
 Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!
 O how will Hengist weep to see
 The woes that on his line await!

To see my Offa's latest pangs,
 As wild in death he bites the shore!
 A savage wolf, with bloody fangs,
 The lamb's unspotted bosom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,
 But to revenge his father's wrong!—
 Some abler arm convey him hence,
 And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak
 The last sad duties to perform!
 These feeble arms their task forsake!
 Else should they rise in wrathful storm.

Against the ruthless rebel's head
Who dared such laurels to destroy ;
To bid each virtue's hope lie dead !
And crush a parent's only joy !

Inter him by yon ivy tow'r,
And raise the note of deepest dole !
Ne'er should a friend in deathful hour,
Forget the chief of gen'rous soul :

And o'er the grave erect a stone,
His worth and lineage high to tell :
And, by the faithful cross be shown
That in the faith of Christ he fell !

Hail ! valiant chiefs of Hatfield Wood !
Ne'er may your blooming honours cease !
That with unequal strength withstood
Th' invader of your country's peace.

Now, round this head let darkness fall !
Descend, ye shafts of thund'rous hail !
Ne'er shall be said, in Edwy's hall
That troubled ghost was heard to wail !—

Then, with his feeble arm, the fire
Into the thickest battle flies,
To die, was all the chief's desire ;
Oppress'd with wounds and grief, he dies.

And let the future soul of rhyme,
If chance he cons of Edwy's praise,
As high his quiv'ring fingers climb,
Record, that Mordrid pour'd the lays !

ATHELGIVA.

A LEGENDARY TALE OF WHITBY ABBEY.

BY WILLIAM WATKINS.

OSWY, king of Northumberland, being engaged in war with Penda, the Pagan king of Mercia, he vowed that, should he come off victorious, his daughter should dedicate herself to the service of God by a life of celibacy, and that he would give twelve of his mansions for the erection of monasteries. Being successful, Oswy, in order to fulfil his vow, placed his daughter Ethelfleda, then scarcely a year old, as a nun in the monastery called Hertesie (Stag Island), of which Lady Hilda, niece of Edwin, first Christian king of Northumberland, was abbess; and having procured ten hides of land, in the place called Streatshalle (Whitby), built there in 657, a monastery for men and women of the Benedictine order, which was dedicated to St. Peter, and Lady Hilda appointed the first abbess. This lady was so famous for her sanctity that she attained the name of St. Hilda, and the monastery, though dedicated to St. Peter, is generally called after her. This abbey continued to flourish till about the year 867, when a party of Danes, under Hinguar and Hubba, landed at Dunsley Bay, the *Dunus Sinus* of Ptolemy, plundered the country around, and amongst other depredations entirely destroyed the monastery. About this period the tale is supposed to commence; the succeeding incidents are all fictitious, and were dictated to the author, in some measure, by the romantic situation of the abbey, (magnificent in ruin,) which is exceedingly proper for such events.

This monastery lay in ruins till after the conquest, when king William assigned Whitby to Hugh de Abrincis, who disposed of the place to William de Percy, by whom the monastery was refounded about 1074, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Hilda. In the reign of Henry VIII. this house shared the fate of the other monastic establishments; and its yearly revenues, according to Dugdale, were £437 2s. 9d.; and £505 9s. 1d., according to Speed.

“ HERE mayst thou rest, my sister dear,
Securely here abide;
Here royal Edelfleda lived,
Here pious Hilda died.

“ Here peace and quiet ever dwell:
Here fear no rude alarms;
Nor here is heard the trumpet's sound,
Nor here the din of arms!”

With voice compos'd and look serene,
(Whilst her soft hand he press'd,)
The maid, who trembled on his arm,
Young Edwy thus address'd.

Blue gleam'd the steel in Edwy's hand,
The warrior's vest he bore:
For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
Had ravaged half the shore.

His summons at the abbey gate
The ready porter hears;
And soon, in veil and holy garb,
The abbess kind appears.

“ O take this virgin to thy care,
Good angels be your guard;
And may the saints in heaven above
That pious care reward.

“ For we by fierce barbarian hands
Are driven from our home ;
And three long days and nights forlorn,
The dreary waste we roam.

“ But I must go—these towers to save ;
Beneath the evening shade,
I haste to seek Earl Osrick’s pow’r,
And call Lord Redwald’s aid.”

He said—and turn’d his ready foot ;
The abbess nought replies ;
But, with a look that spoke her grief,
To heaven upcast her eyes.

Then, turning to the stranger dame,
“ O welcome to this place ;
For never Whitby’s holy fane
Did fairer maiden grace.”

And true she said—for on her cheek
Was seen young beauty’s bloom,
Though grief, with slow and wasting stealth,
Did then her prime consume.

Her shape was all that thought can frame,
Of elegance and grace ;
And heav’n the beauties of her mind
Reflected in her face.

“ My daughter, lay aside thy fears,”
Again the matron cry’d,
“ No Danish ravishers come here—”
—Again the virgin sigh’d.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
’Twas love that shook her breast ;

And thus, in accents soft and mild,
The mournful maid addresseth.

“ My daughter dear, as to thy friend
Be all thy care confest ;
I see 'tis love disturbs thy mind,
And wish to give thee rest.

“ But hark ! I hear the vesper bell,
Now summons us to prayer ;
That duty done, with needful food
Thy wasted strength repair.”

But now the pitying mournful muse
Of Edwy's hap shall tell ;
And what amid his nightly walk
That gallant youth befell.

For journeying by the bank of Esk
He took his lonely way ;
And now through showers of driving rain
His erring footsteps stray.

At length, from far, a glimmering light
Trembled among the trees :
And entering soon a moss-built hut,
A holy man he sees.

“ O father, deign a luckless youth
This night with thee to shield ;
I am no robber, though my arm
This deadly weapon wield.”

“ I fear no robber, stranger, here,
For I have nought to lose ;
And thou mayst safely through the night
In this poor cell repose.

“ And thou art welcome to my hut,”
 The holy man replied ;
 “ Still welcome here is he whom fate
 Has left without a guide.

“ Whence and what art thou, gentle youth ? ”
 The noble Edwy said,
 “ I go to rouse Earl Osrick’s power,
 And seek Lord Redwald’s aid.

“ My father is a wealthy lord,
 Who now with Alfred stays ;
 And me he left to guard his seat,
 Whilst he his duty pays.

“ But vain the hope—in dead of night
 The cruel spoiler came ;
 And o’er each neighb’ring castle threw
 The wide-devouring flame.

“ To shun its rage, at early dawn,
 I with my sister fled ;
 And Whitby’s abbey now affords
 A shelter to her head.

“ Whilst I, to hasten promised aids,
 Range wildly through the night,
 And, with impatient mind, expect
 The morning’s friendly light.”

Thus Edwy spoke ; and wondering, gazed
 Upon his hermit host,
 For in his form beam’d manly grace,
 Untouch’d by age’s frost.

The hermit sigh’d and thus he said ;—
 “ Know, there was once a day,

This tale of thine would fire my heart,
And bid me join thy way.

“ But luckless love dejects my soul,
And casts my spirits down ;
Thou seest the wretch of woman’s pride,
Of follies not my own.

“ I once amid my sovereign’s train
Was a distinguish’d youth,
But blighted is my former fame,
By Sorrow’s cankering tooth.

“ When Ethelred the crown did hold,
I to this district came ;
And then a fair and matchless maid
First raised in me a flame.

“ Her father was a noble lord
Of an illustrious race,
Who join’d to rustic honesty
The courtier’s gentle race.

“ ’Twas then I told my artless tale,
By love alone inspired ;
For never was my honest speech
In flattering guise attired.

“ At first she heard, or seem’d to hear,
The voice of tender love ;
But soon, the ficklest of her sex,
Did she deceitful prove.

“ She drove me scornful from her sight,
Rejected and disdain’d ;
In vain did words for pity plead,
In vain my looks complain’d.

“ How could that breast which pity fill’d,
 Ever relentless be ?
 How could that face which smiled on all,
 Have ever frowns for me ?

“ Since that fell hour, I in this cell
 Have lived recluse from man ;
 And twice ten months have pass’d since I
 The hermit’s life began.”

“ O stain to honour !” Edwy cry’d ;
 “ O foul disgrace to arms !
 What, when thy country claims thy aid,
 And shakes with war’s alarms !

“ Canst thou, inglorious, here remain,
 And strive thyself to hide ;
 Assume the monkish coward life,
 All for a woman’s pride ?”

With louder voice and warmer look,
 His hermit host rejoin’d ;

“ Think’st thou, vain youth, the chains of fear
 Could here a warrior bind ?

“ Know, boy, thou seest Hermanrick here ;
 Well vers’d in war’s alarms ;
 A name once not unknown to fame,
 Nor unrenown’d in arms.

“ O, Athelgiva ! (yet too dear)
 Did I thy danger know :
 Yet would I fly to thy relief,
 And crush th’ invading foe.”

With fluster’d cheek, young Edwy turn’d,
 At Athelgiva’s name ;

And, " Gracious powers ! it must be he !"
 He cries, " it is the same !

" I know full well, I have not now
 More of thy tale to learn ;
 I heard this morn, ere from the wave
 You could the sun discern.

" My sister loves thee, gallant youth,
 By all the saints on high !
 She wept last night, when thy hard fate
 She told with many a sigh.

" Forgive her, then, and in her cause
 Thy limbs with steel infold :
 Was it not Ardolph's daughter, say,
 Who late thy heart did hold ?"

" It was, it was !" Hermanrick cry'd ;
 " I heard her brother's name ;
 'Tis said he was a gallant youth,
 Who sought abroad for fame."

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
 And clasp'd him to his breast ;
 " And thou shalt be my brother, too,"
 He said and look'd the rest.

" But now let honour fill thy mind,
 Be love's soft laws obey'd ;
 'Tis Athelgiva claims thy sword,
 'Tis she demands thy aid.

" She, with impatient anxious heart,
 Expects my quick return ;
 And till again she sees me safe,
 The hapless maid will mourn.

“ Then let us fly to seek these chiefs,
Who promised aid to send ;
Earl Osrick was my father’s guest,
Lord Redwald is my friend.”

Hermanrick said, “ First let us go
To cheer yon drooping maid ;
Again I’ll wear my canker’d arms,
Again I’ll draw my blade.”

Then from a corner of the cell
His clashing arms appear ;
But when he mark’d the growing rust,
The warrior dropt a tear.

Then forth they went—Hermanrick knew
Each pathway of the wood ;
And safe before the abbey gate
At break of day they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden’s eyes
At length had kindly seal’d,
When at the gate the wandering knights
Returning day reveal’d.

“ Quick call the abbess,” Edwy said,
To him who kept the door,
Who watch’d and pray’d the live-long night,
A pious priest and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste ;
Th’ alarming bell was rung ;
And from their matted homely beds
The fainted virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first the dame,
Soft speaking, thus addrest ;

“ My daughter, an important call
Commands me break thy rest.

“ Thy brother at the abbey gate,
Appears with features glad :
And with him comes a stranger knight,
In war-worn armour clad.”

With falt'ring step and bloodless cheek,
Young Athelgiva went :
Confusion, shame, surprise and joy,
At once her bosom rent,

When in the stranger knight she saw
Hermanrick's much-lov'd face ;
Whilst he, by gen'rous love impell'd,
Rush'd to her fond embrace.

Vain would the muse attempt to paint
What joy the lover knew,
Who found his long-disdainful maid
At once fair, kind, and true.

Then Edwy, while entranc'd in bliss
The happy pair remain'd,
Recounted o'er the tale, how he
Hermanrick lost regain'd.

But soon, alas ! too soon, was heard,
To damp their new-form'd joys,
The groan of death, the shout of war,
And battle's mingled noise.

For up the hill, with eager haste,
A breathless courier came ;
He cries, “ Prepare for dire alarms,
And shun th' approaching flame.”

“ Fierce Hubba, landing on the beach,
 Now drives our feeble band ;
 Who, far too few to stop his force,
 Fly o'er the crimson'd sand.”

What anguish fill'd the maiden's breast,
 What rage the lover knew,
 When looking down the steepy hill,
 They found the tale was true.

Each warlike youth then grasp'd his spear,
 The trembling damsel said,
 “ O where is now Earl Osrick's power,
 And where Lord Redwald's aid ?”

“ Alas, alas !” the abbess cries,
 “ Far as my sight is borne,
 I cannot see the ruddy cross,
 Nor hear Earl Osrick's horn.”

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
 Impell'd his savage crew ;
 And o'er the blood-empurpled strand
 The golden raven flew.*

“ Behold,” he cries, and waves his lance,
 “ Where yon proud turrets rise ;
 Of those who prove war's glorious toil,
 Let beauty be the prize.

* The famous *Reafen*, or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven, which had been inwoven, by the three sisters of Hinguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations, and which, by its different movements, prognosticated, as the Danes believed, the good or bad success of any enterprise.

“ There gold and beauty both are found,
Then follow where I lead ;
And quickly know you have not fought
For honour's empty meed.”

He said : and press'd to gain the hill,
His shouting train pursue ;
And, fir'd by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
And rush'd t' oppose their way ;
Nor did, with equal ardour fir'd,
Behind Hermanrick stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew ;
And those who held the foremost ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil here,
There Hardicanute bit the dust,
Beneath Hermanrick's spear.

But vain is courage, strength, or skill,
Where two oppose an host ;
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy Hubba tost.

His sister, who, o'erpower'd by grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now sought the abbey door.

When on the fated carnag'd spot,
She cast her weeping eyes ;

“ O blessed Mary !” cries the maid,
“ My brother bleeds and dies.”

Then forth she ran and gain'd the place ;
Where, press'd by crowds of foes,
Hermanrick stood—the shades of death
Her brother's eyelids close.

The furious Dane nor pity knew
Nor stay'd his vengeful arm ;
Nor aught avails that heavenly face,
Which might a tiger charm.

First on th' unguarded chief he rush'd,
And bore him to the ground ;
The helpless damsel's plaint of woe,
In war's loud shout is drown'd.

She saw Hermanrick's quiv'ring lips,
She mark'd his rolling eye ;
She faints, she falls ; before her sight
Death's visions dimly fly.

“ And, O thou dear and much-lov'd youth,”
The dying virgin cried ;
“ Howe'er in life I wrong'd thy truth,
Yet true with thee I died.”

She spoke no more—e'en Hubba felt
The force of love sincere ;
Then first his breast confess'd the sigh,
Then first his cheek the tear.

“ And, O my friends, the rage of war,”
He cries, “ awhile forbear ;
And to their weeping kindred straight
These breathless bodies bear.

“ Or fear the wrath of Powers Divine—”
 Nor could he further say ;
 But quickly with disorder'd march,
 Bent to his ships his way.

For now was heard Earl Osrick's horn,
 Shrill sounding through the dale ;
 And now Lord Redwald's ruddy cross
 Was waving to the gale.

His tardy aid Earl Osrick brought
 Too late, alas ! to save ;
 And far beyond th' avenging sword
 The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief seized the warrior's heart, to see
 In dust young Edwy laid ;
 And stretch'd by brave Hermanrick's side
 Fair Athelgiva dead.

But on the holy cross he swore
 A brave revenge to take,
 On Denmark's proud and bloody sons,
 For Athelgiva's sake.

This vow in Kenwurth's glorious field
 The gallant earl did pay ;
 When Alfred's better star prevail'd,
 And England had her day.

That day the Dane full dearly paid
 The price of lovers' blood :
 That day in Hubba's cloven helm
 The Saxon javelin stood.

The bodies of the hapless three
 A single grave contains ;

And in the choir, with dirges due,
Are laid their cold remains.

Lord Ardolph on his children's tomb
Inscribed th' applauding verse ;
And long the monks, in gothic rhyme,
Their story did rehearse.

And often pointing to the skies,
The cloister'd maids would cry,
" To those bright realms, in bloom of youth,
Did Athelgiva fly."

THE BATTLE OF CUTON MOORE.

IN the year 1138, David, king of Scotland, invaded the north of England with a numerous army, in aid of the claim of the empress Matilda, his niece, against king Stephen. The fury of his massacres and ravages enraged the northern barons, who assembled an army and encamped near Northallerton. On Monday the 22nd of August, 1138, the standard was raised on Cowton Moor, three miles north of Northallerton, and after a severe contest the Scots were defeated and ten thousand of their number slain ; the rest, with king David and prince Henry his son, retreated with difficulty to Carlisle. This engagement is sometimes called the Battle of Northallerton, but generally the *Battle of the Standard*, from a long pole,

“ Like the mast of some tall ammiral,”

which Thurstan, archbishop of York, brought from the convent of Beverley. This was drawn on a four-wheeled carriage ; and had on the top of it a silver

crucifix, under which were suspended the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon, and above all, in a silver pix, the consecrated host. The following ballad was first printed, by Mr. Evans, in 1784.

THE welkin* darke o'er Cuton Moore
 With drearye cloudes did low're—
 The woeful carnage of that daye
 Sall Scotlande aye deplore.

The river Tees full oft dyd sighe,
 As she roll'd her wynding floode,
 That ever her sylver tyde soe cleare
 Shoulde bee swell'd with human bloode !

Kyng Davyd hee stode on the rising hille,
 And the verdante prospecte view'd ;
 And hee sawe that sweete river that o'er the moore
 Roll'd on her sylver floode.

Oh then bespake that noble kyng,
 And with grieve hys hearte was woo'd :
 " And ever I mourne that yon fayre streame
 Shoulde be swell'd with human bloode !"

Kynge Davyd hee sawe the verdante moore,
 With wilde flow'res all bestrow'de :
 " And ever I'm griev'd that soe greene a moore
 Sholde be stayn'd with human bloode !

" But more am I griev'd, alas !" he cry'd,
 " And more my hearte is woo'd,
 That soe manye warriours young and brave
 Muste thys daye shed theyr bloode !"

* The sky.

As princely a hoste that kyng dyd leade
 As ever march'd on playne :
 Alas ! that soe manye a warriour brave
 Should be soe soone yslayne !

And firste march'd forthe the Galloway men,
 Of the antiente Picts they sprange ;
 Theyr speares all soe brighte and bucklers strong
 For manye myles yrang.

And then cam on the Norman troopes,
 With Englishe them amonge :
 For the empresse Maud they cam to fighte,
 To righte that ladye's wronge.

And then march'd forthe the Scottish foote,
 And then march'd forthe the horse ;
 In armoure stronge, all those warriours came,
 A greate and warlike force.

Kynge Davyd look'd athawart the moore,
 And prince Henry hys brave sonne,
 And they were aware of the Englishe hoste,
 Com merrilye marching on.

Oh then call'd forthe kynge Davyd,
 And loudelye called hee,
 " And whoo is heare in alle mye campe,
 Can descrybe yon hoste to mee ? "

Then came a bearne, besyde the tente,
 An Englisheman was hee ;
 'Twas not long since from the Englishe hoste,
 That traiterous wighte dyd flee.

" Nowe tell mee yon hostes," the kyng hee cry'd,
 " And thou shalte have golde and fee—

And whoo is yon chiefe that rydes along
With hys lockes soe aged greye ?”

“ Oh that is Walter de Gaunte * you see,
And hee hath beene greye full long,
But manye’s the troope that hee dothe leade,
And they are stoute and stronge.”

“ And whoo is yon chiefe soe brighte of blee,
With hys troopes that beate the playne ?”
“ Oh that’s the younge earle of Albermarle, †
Yleading hys gallante trayne.

“ A more gallante warrioure than that lorde
Is not yon hostes among ;
And the gallante troopes that hee doth leade,
Like hym, are stoute and younge.”

* Eldest son of Gilbert de Gant, nephew to William, duke of Normandy. Walter was a person of great humanity and piety ; who, when advanced in years, and near his death, commanded a regiment of Flemings and Normans in this engagement. He founded the priory of Bridlington, and added buildings to the abbey of Barduey, which his father had restored. He married Maud, daughter of Stephen, earl of Brittany and Richmond, had with her all Swaledale, in Frank-marriage ; and died, fourth Stephen, leaving issue three sons, Gilbert, who succeeded him, Robert, and Geoffrey.

† William le Gros, chief of those gallant barons at the engagement ; and in reward for the great valour displayed by him on that occasion was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Yorkshire. He was distinguished among the Anglo-Norman barons for his liberality towards the various religious orders, having founded a Cistercian abbey at Edenham, in Lincolnshire, and one at Meux in Yorkshire, not far from his castle of Skipsey ; a monastery of black canons at Thornton-upon-Humber ; and a hospital at Newton. He was also the founder of the castle of Scarborough. He died in 1179, leaving two daughters, his co-heirs. Hawyse, married first to William de Mandeville, earl of Essex, secondly to William de Fortibus ; and Amicia, married to Eston.

“ And who yon shynny warriours twoo,
 With theyre troopes yclade the same ? ”
 “ Oh they’re the Bruces,* that in thys fighte
 Have com t’acquire them fame.”

Oh then call’d oute kynge Davyd,
 And fulle of woe spake hee :

“ And ever I hold those Bruces false,
 For mucche they owe to mee.

“ And who’s yon chiefe of gigante heichte,
 And of bulke so huge to see ? ”

“ Walter Espec † is that chiefe’s name,
 And a potente chiefe is hee.

“ Hys stature’s large as the mountaine oake,
 And eke as strong hys mighte :

* Robert de Brus, son of Robert who came over with the Conqueror, by Agnes his wife, daughter of Waltheg, earl of St. Clair. He had an interview with David, king of Scotland, before the battle, to endeavour to persuade him to desist. He was no less distinguished for piety than valour. He founded Guisborough priory; gave the church of Middlesborough to Whitby; and conferred on the abbey of St Mary, at York, his lordships of Appleton and Hornby. He died in 1141, and was buried at Guisborough; leaving issue, by Agnes his wife, Adam and Robert.

Adam de Brus, lord of Skelton, son and heir of the above, who fought by the side of his father in this engagement. Having adhered to king Stephen throughout his stormy and disastrous career, he incurred the displeasure of Henry II. who deprived him of his castle of Danby in Cleveland. He died in 1167, and was buried at Guisborough, leaving issue, by Ivetta, his wife, Adam, commonly called Adam the Second, and Agnes.

† Lord of Helmsley and Kirkham, and one of the principal commanders in this battle; and, although this is the only battle we find him engaged in, his address to the soldiers shows him a man of valour in defence of his country. He founded the abbey of Rievaulx and Kirkham; and died in 1153, and was buried in the abbey of Rievaulx, where two years before he had become a monk.

There's ne'ere a chiefe in alle the northe
Can dare with hym to fighte."

" And whoo's yon youthe, yon youthe I see,
A galloping o'er the moore?
Hys troopes that followe soe gallantelye
Proclayme hym a youthe of pow're."

" Young Roger de Mowbray* is that youthe,
And hee's sprang of the royal line;
Hys wealthe and hys followers, oh kyng,
Are allemost as greate as thyne."

" And who's yon aged chiefe I see
All yclad in purple veste?"
" Oh that's the Bishoppe o' th' Orkney isles,†
And hee alle the hoste hath bleste.

* Son of Nigel de Albini, who assumed the name of Mowbray. He was one of the commanders in this battle, though then in minority; and, adhering to king Stephen, was with him at the battle of Lincoln, and there taken prisoner. He was a benefactor to no fewer than thirty-five religious houses, and founded the abbey of Byland, and the priory of Newburgh, in the neighbourhood of his castle at Thirsk. So fervent was his devotion that he twice took upon him the cross, and made journeys to the Holy Land, and upon his return retired to the calm seclusion of Byland abbey, where he assumed the monastic habit, and ended his days; leaving, by his wife Alice de Gant, two sons, Nigel and Robert.

† Thurstan, the twenty-eighth archbishop of York, and who was at this period Lieutenant-Governor of the North, organized the troops that fought this famous battle, and had the command as far as Thirsk, at which place he resigned, on account of sickness, his authority to Ralph, bishop of Orkney, of whom little is known. The archbishop of York used to ordain bishops with the title of Orkney; but Torffæus is of opinion that they were merely titulars, to give greater show of authority to the see of York; and he is positive that this bishop did never reside in the isles of Orkney, and that Ralph, designated bishop of Orkney, had been a presbyter of York.

“ And alle the reste are noblemen,
 Of fortune and fame ech one :
 From Nottingham and from Derbyshyre
 Those valiante chiefetaynes com.”*

* The following were among the “valiante chiefetaynes :”—

Bernard de Baliol, nephew to Guy de Baliol. After this battle he adhered to Stephen, and was taken prisoner with him at the battle of Lincoln. He is supposed to be the founder of the castle thence called Bernard castle ; was a benefactor to the monks of St. Mary’s Abbey, York, and those of Rievaulx.

Richard de Curcy, represented by Hugustald as a valiant commander in this battle. He was succeeded by William de Curcy, sewer to king Henry II.

Robert de Ferrars, youngest son of Henry de Ferrars, by Berta his wife. He commanded the Derbyshire men in this battle, and for his bravery was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Derby, which honour he did not long enjoy, dying the following year, 1139, leaving Robert second earl.

William Fossard, son of Robert, was taken prisoner with Stephen at the battle of Lincoln. He left issue Joane, married to Robert de Turnham.

Ralph Hanselyn, descended from Goisfrid Alselin. He commanded the Nottinghamshire men in this battle, and resided principally at Shelford in that county. He left issue Rose, married to Thomas Bardulf.

Ibert de Lacy, lord of Pontefract. He married Alice, daughter of Gilbert de Gant, and dying without issue, Henry his brother succeeded him.

Gilbert de Lacy, brother of the above. Hemingford and other historians inform us that he was the only knight slain.

William Peverell, son of Ranulph, had the castle of Nottingham given him by the Conqueror. He was taken prisoner with Stephen at the battle of Lincoln ; his castle was given by the empress Maud to William Painell ; but in the year following his soldiers recovered it by stratagem in the night. He was living in 1141.

William de Percy, son of Richard. He gave to the monks of Fountains two oxgangs of land, three to the monks of Whitby, and one to the monks of Bridlington. He married Adelidis de Tunebrige, and had issue four sons, Walter, Alan, Richard, and William ; and two daughters, Maud and Agnes. His sons dying, Agnes, who married Joscelaine de Louvaine, younger

“ But what’s yon glitt’ring tow’re I see
I’ the centre o’ the hoste ?”

“ Oh that’s the hallow’d *Standarde* of whyche
The Englishe make suche boaste.

“ A maste of a shipp it is so hie,
Alle bedect with golde soe gaye ;
And on the topp is a holye crosse,
That shynes as brighte as the daye.

“ Around it hang the holye banners
Of manye a blessed saynte ;
Saynte Peter, and John of Beverlye,
And Saynte Wilfred there they paynte.

“ The aged folke arounde it throng,
With their old hayres alle so greye ;
And manye a chiefetayne there bows ydowne,
And so heart’lye dothe hee praye.”

Oh then bespake the kyng of Scotts,
And soe heavylie spake hee :

“ And had I but yon holye *Standarde*,
Right gladsom sholde I bee.

“ And had I but yon holye *Standarde*,
That there so hie doth tow’re,
I would not care for yon Englishe hoste,
Nor alle yon chieftaynes pow’re.

son of Godfrey, duke of Brabant, eventually became sole heiress, and her husband assumed the name of Percy.

Robert de Stuteville, son of Robert, was sheriff of Yorkshire in 16 Henry II., and was engaged in the battle fought near Alnwick, 20 Henry II. He founded a monastery at Keldholme, another at Rosedale, and gave to the monks of St. Mary’s Abbey, York, one carucate of land. He was succeeded by his son Robert, who gave large possessions to the monks of Rievaulx.

“ Oh had I but yon holie roode,
 That there soe brighte doth showe ;
 I wolde not care for yon Englishe hoste,
 Nor the worste that theye colde doe.”

Oh then bespake prince Henrye,
 And like a brave prince spake hee :
 “ Ah let us but fighte like valiante men,
 And wee'l make yon hostes to flee.

“ Oh let us but fighte like valiante men,
 And to Christe's wyll ybowe,
 And yon hallow'd *Standarde* shall bee ours,
 And the victorie alsoe.”

Prince Henrye was as brave a youthe
 As ever fought in fielde ;
 Full many a warrioure that dreade day
 To hym hys lyfe dyd yeilde.

Prince Henrye was as fayre a youthe
 As the sunne dyd e're espye ;
 Full manye a ladye in Scottishe lande
 For that young prince dyd sighe.

Prince Henrye call'd his young foot page,
 And thus to hym spake hee :
 “ Oh heede my wordes, and serve mee true,
 And thou sall have golde and fee.

“ Stande thou on yonder rising hylle,
 Fulle safe I weene the syte :
 And from thence oh marke thee well my creste
 In all the thickest fighte.

“ And if, o'ercome with woundes, I falle,
 Then take thee a swifte swifte steede,

And from thys moore to Dumfries towne,
Oh ryde thee awaye with speede.

“ There to the ladye Alice wende ;
(You’ll knowe that lovelye fayre ,
For the fayreste mayde in all that towne,
Cannot with her compare ;)

“ And tell that ladye of my woe,
And telle her of my love ;
And give to her thys golden ring,
My tender faythe to prove.

“ And stryve to cheare that lovelye mayde
In alle her griefe and care :
For well I knowe her gentle hearte
Dyd ever holde mee deare.”

And nowe the Englishe hoste drewe neare,
And alle in battle arraye ;
Theire shyning swordes and glitt’ring speares
Shot rounde a brillante raye.

And nowe both valiante hostes cam neare,
Eache other for to slaye ;
Whyle watchfulle hovered o’er their heades
Full manye a byrde of preye.

The sun behynde the darke darke cloudes
Dyd hyde each beamy raye,
As fearefulle to beholde the woe
That mark’d that doleful daye.

The thund’ring wyndes of heaven arose,
And rush’d from pole to pole,
As stryving to drowne the groanes and sighes
Of manye a dyeing soule.

Sterne deathe he hearde the shoutes of warre,
That ecchoed arounde soe loude ;
And hee rouz'd hym to th' embattled fielde,
To feaste on human bloode.

And fyrste the Pictish race began
The carnage of that daye ;
The cries they made were like the storm
That rends the rocks awaye.

Those fierce fierce men of Gallowaye
Began that day of dole ;
And their shoutes were like the thunder's roare,
That's hearde from pole to pole.

Nowe bucklers rang 'gainst swordes and speares,
And arrows dimn'd the playne ;
And manye a warrioure laye fulle lowe,
And manye a chiefe was slayne.

Oh woeful woeful was that daye,
To chylde and wydowe dreare !
For there fierce deathe o'er human race
Dyd triumphe 'farre and neare.

Dreare was the daye—in darke darke cloudes
The welkin alle endrown'd ;
But farre more dreare the woeful scene
Of carnage alle arounde.

Dreare was the sounde of warring wyndes
That foughte along the skyes ;
But farre more dreare the woeful sounde
Of dying warriours sighes.

Laden with deathe's unpitying arme,
Swordes fell and arrowes flewe ;

The wydow'd wyfe and fatherlesse chylde
That day of dole sall rue.

Ten thousand Scotts who on that morne
Were marching alle soe gaye,
By nighte, alas ! on that drearye moore
Poore mangled corps ylaye.

Weepe, dames of Scotlande, weepe and waile,
Let your sighes reecho rounde ;
Ten thousande brave Scotts that hail'd the morne,
At night laye deade on grounde.

And yee fayr dames of merrye Englande,
As faste youre teares muste poure ;
For many's the valiante Englisheman
That yee sall see noe more.

Sighe, dames of Englande, and lamente,
And manye a salte teare shed ;
For manye an Englisheman hail'd that morne,
That ere the nyghte was deade.

The Scotts they fled ; but still their kynge,
With hys brave sonne by hys syde,
Foughte long the foe (brave kynge and prince,
Of Scotlande aye the pryde).

The Scotts they fled ; but stille their kynge,
With hys brave sonne, foughte full welle,
Till o'er the moore an arrowe yflewe—
And brave prynce Henrye felle.

Alle thys espy'd his young foote page,
From the hille whereon he stode ;
And soone hath hee mounted a swifte swifte steede,
And soone from the moore hath rode.

And hee hath cross'd the Tees fayre streame,
 Nowe swell'd with human bloode ;
 Th' affrighted page he never stay'de,
 Tyll to Dumfries hee hath rode.

Fayre Alice was gone to the holye kirke,
 With a sad hearte dyd shee goe ;
 And ever soe faste dyd she crye to heav'n,
 " Prynce Henrye save from woe."

Fayre Alice shee hied her to the choire,
 Where the priestes dyd chaunte soe slowe ;
 And ever shee cry'd, " May the holye sayntes
 Prynce Henrye save from woe!"

Fayre Alice, with manye a teare and sighe,
 To Mary's shrine dyd goe ;
 And soe faste shee cry'de, " Sweete Mary mylde
 Prynce Henrye save from woe!"

Fayre Alice she knelte bye the hallow'd roode,
 Whyle faste her teares dyd flowe ;
 And ever shee cry'd, " Oh sweete sweete Savioure,
 Prynce Henrye save from woe!"

Fayre Alice look'd oute at the kirke doore,
 And heavye her hearte dyd beate ;
 For shee was aware of the prynce's page,
 Com galloping thro' the streete.

Agayne fayre Alice look'd out to see,
 And well nighe did shee swoone ;
 For nowe shee was sure it was that page
 Com galloping thro' the towne.

" Nowe Christe thee save, thou sweete young page,
 Nowe Christe thee save and see !

And howe dothe sweete prynce Henrye ?
I praye thee telle to me."

The page he look'd at the fayre Alice,
And hys hearte was fulle of woe ;
The page he look'd at the fayre Alice,
Tylle hys teares faste 'gan to flowe.

" Ah woe is me !" sad Alice cry'd,
And tore her golden hayre ;
And soe faste shee wrang her lilly handes,
Alle woo'd with sad despayre.

" The Englishe keepe the bloodye fielde,
Fulle manye a Scott is slayne,
But lyves prynce Henrye ?" the ladye cry'd,
" Alle else to mee is vayne.—

" Oh lives the prynce ? I praye thee tell,"
Fayre Alice still dyd calle :
" These eyes dyd see a keen arrowe flye,
Dyd see prynce Henrye falle."

Fayre Alice she sat her on the grounde,
And never a worde shee spake ;
But like the pale image dyd shee looke,
For her hearte was nighe to breake.

The rose that once soe ting'd her cheeke,
Was nowe, alas ! noe more ;
But the whitenesse of her lillye skin
Was fayrer than before.

" Fayre ladye, rise," the page exclaym'de
" Nor laye thee here thus lowe."—
She answered not, but heav'd a sighe,
That spoke her hearte felte woe.

Her maydens came and strove to cheare,
 But in vaine was all their care ;
 The townesfolke wept to see that ladye
 Soe 'whelm'd in dreade despare.

They rais'de her from the danky grounde,
 And sprinkled water fayre ;
 But the coldest water from the spring
 Was not soe colde as her.

And nowe came horsemen to the towne,
 That the prynce had sente with speede ;
 With tydyngs to Alice that he dyd live,
 To ease her of her dreade.

For when that hapless prince dyd falle,
 The arrowe dyd not hym slaye ;
 But hys followers bravelye rescued hym,
 And convey'd hym safe away.

Bravelye they rescued that noble prince,*
 And to fayre Carlile hym bore ;
 And there that brave young prynce dyd lyve,
 Tho' wounded sad and sore.

Fayre Alice the wond'rous tydings hearde,
 And thrice for joye shee sigh'd :

* In 1152, Scotland lost, says Sir Walter Scott, a treasure by the death of the inestimable prince Henry. He left by Ada, an English lady of quality, a family of three sons and as many daughters. In the subsequent year the venerable David followed his son. Having discharged all his duty as a man and a monarch, by settling his affairs as well as the early age of his grandchildren would permit, he was found dead, in an attitude of devotion, 24 May, 1153. He was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm IV., then only twelve years of age.

That haplesse fayre, when shee hearde the newes
She rose—she smiled—and dy'd.

The teares that her fayre maydens shed,
Ran free from their brighte eyes ;
The ecchoing wynde that then dyd blowe,
Was burden'd with theyre sighes.

The page hee saw the lovelye Alice
In a deepe deepe grave let downe,
And at her heade a green turfe ylade,
And at her feete a stone !

Then with manye a teare and manye a sighe
Hathe hee hy'd hym on hys waye ;
And hee hath come to Carlile towne,
All yclad in blacke arraye.

And now hath he com to the prince's halle,
And lowelye bente hys knee ;
“ And howe is the ladye Alice so fayre,
My page com telle to mee.”

“ O, the ladye Alice, so lovelye fayre,
Alas ! is deade and gone ;
And at her heade is a green grass turfe,
And at her foote a stone.

“ The ladye Alice is deade and gone,
And the wormes feede by her syde ;
And alle for the love of thee, oh prynce,
That beauteous ladye dy'd.

“ And where shee's layde the greene turfe growes,
And a colde grave-stone is there ;
But the dew-clad turfe, nor the colde colde stone,
Is not soe colde as her.”

Oh then prynee Henrye sad dyd sighe,
 Hys hearte alle fulle of woe :
 That haplesse prince ybeate hys breaste,
 And faste hys teares 'gan flowe.

“ And art thou gon, my sweet Alice ?
 And art thou gone ? ” hee cry'd :
 “ Ah woulde to heav'n that I with thee,
 My faythful love, had dy'd !

“ And have I loste thee, my sweet Alice ?
 And art thou dead and gon ?
 And at thy deare heade a green grass turfe,
 And at thy foote a stone ?

“ The turfe that's o'er thy grave, deare Alice !
 Sall with my teares bee wet ;
 And the stone at thy feete sall melte, love,
 Ere I will thee forget.”

And when the newes cam to merrye Englande
 Of the battle in the northe ;
 Oh then kynge Stephen and hys nobles
 So merrylie marched forthe.

And theye have had justes and tournamentes,
 And have feasted o'er and o'er ;
 And merrylie merrylie have they rejoic'd,
 For the victorye of Cuton Moore.

But manye a sighe adds to the wynde,
 And many a teare to the show're,
 And manye a bleedyng hearte hath broke,
 For the battle of Cuton Moore.

And manye's the wydowe alle forlorne,
 And helplesse orphan poore,

And many's the mayden that sall rue
The victorie of Cuton Moore.

The ladye Alice is layd in her grave,
And a colde stone markes the site;
And many's the mayde like her dothe dye,
Cause kynges and nobles wyll fighte.

The ladye Alice is layde full lowe,
And her mayden teares doe poure,
The manye's the wretche with them sall weepe,
For the victorie of Cuton Moore.

The holye prieste doth weepe as he syngs
Hys masses o'er and o'er;
And alle for the soules of them that were slayne,
At the battle of Cuton Moore.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

ROBIN Hood, a celebrated English outlaw, was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry II. about 1160. He is said to have been of noble extraction, being the son of William Fitzooth by his wife a daughter of Payn Beauchamp, baron of Bedford, and lady Roisia de Vere, daughter of Aubrey, earl of Guisnes in Normandy,* and is frequently styled earl of Huntingdon—a title to which, in the latter part of his life, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he

* Stukeley's *Palæographia Britannica*, No. 1. *passim*. Leland's *Collectanea*, i. 54. See Ritson's *Robin Hood*.

is said to have been of a wild and extravagant turn; insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed, and his person outlawed for debt,* he sought an asylum in the woods of Barnsdale, in Yorkshire,† Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and, according to some, Plumpton-park, in Cumberland.‡ He either found or was afterwards joined by a number of persons, the principal being Little John (whose surname is said to have been Nailor), William Scadlock (Scathelock or Scarlet), George a Green (pinder or pound-keeper of Wakefield), Much (a miller's son), and a certain monk or friar called Tuck. "These renowned thieves," says Stowe, "continued in the woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence. The said Robin entertained 100 tall men, good archers, with such of the spoils and thefts as he got, upon whom 400 (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich old carles." He died in 1247; see *Robin Hood's Death and Burial*, post.

Guy of Gisborne,—the only other memorial which I can find relating to him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scottish poet, of the fifteenth century,§ on one "Schir Thomas Nory," where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured, of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not come to the knowledge of posterity:—

* Grafton's Chron. 85. Fordun, 774.

† Leland's Itinerary, v. 101.

‡ Sloane MS.

§ He is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty.

“ Was neur weild Robeine vnder bewch,
 Nor zitt Roger of Clekkinstewch,
 So bauld a bairne as he ;
 Gy of Gysburne, na Allane Bell,
 Na Simones sones of Quhynsell,
 Off thoct war neur so slies.”

Gisborne, or Gisburne, is a market town in the west-riding of Yorkshire, on the borders of Lancashire.

The following ballad was first printed in Percy's *Reliques* in 1765, from his “ folio MS.”

WHEN shaws* beene sheene, and shraddes† full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
 To heare the small birdes' songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

“ Now, by my saye,” sayd jollye Robin,
 “ A sweaven‡ I had this night ;
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen
 That fast with me can fight.

“ Methought they did me beate and binde,
 And tooke my bowe me froe ;
 Iff I be Robin alive in this lande
 Ile be wroken on them towe.”

“ Sweavens are swift,” sayd Little John,
 “ As the wind blowes over the hill ;
 For iff itt be never so loude this night,
 To morrow it may be still.”

* Little woods.

† Shrubs. “ When the fields are in their beauty.”

‡ Dream.

“ Buske * yee, bowne † yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For Ile goe seeke yon wighty ‡ yeoman,
 In greenwood where they bee.”

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
 And tooke theyr bowes each one ;
 And they away to the greene forrest
 A shooting forth are gone ;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest to bee,
 There they were ware of a wighty yeoman,
 That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
 Of manye a man the bane ;
 And he was clad in his capull § hyde
 Topp and tayll and mayne.

“ Stand still, master,” quoth Little John,
 “ Under this tree so grene,
 And I will go to yond wighty yeoman,
 To know what he doth meane.”

“ Ah ! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farly finde :
 How often send I my men before,
 And tarry my selfe behinde ?

“ It is no cunning a knave to ken,
 And a man but heare him speake ;
 And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
 John, I thy head wold breake.”

* Prepare. † Get ready. ‡ Strong. § Horse.

As often wordes they breeden bale,*
 So they parted Robin and John :
 And John is gone to Barnesdale ;
 The gates† he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
 Great heavinesse there he hadd,
 For he found tow of his own fellowes
 Were slaine both in a slade.‡

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
 Fast over stocke and stone,
 For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
 Fast after him is gone.

“ One shoote now I will shoote,” quoth John,
 “ With Christ his might and mayne ;
 Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
 To stopp he shall be fayne.”

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
 And fettled him to shoote :
 The bowe was made of tender boughe,
 And fell downe at his foote.

“ Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
 That ever thou grew on a tree !
 For now this day thou art my bale,§
 My boote when thou shold bee.”

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
 Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,

* Mischief.

† i. e. ways, paths. Gate is a common word in the north for “ way.”

‡ A slip of greensward between plough-lands, woods, &c.

§ Woe, sorrow.

For itt mett one of the sheriffe's men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had been better of William a Trent
To have beene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

“Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.”
“But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose,” quoth John,
“If it be Christ his will.”

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

“Good morrowe, good fellowe,” sayd Robin so fayre,
“Good morrowe, good fellow,” quo' he:
“Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee.”

“I am wilfulle of my waye,” quo' the yeman,
“And of my morning tyde.”
“Ile lead thee through the wood,” sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.”

“I seeke an outlawe,” the straunger sayd,
“Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe,
Than fortye pound soe good.”

“ Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
 And Robin thou soone shalt see :
 But first let us some pastime find
 Under the greenwood tree.

“ First let us some masterye make
 Among the woods so even,
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
 Here at some unsett steven.”*

They cut them down two summer shroggs, †
 That grew both under a breere,
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine,
 To shoote the prickes y-fere. ‡

“ Leade on, good fellowe,” quoth Robin Hood,
 “ Leade on, I do bidd thee.”
 “ Nay, by my faith, good fellowe,” hee sayd,
 My leader thou shalt bee.”

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
 He mist but an inch it fro ;
 The yeoman he was an archer good,
 But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wighty yeman,
 He shot within the garland :
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,
 For he clave the good pricke-wande.

“ A blessing upon thy heart,” he sayd,
 “ Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
 Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

* *Unsett steven*—unlooked for time. Steven, see Glossary.

† Thorns, briars.

‡ Together.

“ Now tell me thy name, good fellowe,” sayd he,
 “ Under the leaves of lyne.”
 “ Nay, by my faith,” quoth bold Robin,
 “ Till thou have told me thine.”

“ I dwell by dale and downe,” quoth hee,
 “ And Robin to take I am sworne ;
 And when I am called by my right name
 I am Guy of good Gisborne.”

“ My dwelling is in the wood,” says Robin,
 “ By thee I set right nought :
 I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
 Whom thou so long hast sought.”

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin,
 Might have seen a full fayre fight,
 To see how together these yeomen went,
 With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
 Two howres of a summer's day :
 Yet neither Robin Hood nor sir* Guy
 Them settled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
 And stumbled at that tyde ;
 And Guy was quicke and nimble withall
 And hitt him upon the syde.

“ Ah, deere ladye,” says Robin Hood tho,
 “ That art but mother and may,

* The title of “ Sir ” was not formerly peculiar to knights, it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages. Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities.

I think it was never man's destynye
To dye before his day."

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up again,
And strait he came with an awkwarde stroke
And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He took sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end :
" Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, " Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe ;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe."

Robin did off his gown of greene,
And on sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

" Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare ;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare."

Robin Hood sett Guye's horne to his mouth,
And a loude blast in it did blow :
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he lean'd under a lowe.*

* A little hill.

“ Harken, harken,” sayd the sheriffe,
 “ I heare nowe tydings good,
 For yonder I hear sir Guye’s horne blow,
 And he hath slaine Robin Hood.

“ Yonder I heare sir Guye’s horne blowe,
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
 And yonder comes that wightyc yeoman,
 Cladd in his capull hide.

“ Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.”

“ O I will none of thy gold,” sayd Robin,
 “ Nor I will none of thy fee :

“ But now I have slaine the master,” he says,
 “ Let me goe strike the knave ;
 For this is all the mede I aske ;
 None other rewarde I’le have.”

“ Thou art a madman,” sayd the sheriffe,
 “ Thou sholdst have had a knight’s fee :
 But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
 Well granted it shall bee.”

When little John heard his master speake,
 Well knewe he it was his steven :
 “ Now shall I be looset,” quoth little John,
 “ With Christ his might in heaven.”

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
 He thought to loose him blive ;*
 The sheriffe and all his companye
 Fast after him can drive.

* Immediately, quickly.

“ Stand abacke, stand abacke,” sayd Robin,
 “ Why draw you mee so neere ?
 It was never the use in our countrye,
 One’s shrift * another shold heere.”

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
 And losed John hand and foote,
 And gave him Sir Guye’s bow into his hand,
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye’s bow in his hand,
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
 He fettled him to begone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
 He fled full fast away ;
 And soe did all the companye :
 Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
 But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,
 He shott him into the backe syde.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD ;

WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

SEVERAL lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the “ Downfall,” and “ Death of Robert, earl of Huntington,” 1601, 4to., black letter,

* Confession.

but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I. Scene 1; and again, in his second part of "King Henry IV." Act v. Scene 3.

Sung "*To an excellent tune.*"

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
 In Wakefield all on a green,
 In Wakefield all on a green :
 "There is neither knight nor squire," said the pinder,
 "Nor baron that is so bold,
 Nor baron that is so bold,
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold."

All this be heard three witty young men,
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John ;
 With that they espy'd the jolly pinder,
 As he sat under a thorn.

"Now turn again, turn again," said the pinder,
 "For a wrong way you have gone ;
 For you have forsaken the king's highway,
 And made a path over the corn."

"O that were a shame," said jolly Robin,
 "We being three, and thou but one."
 The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
 And his foot against a stone,
 And there he fought a long summer's day,
 A summer's day so long ;
 Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
 Were broke fast into their hands.

“Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,” said bold Robin Hood,
“And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I tryed with sword.

“And wilt thou forsake thy pinder’s craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?”

“At Michaelmas next my cov’nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;

“Then I’ll take my blew blade all in my hand
And plod to the green-wood with thee.”

“Hast thou either meat or drink,” said Robin Hood
“For my merry men and me?”

“I have both bread and beef,” said the pinder,
“And good ale of the best.”

“And that is meat good enough,” said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden guests.

“O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me?

Thou shalt have a livery twice a year,
The one green, the other brown.”

“If Michaelmas-day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,

Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.”*

* The above ballad is from an old black-letter copy in Anthony à Wood’s collection, compared with two others in the British Museum. In 1557 certain “ballets” are entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company, “to John Wallye and Mrs. Toye,” one of which is entitled, “of wakefylde and a grene,” meaning probably this ballad.

THE NOBLE FISHERMAN;
OR, ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT.

FROM three old black-letter copies; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song :—

When the lily leafe, and cowslip sweet
Both bud and spring with a merry cheere,
This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
And chasing of the fallow deere.

“ The fishermen brave more mony have
Than any merchants two or three ;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be.”

This outlaw called his merry men all,
As they sate under the green-wood tree :
“ If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.”

“ Now,” quoth Robin Hood, “ Ile to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very faire day.”
He tooke up his inne at a widdow woman's house,
Hard by upon the water gray.

Who asked of him, “ Where wert thou borne ?
Or tell to me where dost thou fare ?”
“ I am a poor fisherman,” said he then,
“ This day intrapp'd all in care.”

“ What is thy name, thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell it to mee ?”

“ In my own country where I was borne,
Men call me Simon over the Lee.”

“ Simon, Simon,” said the good wife,
“ I wish thou mayest well brook thy name.”
The outlaw was aware of her courtesie,
And rejoyced he had got such a dame.

“ Simon, wilt thou be my man ?
And good round wages I’le give thee ;
I have as good a ship of my own,
As any sails upon the sea.

“ Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long.”

“ And if you thus do furnish me,”
Said Simon, “ nothing shall goe wrong.”

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three ;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare line into the sea cast he.

“ It will be long,” said the master then,
“ Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;
I’le assure you he shall have no part of our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy.”

“ O, woe is me !” said Simon then,
“ This day that ever I came here ;
I wish I were in Plompton parke,
In chasing of the fallow deere.

“ For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And they by me set nought at all ;

If I had them in Plompton parke,
I would set as little by them all."

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three :
But Simon espyed a ship of warre,
That sayled towards them most valorously.

" O, woe is me," said the master then,
" This day that ever I was borne ;
For all our fish we have got to day,
Is every bit lost and forlorne.

" For these French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And ligge us in the prison strong."

But Simon said, " Doe not feare them,
Neither, master, take you no care ;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare."

" Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boast ;
If I should cast thee overboard,
There's but a simple lubber lost."

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship hatch goe doth he.

" Master, tye me to the mast," saith he,
" That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare."

He drew his arrow to the very head,
And drew it with all might and maine,
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow's gane.

The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,
And under the hatches down below ;
Another Frenchman that him espy'd
The dead corpse into the see doth throw.

“ O, master, loose me from the mast,” he said,
“ And for them all take you no care ;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.”

Then streight they boarded the French ship,
They lyeing all dead in their sight ;
They found within their ship of warre,
Twelve thousand pound of money bright.

“ The one halfe of the ship,” said Simon then,
“ Ile give to my dame and [her] children small ;
The other halfe of the ship Ile bestow
On you that are my fellows all.”

But now bespoke the master then,
“ For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall be.”

“ It shall be so, as I have said,
And, with this gold, for the opprest,
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest.”

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER
OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

THE Curtal Friar here mentioned is undoubtedly the person so frequently occurring in the ballads, as one of the companions of Robin Hood, under the name of *Friar Tuck*. He is thus mentioned by Skelton, laureate, in his "Goodly Interlude of Magnificence," written about the year 1500, and with an evident allusion to some game now forgotten:—

" Another bade shave halfe my berde,
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
And wolde have made me freer Tucke,
To preche oute of the pylery hole."

The Curtal Friars were named, according to Dr. Stukeley, from the cord or rope which they wore round their waist, to whip themselves with, and were of the Franciscan order. Our friar is undoubtedly so called from his curtal dogs, or curs as we now call them, for in fact he was not a friar, but a monk of Fountains Abbey, which was of the Cistercian order. Robin Hood's bow is said by Ray to have been preserved in Fountains Abbey.*

The following ballad is from an old black-letter copy in the collection of A. à Wood, corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian library, printed by H. Gosson, *circa* 1610.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

* Itineraries, 161.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,
 And some would use artillery ;
 “ Which of you can a good bow draw,
 A good archer for to be ?

“ Which of you can kill a bucke,
 Or who can kill a doe ;
 Or who can kill a hart of Greece,
 Five hundreth foot him fro ? ”

Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,
 And Midge he kild a doe ;
 And Little John kild a hart of Greece,
 Five hundreth foot him fro.

“ God’s blessing on thy heart,” said Robin Hood,
 “ That hath such a shot for me ;
 I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
 To find one could match thee.”

That caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
 He laughed full heartily :
 “ There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
 Will beate both him and thee.

“ The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
 Well can a strong bow draw,
 He will beat you and your yeomen,
 Set them all on a row.”

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,
 It was by Mary free,
 That he would neither eate nor drinke,
 ’Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
 On his head a cap of steel,

Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No further he would ride ;
There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne :
“ Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life's forlorne.”

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryer's backe ;
The fryer said to him againe,
“ Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,
Or it shall breëd thy paine.”

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hood's backe,
 Robin Hood said to him againe,
 " Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
 Or it shall breede thy paine."

The fryer tooke Robin on's backe againe,
 And stept in to the knee,
 'Till he came at the middle streame,
 Neither good nor bad spake he :

And comming to the middle streame,
 There he threw Robin in ;
 " And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
 Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
 The fryer to a wigger* wand ;
 Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
 And took his bowe in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt,
 To the fryer he let fly ;
 The curtall fryer with his steele buckler,
 Did put that arrow by.

" Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
 Shoot as thou hast begun ;
 If thou shoot here a summer's day,
 Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
 'Till his arrows all were gane ;
 They tooke their swords and steele bucklers,
 They fought with might and maine.

* Willow.

From ten o' th' clock that very day,
 Till four i' th' afternoon ;
 Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
 Of the fryer to beg a boone.

“ A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
 I beg it on my knee ;
 Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
 And to blow blasts three.”

“ That I will do,” said the curtall fryer,
 “ Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;
 I hope thoult blow so passing well,
 ’Till both thy eyes fall out.”

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,
 He blew out blasts three ;
 Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
 Came raking over the lee.

“ Whose men are these,” said the fryer,
 “ That come so hastily ?”
 “ These are mine ;” said Robin Hood,
 “ Fryer, what is that to thee ?”

“ A boone, a boone,” said the curtall fryer,
 “ The like I gave to thee ;
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
 And to whute whues three.”

“ That will I doe,” said Robin Hood,
 “ Or else I were to blame ;
 Three whues in a fryer's fist
 Would make me glad and faine.”

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
 And whuted whues three :

Halfe a hundreth good band-dogs*
 Came running over the lee.

“ Here’s for every man a dog,
 And I myselfe for thee.”

“ Nay, by my faith,” said Robin Hood,
 “ Fryer, that may not be.”

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
 The one behind, the other before,
 Robin Hood’s mantle of Lincolne greene
 Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
 Or they shot north or south,
 The curtall dogs so taught they were,
 They kept the arrows in their mouth.

“ Take up thy dogs,” said Little John,
 “ Fryer, at my bidding be.”

“ Whose man art thou,” said the curtall fryer,
 “ Comes here to prate with me?”

“ I am Little John, Robin Hood’s man,
 Fryer, I will not lie ;

If thou take not up thy dogs soone,
 I’le take up them and thee.”

Little John had a bow in his hand,
 He shot with might and main ;
 Soon halfe a score of the fryer’s dogs
 Lay dead upon the plain.

“ Hold thy hand, good fellow,” said the curtall fryer,

“ Thy master and I will agree ;
 And we will have new orders taken
 With all the hast may be.”

* So called from their being tied up at night.

“ If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines Dale,
 And Fountaines Abbey free,
 Every sunday throwout the yeere,
 A noble shall be thy fee :

“ And every holliday through the yeere,
 Changed shall thy garment be,
 If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
 And there remaine with me.”

This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines Dale
 Seven long yeeres and more,
 There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
 Could make him yield before.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD'S ENTERTAINMENT
 BY ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN,
 IN MERRY BARNSDALE.

“ **A** LONG on the lift hond,” says Leland, “ a iii. miles of betwixt Milburne and Feribridge, I saw the wooddi and famose forrest of Barnesdale ;* wher thay say that Robyn Hudde lyvid like an outlaw.”† This ballad, is supposed to be modern, from the Aldermary church-yard press, compared with the York copy.

* “A. D. 1194, King Richard I. being a hunting in the forrest of Sherwood, did chase a hart out of the forrest of Sherwood into Barnesdale in Yorkshire, and because he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkshire, and at divers other places, that no person should kill, hurt or chase the said hart, but that he might safely retorne into forrest againe ; which hart was afterwards called, ‘ A hart royallproclaimed.’”—MANWOOD’S *Forest Laws*.

† Itinerary, v. 101.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold ;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the green-wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

“ Come, kill a ven'son,” said bold Robin Hood,
“ Come, kill me a good fat deer,
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

“ We'll kill a fat ven'son,” said bold Robin Hood,
“ And dress it by the highway side ;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.”

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also ;
And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

“ O, what is the matter ?” then said the bishop,
“ Or for whom do you make this a-do ?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few ?”

“ We are shepherds,” said bold Robin Hood,
“ And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.”

“ You are brave fellows !” said the bishop,
“ And the king of your doings shall know ;

Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

" O pardon, O pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
" O pardon, I thee pray ;
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away."

" No pardon, no pardon," said the bishop,
" No pardon I thee owe,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row ;

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely sight for to see :—
" What is the matter, master," said Little John,
" That you blow so hastily ?"

" O, here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have."
" Cut off his head, master," said Little John,
" And throw him into his grave."

" O pardon, O pardon," said the bishop,
" O pardon I thee pray ;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way."

“ No pardon, no pardon,” said bold Robin Hood,
“ No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.”

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale ;
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

“ Call in a reckoning,” said the bishop,
“ For methinks it grows wondrous high.”
“ Lend me your purse, master,” said Little John,
“ And I'll tell you by-and-bye.”

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.

“ Here's money enough, master,” said Little John,
“ And a comely sight 'tis to see ;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Though he heartily loveth not me.”

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play ;
And he made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

ROBIN HOOD having for a long period, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward for bringing him either dead or alive ; which, however,

appears to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose.* At length, the infirmities of old age increasing, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being bled, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirklees nunnery, in the parish of Dewsbury, W. R. of Yorkshire.† From the Sloane MS. we learn “that being dystempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted, therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayed to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique and surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, and waying howe fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke revenge of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death.” This event happened in the 31st of Henry III. (1247), and, if the date assigned to his birth be correct, about the 87th year of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the precinct of the nunnery, a stone being placed over his grave.‡

The following inscription over his remains, preserved by Dr. Gale, dean of York, Thoresby says, was “scarce legible,” and Dr. Whitaker seems to think spurious:—

HEAR UNDERNEAD DIS LAITL STEAN
 LAIZ ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTUN
 NEAR ARCIR VER AZ HIE SA GEUD
 AN PIPL KAULD IM ROBIN HEUD
 SICK UTLAWZ AZ HI AN IZ MEN
 VIL ENGLAND NIVR SI AGEN.

OBIT 24 KAL. DEKEMBRIS 1247.§

* Grafton, 85. Harl. MS. 1233. 367.

† Letter from Jo. Saville, to W. Camden, *Illus. Viro Epis.* 1691.

‡ Collectanea, i. 54. Fuller's Worthies of Eng. 330.

§ In a work entitled, “Sepulchrorum inscriptiones: or a

A statue of this renowned free-booter, large as life, leaning on his unbent bow, with a quiver of arrows, and a sword by his side, formerly stood on one side the entrance into Kirklees Hall.

This ballad is preserved solely in the editions of "Robin Hood's Garland," printed at York, where it is made to conclude with some foolish lines, (adopted from the London copy of a ballad, called "Robin Hood and Valiant Knight,") in order to introduce the epitaph.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
 Went o'er yon bank of broom,
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,
 "We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

curious collection of 900 of the most remarkable epitaphs," Westminster, 1727; this epitaph is not inelegantly paraphrased:—

"Here, underneath this little stone,
 Through death's assaults, now lieth one,
 Known by the name of Robin Hood,
 Who was a thief, and archer good;
 Full thirteen (thirty?) years, and something more,
 He robb'd the rich to feed the poor;
 Therefore, his grave bedew with tears,
 And offer for his soul your prayers."

In the "Travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales," is another version, though inferior:—

"Here, under this memorial stone,
 Lies Robert earl of Huntingdon;
 As he, no archer e'er was good,
 And people call'd him Robin Hood;
 Such outlaws as his men and he
 Again may England never see."

See the anecdote respecting the removal of Robin Hood's tombstone in Gent's "Ancient and Modern History of the Famous City of York," 1730, 12mo. p. 234.

“ But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee ;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.”

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win ;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

“ Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,” she said,
“ And drink some beer with me ?”
“ No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.”

“ Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,” she said,
“ Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.”

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room ;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree ;
But when he came to Kirkley hall,
He broke locks two or three ;

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee :
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begs of me ?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee ;
I never hurt* woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be ;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

* Burnt. This stanza is omitted in one edition.

“ Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet ;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet ;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

“ Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head ;
 That they may say, when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.”

These words they readily promis'd him,
 Which did bold Robin please :
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Near to the fair Kirkleys.

HISTORY OF SIR JOHN ELAND, OF ELAND, AND HIS ANTAGONISTS.

THE origin of this quarrel is not very clear, neither is it certain the time when this ballad was written. It is said that one Exley had killed the brother's son of sir John Eland, and that a relative, sir Robert Beaumont, screened him from the resentment of sir John, also that the affair was, in some measure, made up, sir John Eland having accepted of a compensation in lieu of justice being done upon the murderer, but that he afterwards violated the agreement ; whereupon sir John got together a considerable number of armed men, and in one night, in the month of May, put to death the said sir Robert, and two old gentlemen, his near relatives, Hugh de Quarmby and John de Lockwood. This is so far confirmed by the

Hopkinson MSS. in the possession of Mrs. Richardson Currer of Eshton hall, wherein it says, "that with sir Robert Beaumont were slain his brother William, and . . . Exley, who had killed the brother's son of sir John Eland." This manner of executing private revenge, according to Brady, in his "History of the Reign of King Stephen," was brought from Normandy to England:—"If any earl, or great man, found himself aggrieved by another, they frequently got together all their men at arms, or knights that held of them, their other tenants and poor dependants, and as much assistance from their friends and confederates as they could, and burnt one another's castles and houses, &c."

No worldly wight can here attain
 Always to have their will,
 But now in grief, sometimes in pain,
 Their course they must fulfil;

For when men live in worldly wealth,
 Full few can have that grace,
 Long in the same to keep themselves
 Contented with their place.

The squire must needs become a knight,
 The knight a lord would be,
 Thus shall you see no worldly wight,
 Content with his degree.

For pride it is that pricks the heart
 And moves men to mischief,
 All kind of pity set apart
 Withouten grudge or grief.

Where pride doth reign within the heart,
 And wickedness in will,

The fear of God quite set apart,
 Their fruits must needs be ill.

Some cannot suffer for to see
 And know their neighbors thrive,
 Like to themselves in good degree,
 But rather seek their lives.

And some must be possess'd alone,
 And such would have no peer,
 Like to themselves they would have none
 Dwell nigh them any where.

With such like faults was foul infect
 One sir John Eland, knight ;*
 His doings make it much suspect
 Therein he took delight.

Some time there dwelt at Crossland hall,
 A kind and courteous knight,
 It was well known that he withal
 Sir Robert Beaumont † hight.

* Son of sir Thomas de Eland, of Eland hall in the parish of Halifax, knight of the shire for Yorkshire, 14 Edward III. and sheriff of Yorkshire, 15 Edward III., in which year it is supposed the quarrel took place. Sir John married, 1st, Alice, daughter of sir Robert Lathom, (who bore, or, on a chief daucette, az. three plates,) by whom he had issue sir John Eland, who had a son, name unknown, and Isabel. Thomas, Henry, Margery, Isabel, and Dionysia; 2ndly, Ann, daughter of — Rygate, by whom he had no issue; and 3rdly, Olive — by whom he had Robert, who married Alice, daughter of Fitz-Eustace, and James, who died young. In the quire of the church of Eland, in a window, are painted the arms of Eland, viz. Gules, two barrulets between eight martlets argent, three, two and three.

† Son of William de Beaumont, of Whitley, in the parish of Kirkeaton. He married, *circa* 20 Edward II., Grace,

At Eland sir John Eland dwelt
 Within the manor hall,
 The town his own, the parish held
 Most part upon him all.

The market town was Eland then,
 The patent hath been seen,
 Under king Edward's seal certain,
 The first Edward I ween.*

But now I blush to sing for dread,
 Knowing mine own country,
 So basely stor'd with Cain his seed
 There springing plenteously.

Alack, such store of witty men
 As now are in these days,
 Were both unborn, and gotten then,
 To stay such wicked ways.

Some say that Eland sheriff was
 By Beaumont disobey'd,
 Which might him make for that trespass
 With him the worse appaid.

He raised the country round about,
 His friends, and tenants all,
 And for his purpose picked out
 Stout, sturdy men and tall.

daughter and heiress of sir Edward Crossland, of Crossland, co. Yorkshire, knight, by whom he had Adam, named hereafter Thomas, who died *s.p.*, and John, who married Alice, daughter of John Soothill, esq., by whom he had Richard, from whom descended a race who lived in splendour to the reign of Charles I.

* The market appears to have been granted by charter, 10 Edward II. (*Harl. MS. No. 797.*), and for some time held a rivalry with Halifax; but for many ages the market has been discontinued.

To Quarmby hall they came by night,
 And there the lord they slew,
 At that time Hugh of Quarmby hight,
 Before the country knew.

To Lockwood then the self-same night,
 They came, and there they slew
 Lockwood of Lockwood, that wily wight,
 That stirr'd the strife anew.*

When they had slain thus suddenly
 Sir Robert Beaumont's aid,
 To Crossland they came craftily,
 Of nought they were afraid.

The hall was water'd well about,
 No wight might enter in ;
 Till that the bridge was well laid out,
 They durst not venture in.†

Before the house they could invade,
 In ambush they did lodge ;
 And watch'd a wench, with wily trade,
 Till she let down the bridge.

A siege they set, assault they made,
 Heinously to the hall ;

* Lockwood appears to have been a quarrelsome person, for in the court rolls at Wakefield, 35 Edward I., John de Lockwood, of Lockwood, was presented and afterwards found guilty of having forcibly ejected one Matthew de Linthwaite from his free tenement, and when the earl's grave and bailiff came to take possession thereof, he made an attempt, with others unknown, to have slain them, so that they barely escaped with their lives.

† "The remains of a wet ditch surrounding Crossland hall are visible to this day ; but neither Quarmby nor Lockwood houses had the same advantage."—WATSON'S *Hist. of Halifax*.

The knight's chamber they did invade,
And took the knight withal.

And this is for most certainly
That slain before he was,
He fought against them manfully,
Unarmed as he was.

His servants rose, and still withstood,
And struck with might and main ;
In his defence they shed their blood,
But all this was in vain.

The lady cry'd, and shriek'd withal,
When as from her they led
Her dearest knight into the hall,
And there cut off his head.

But all in vain, the more pity,
For pity had no place,
But craft, mischief, and cruelty,
These men did most embrace.

They had a guide that guided them
Which in their hearts did dwell,
The which to this that moved them,
The very devil in hell.

See here in what uncertainty
This wretched world is led ;
At night in his prosperity,
At morning slain, and dead.

I wis a woeful house there was,
The lord lay slain, and dead,
Their foes then eat before their face
Their meat, ale, wine, and bread.

Two boys sir Robert Beaumont had
 There left alive unslain ;
 Sir John of Eland he then bade
 To eat with him certain.

The one did eat with him truly,
 The younger it was, I think ;
 Adam, the eldest, sturdily,
 Would neither eat nor drink.*

“ See how this boy,” said Eland, “ see
 His father’s death can take ;
 If any be, it will be he,
 That will revengement make.

“ But if that he wax wild anon
 I shall him soon foresee ;
 And cut them off by one and one,
 As time shall then serve me.”

*The first fray here now have you heard,
 The second doth ensue ;
 And how much mischief afterward
 Upon these murders grew.*

* It is stated in Hopkinson’s MSS. “ that when sir John Eland gave bread to Adam Beaumont, he threw it at him with disdain ; on which sir John said he would weed out the offspring of his blood, as they weed out the weed from corn ;” but this threatening was so far from being verified that sir John’s male issue were entirely cut off, whilst that of Beaumont continued in John the third son. The preceding verse mentions only “ two boys ;” but the pedigree of the family gives a third, who probably was an infant at the time, and therefore too young to be noticed. Adam appears to have only been about five years of age ; this may account for the different behaviour of the two boys.

*And how the mischief he contriv'd
His wicked heart within,
Light on himself shall be described,
Mark now, for I begin:—*

The same morning two messengers
Were sent to Lancashire,
To Mr. Townley and Brereton,
Their helps for to require.

Unto the mount beneath Marsden
Now were they come with speed,
But hearing that their friend was slain,
They turn'd again indeed.

When Eland with his wilful ire
Thus Beaumont's blood had shed,
Into the coasts of Lancashire,
The lady Beaumont fled.

With her she took her children all
At Brereton to remain ;
Some time also at Townley hall
They sojourned certain.

Brereton and Townley friends they were
To her, and of her blood ;
And presently it did appear
They sought to do her good.

They kept the boys 'till they increas'd
In person and in age,
Their father's death to have redrest
Still kindled their courage.

Lacy and Lockwood were with them
Brought up at Brereton green,

And Quarmby, kinsman unto them,
At home durst not be seen.

The feats of fence they practiced
To wield their weapons well,
Till fifteen years were finish'd,
And then it so befel,

Lockwood, the eldest of them all,
Said, " Friends, I think it good,
We went into our country all,
To venge our fathers' blood.

" If Eland have this for well done
He will slay me indeed,
Best were it then we slew him soon,
And cut off Cain his seed.

" I saw my father Lockwood slain,
And Quarmby in the night,
And last of all they slew certain,
Sir Robert Beaumont, knight.

" O Lord, this was a cruel deed,
Who could their hands refrain ;
For to pluck out such wicked weed,
Tho' it were to their pain !"

To this the rest then all agreed,
Devising day by day,
Of this their purpose how to speed,
What was the readiest way.

Two men that time from Quarmby came,
Dawson and Haigh, indeed,
Who then consulted of the same,
Of this how to proceed.

These countrymen, of course only,
Said Eland kept alway, ▪
The Turn at Brighthouse certainly,
And you shall know the day.

To Cromwelbottom you must come,
In the wood there to wait ;
So you may have them all and some,
And take them in a strait.

The day was set, the Turn was kept,
At Brighthouse by sir John ;
Full little wist he was beset
Then at his coming home.

Dawson and Haigh had play'd their parts,
And brought from Brereton green,
Young gentlemen with hardy hearts,
As well were known and seen.

Adam of Beaumont there was laid,
And Lacy with him also,
And Lockwood, who was nought afraid
To fight against his foe.

In Cromwelbottom woods they lay,
A number with them mo,
Armed they were in good array,
A spy they had also.

To spy the time when Eland came,
From Brighthouse Turn that day,
Who play'd his part, and show'd the same
To them there as they lay.

Beneath Brookfoot a hill there is
To Brighthouse in the way,

Forth came they to the top of this,
There prying for their prey.

From the lane end then Eland came
A spied these gentlemen,
Sore wonder'd he who they could be,
And val'd his bonnet then.

“ Thy court'sy 'vails thee not, sir knight,
Thou slew my father dear,
Some time sir Robert Beaumont hight,
And slain thou shalt be here.”

Said Adam Beaumont, with the rest,
“ Thou hast our fathers slain,
Whose deaths we mind shall be redrest,
Of thee, and thine certain.”

To strike at him still did they strive,
But Eland still withstood,
With might and main, to save his life,
But still they shed his blood.

They cut him from his company,
Belike at the lane end ;
And there they slew him certainly,
And thus he made his end.

Mark here the end of cruelty,
Such fine hath falshood, lo !
Such end forsooth himself had he,
As he brought others to.

But Beaumont yet was much to blame,
Tho' here he play'd the man,
The part he play'd not in the same
Of a right Christian.

A pure conscience could never find
An heart to do this deed ;
Tho' he this day should be assign'd
His own heart's blood to bleed.

But kind, in these young gentlemen,
Crept where it could not go,
And in such sort enforced them
Their fathers' bane to slo.

*The second fray now here you have,
The third now shall you hear ;
Of your kindness no more I crave,
But only to give ear.*

When sir John Eland thus was slain,
Indeed the story tells,
Both Beaumont and his fellows then
Fled in Furness fells.

O cruel Mars, why wert thou nought
Contented yet with this ;
To shed more blood, but still thou sought,
For such thy nature is.

Their young conscience corrupt by thee,
Indeed could never stay,
'Till into extreme misery
They ran the readiest way.

For Cain his seed on ev'ry side,
With wicked hearts disgrac'd ;
Which to show mercy hath denied,
Must needs be now displac'd.

In Furness fells long time they were,
Boasting of their misdeed,

In more mischief contriving there,
How yet they might proceed.

They had their spies in this country,
Nigh Eland, who then dwell'd
Where sir John Eland liv'd truly,
And there his household held.

Mo gentlemen then were not there
In Eland parish dwell'd,
Save Savile half part of the year
His house at Rushworth held.

He kept himself from such debate,
Removing thence withal,
Twice in the year by Savile gate
Unto the Bothom hall.

Adam of Beaumont then truly,
Lacy and Lockwood eke,
And Quariby came to their country
Their purpose for to seek.

To Cromwelbottom wood* they came,
There kept them secretly,
By fond deceit there did they frame,
Their crafty cruelty.

This is the end in sooth to say,
On Palm Sun. e'en at night,
To Eland miln they took the way,
About the mirke midnight.

Into the miln house there they brake,
And kept them secretly,

* Some copies read Cromwelbottom hall; the residence of Lacy.

By subtilty thus did they seek,
The young knight for to slay.

The morning came, the milner sent
His wife for corn in haste,
These gentlemen in hands her hent,
And bound her hard and fast.

The milner sware she should repent,
She tarried there so long,
A good cudgel in hand he hent
To chastise her with wrong.

With haste into the miln came he,
And meant with her to strive,
But they bound him immediately,
And laid him by his wife.

The young knight dreamt, the selfsame night
With foes he was bested,
That fiercely fettled them to fight
Against him in his bed.

He told his lady soon of this,
But as a thing most vain,
She weigh'd it light, and said, " I wis
We must to church certain,

" And serve God there this present day."
The knight then made him bown,
And by the miln house lay the way
That leadeth to the town.

The drought had made the water small,
The stakes appeared dry ;
The knight, his wife, and servants all,
Came down the dam thereby:

When Adam Beaumont this beheld,
Forth of the miln came he,
His bow in hand with him he held,
And shot at him sharply.

He hit the knight on the breast plate,
Whereat the shot did glide ;
William of Lockwood wroth thereat,
Said, " Cousin, you shoot wide."

Himself did shoot and hit the knight,
Who nought was hurt with this,
Whereat the knight had great delight,
And said to them, " I wis

" If that my father had been clad
With such armour certain,
Your wicked hands escaped he had,
And had not so been slain.

" O Eland town, alack," said he,
" If thou but knew of this,
These foes of mine full fast would flee,
And of their purpose miss.

" By stealth to work must needs they go,
For it had been too much,
The town knowing, the lord to slo
For them, and twenty such."

William of Lockwood was adread
The town should rise indeed ;
He shot the knight quite thro' the head,
And slew him then with speed.

His son and heir * was wounded there,
 But yet not dead at all ;
 Into the house convey'd he were,
 And died in Eland hall.

A full sister forsooth had he,
 An half brother † also ;
 The full sister his heir must be,
 The half brother not so.

The full sister his heir she was,
 And Savile ‡ wed the same ;
 Thus lord of Eland Savile was,
 And since in Savile name.

Lo here the end of all mischief,
 From Eland, Eland's name
 Dispatch'd it was to their great grief,
 Well worthy of the same.

What time these men such frays did frame
 Deeds have I read, and heard
 That Eland came to Savile's name
 In Edward's days the third.

* " This verse," says Watson, " cannot be explained, for no authority which I have seen shows the name of sir John's son and heir."

† The half brother mentioned was a son of sir John's lady, who was daughter of Gilbert Umfravile, and widow of Robert Coniers of Sockburn, in the county of Durham.

‡ After the death of sir John Eland, and his son and heir, sir John Savile of Tankersley, purchased, in 1350, the wardship of Isabel Eland, daughter of the said sir John, from the lord of the honour of Pontefract, for 200*l.* See *Comput. Seneschall. honoris de Pontfrete*, p. 17. After this purchase he married her, and in her right became possessed of the estates belonging to that family.

But as for Beaumont, and the rest,
 They were undone utterly ;
 Thus simple virtue is the best,
 And chief felicity.

By Whittle-lane end they took their flight,
 And to the old Earth-gate ;
 Then took the wood, as well they might,
 And spy'd a privy gate.

Themselves conveying craftily
 To Annely-wood that way,
 The town of Eland manfully
 Pursued them that day.

The lord's servants throughout the town,
 Had cry'd with might and main,*
 " Up, gentle yeomen, make you bown,
 This day your lord is slain."

Whittle, and Smyth, and Rimmington,
 Bury with many mo ;
 As brimme as boars they made them bown,
 Their lord's enemies to slo.

And, to be short, the people rose
 Throughout the town about ;
 Then fiercely following on their foes,
 With hue and cry, and shout.

All sorts of men show'd their good wills,
 Some bows and shafts did bear ;

* Hopkinson's MSS. says " that the town and neighbourhood were raised by sound of horn, and ringing the bells backwards."

Some brought forth clubs, and rusty bills,
That saw no sun that year.

To church now as the parish came,
They join'd them with the town,
Like hardy men to stand all sam,
To fight now were they bown.

Beaumont and Quarmby saw all this,
And Lockwood where they stood ;
They fettle them to fence, I wis,
And shot as they were wood,

Till all their shafts were gone and spent,
Of force then must they flee ;
They had dispatch'd all their intent,
And lost no victory.

The hardest man of them that was,
Was Quarmby, this is true ;
For he would never turn his face
Till Eland men him slew.

Lockwood, he bare him on his back,
And hid him in Annely-wood ;*
To whom his purse he did betake,
Of gold and silver good.

“ Here take you this to you,” said he,
“ And to my cousins here ;
And in your mirth remember me,
When you do make good cheer.

“ If that my foes should this possess,
It were a grief to me ;

* “ In an ivy tree, with an intent to have been saved.”—
HOPKINSON'S MSS.

My friends welfare is my riches,
And chief felicity.

“ Give place with speed, and fare you well,
Christ shield you from mischief ;
If that it otherwise befel,
It would be my great grief.”

Their foes so fiercely follow'd on,
It was no biding there ;
Lockwood, with speed, he went anon,
To his friends where they were.

With haste then towards Huddersfield,
They held their ready way ;
Adam of Beaumont the way he held,
To Crossland hall that day.*

When Eland men returned home,
Through Annely-wood that day ;

* The subsequent history of these gentlemen is given in “ A relation of the lives and deaths of Wilkin (or William) Lockwood, and Adam Beaumont, esqrs. and what adventures happened to them after the battle with the Eland men, in Auely wood ;” from which we learn that Lockwood retired to a solitary place called Camel hall, near Cawthorn (now Cannon hall), where he was subsequently taken by the sheriff and his men, after a desperate resistance, and cruelly put to death, to the utter extirpation of the ancient family of Lockwood, of Lockwood, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Adam Beaumont, upon hearing of the death of Lockwood, and that precepts were sent from London to the sheriff to arrest him, resolved to leave the country ; and having landed in France, by some means or other got into the service of the knights of Rhodes. Some years after, his friends received an account of his life and death ; from which it appears he resided sometimes at Rhodes, amongst the knights there, and sometimes in Hungary, where, in one of the engagements against the Turks, he honourably ended his life.

There found they Quarmby laid alone,
Scarce dead, so some men say.

And then they slew him out of hand,
Dispatch'd him of his pain ;
The late death of their lord Eland
Inforced them certain.

“ Learn, Savile, here, I you beseech,
That in prosperity
You be not proud, but mild and meek,
And dwell in charity ;

“ For by such means your elders came
To knightly dignity ;
Where Eland then forsook the same,
And came to misery.

“ Mark here the breach of charity,
How wretchedly it ends ;
Mark here how much felicity
On charity depends.

“ A speech it is to ev'ry wight
Please God who may or can ;
It wins always with great delight,
The heart of every man.

“ Where charity withdraws the heart
From sorrow and sighs deep ;
Right heavy makes it many a heart,
And many an eye to weep.

“ You gentlemen, love one another,
Love well the yeomanry ;
Count ev'ry Christian man his brother,
And dwell in charity.

“Then shall it come to pass truly,
That all men you shall love;
And after death then shall you be
In heav'n with God above.

“To whom always, of ev'ry wight,
Throughout all years and days;
In heav'n and earth, both day and night,
Be honour, laud, and praise.”

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

BY JOHN BIRD.

WILLIAM DE MESCHINES and Ceeily de Romille his wife, founders of Embsay Priory, (says Dr. Whitaker,) were now dead, and had left a daughter, Alice, who adopted her mother's name, Romille, and was married to William Fitz-Duncan, nephew of David, king of Scotland. They had issue a son, commonly called the *Boy of Egremond*,* who, surviving an elder brother, became the last hope of the family.

In the deep solitude of the woods, betwixt Bolton and Barden, in Craven, four miles up the river, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel, little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportioned

* This incident has called forth the poetical effusions of Wordsworth and Rogers. See their respective works; also Wordsworth's *Hart Leap Well*, the scene of which is laid near Richmond, and *White Doe of Rylstone*.

to its confinement. The place was then, as it is yet, called *the Strid*, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such was the fate of young Romille, who inconsiderately bounded over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embsay to Bolton, which was the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened.

This priory existed upwards of four hundred years, when it was surrendered by Richard Moon, the prior, and fourteen of his brethren, on the 26th Jan. 1540. On the 3rd April, 1542, the site was granted to Henry Clifford, first earl of Cumberland, but nineteen days before his death, for the sum of 2,490*l*; from him it has descended to the present owner, the duke of Devonshire.

“ RISE up, rise up, my noble boy,
 The morn is fresh and fair ;
 The laughing rays look out with joy,
 Rich balm is on the air :—
 Rise up, rise up, my gallant son,
 Nor let there story be,
 That hawk was flown, or heron won,
 Unseen, unheard, of thee !”

The boy rose up, that noble boy,
 He knelt down at her knee ;—
 And, oh, it was a sight of joy,
 That lady’s joy to see !
 She parted back his golden hair,
 She kist his bonny brow—
 “ I would each mother’s heart might share
 Thy mother’s gladness now !

" For thou art fair, and more than fair,
 Gentle in word and thought ;—
 Yet, oh, my son, brave boy, beware
 Of dangers love hath taught !"
 " Trust me," he cried, and smiling went
 To range the valleys green ;
 And many as fair and fond intent
 As dark an end hath seen.

Bright on his path the dewdrops lay—
 Rich gems of nature's court ;
 The foot that chased their light away,
 Seem'd but to fall in sport—
 Seem'd but the joy of him whose bound
 Forgot its speed, to hear
 The warbling lark, or win the hound
 From his own wild career.

And never shone fair Bolton's vale
 So beautiful as now,
 And ne'er beneath the sportive gale
 Did Wharfe so calmly flow.
 " Hark ! hark ! on Barden-fell the horn
 Of the blithe hunter rings,
 Buscar ! they rouse a stag this morn ;
 Oh, sweet the bugle sings."

Away, away, they speed with joy,
 The frolic hound and he,
 Proud Egremond's far boasted boy,
 That gallant chase to see.
 Why pause they in their course ?—'tis where
 The stream impetuous flows
 Through the dark rocks, that, meeting there,
 Its onward path oppose !

Yet, oh, the gush, the fearful gush,
 Of the wild water's strife!
 On that loud eddying flood to rush,
 Were but to sport with life!
 Yet one true gaze—one gallant bound—
 And the dread gulf is past!
 "Be firm and fleet, my faithful hound!"
 That spring—it was his last!

Held in a leash, that craven hound,
 Faltered in fear, and gave
 His master to the gulf profound—
 A swift and sudden grave!
 One flash of light—one look that tells
 Of late and vain remorse—
 And a dark mass the current swells
 Far on its rapid course!

Still beautiful is Bolton's vale,
 Still Wharfe's bright waters there
 Trace through long years the mournful tale,
 That bids rash youth beware.
 There through its chasm the fatal flood
 Still pours the ceaseless wave,
 Where the bright boy one moment stood,
 And sprang—to find a grave!

Fair Bolton's Abbey yet records
 The lady's sorrowing part,
 And silent walls, e'en more than words,
 May wake the slumbering heart.
 Ye, then, who mourn her gentle son,
 Whelm'd in the fearful Strid,
 Think on a mother's love, and shun
 The paths her lips forbid!

THE DEPOSING OF RICHARD II. AND HIS
MURDER IN POMFRET CASTLE.

RICHARD II., son of the Black Prince, was born in 1366, and succeeded his grandfather Edward III., on the throne of England, 1377; murdered in 1392. Historians differ with regard to the manner in which he was murdered. It was long the prevailing opinion that sir Piers Exton, and others of his guards, fell upon him in Pontefract castle, and that the king, wresting a pole-axe from one of the murderers, soon laid four of their number dead at his feet; but at length being overpowered, he was struck dead with a blow of a pole-axe.

“ O Pomfret, Pomfret, O thou bloody prison !
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death.”

SHAKSPEARE'S *Richard III.*

But it is more probable that he was starved to death; and after all sustenance was denied him, he prolonged his unhappy life, it is said, for a fortnight, before he reached the end of his miseries. This account is more consistent with the story that his body was exposed in public, and that no marks of violence were found upon it.

WHEN Richard the Second in England was king,
And reign'd with honour and state,
Six uncles he had, his grandfather's sons,
King Edward that ruled of late;

All counsellors noble and sage ;
Yet would he not hear
Their precepts dear,
So wilful he was, in this his young age.

A sort of brave gallants he kept in his court,
That train'd him to wanton delights,
Which parasites pleased him better in mind,
Than all his best nobles and knights :
Ambition and avarice grew
So great in this land,
That still from his hand
A mass of rich treasure his parasites drew.

His peers and his barons dishonoured were ;
And upstarts thus mounted on high ;
His commons sore tax'd, his cities oppress'd,
Good subjects were nothing set by ;
And what to his coffers did come,
He wantonly spent,
To please with content
His flattering upstarts, still sporting at home.

When thus unto ruin this kingdom began,
To fall from the highest estate,
The nobles of England their prince's amiss,
By parliament soon did rebate ;
And likewise those flatterers all,
They banish'd the court,
That made but a sport
To see this so famous a kingdom to fall.

But after these gallants degraded were thus,
King Richard himself was put down,
And Bullinbrook, Lancaster's noble-born duke
By policy purchased his crown.

Thus civil wars here begun,
 That could have no end,
 By foe nor by friend,
 Till seven kings' reigns, with their lives were out-run.

But Richard, the breeder of all these same broils,
 In prison was wofully cast,
 Where long he complain'd, in sorrowful sort,
 Of kingly authority past :
 No lords nor no subjects had he,
 No glory, no state,
 That early and late
 Upon him attending had wont for to be.

His robes were converted to garments so old,
 That beggars would hardly them wear ;
 His diet no comfort at all to him brought,
 For he fed upon sorrow and care.
 And from prison to prison was sent,
 Each day, and each night,
 To work him despite,
 That, wearied with sorrows, he still might lament.

Poor king, thus abused, he was at the last
 To Pomfret in Yorkshire convey'd,
 And there in a dungeon, full low in the ground,
 Unpitied, he nightly was laid :
 Not one for his misery grieved,
 That late was in place
 Of royallest grace,
 Where still the distress'd he kindly relieved.

King Henry usurping then all his estate,
 Could never in heart be content,
 Till some of his friends in secesy sought
 To kill him by cruel consent ;

Who soon to Pomfret hied,
Whereas the fear,
That touch'd him so near,
They finish'd as soon as king Richard there died.

There dy'd this good king, for murther'd he was,
That might well have lived full long,
Had not ill counsel betray'd his best good,
And done his high fortunes this wrong :
But blood for blood still calls,
No bloody-stain'd hand
Can long in this land
Stand surely, but soon into misery falls.

Lancaster thus the diadem gain'd,
And won his title by blood,
Which afterwards by heaven's high power,
Not three generations stood,
But yielded to York again :
Thus fortune shows
Their proud overthrows,
That cunningly climb an imperial reign.

THE FELON SEW OF ROKEBY AND THE FRYERS OF RICHMOND.

THIS curious ballad was first published in Dr. Whitaker's "History of Craven," in 1805, but, from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his Ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. Sir Walter Scott, in "Rokeby," has given a more authentic and full, though still an

imperfect, edition of this humoursome composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient barons of Rokeby. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Dr. Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

Ralph Rokeby, esq. who bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's wardenship, to which the ballad refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself.

YE men that will of aunter* winne,
That late within this land hath beene,
Of one I will you tell;
And of a sew that was sea strang,
Alas! that ever she lived sae lang,
For fell† folk did she whell.‡

She was mare than other three,
The grisliest beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray:
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thither goed,
That came on live§ away.

Her walk was endlong|| Greta side;
There was no bren that durst her bide,
That was froe heaven or hell;

* Both the MS. and Dr. Whitaker's copy read *ancestors*, evidently a corruption of *aunter*s, adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.

† A Saxon word for many. See *fell* in Glossary.

‡ A corruption of *quell*, to kill.

§ Alive.

|| Along the side of the river Greta.

Nor never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was so fell.

Ralph* of Rokeby, with good will,
The fryers of Richmond gave her till,†
Full well to garre‡ them fare
Fryer Middleton by his name,
He was sent to fetch her hame,
That rued him sine full sare.

With him tooke he wicht men two,
Peter Dale was one of thoe,
That ever was brim as beare,§
And well durst strike with sword and knife,
And fight full manly for his life,
What time as mister ware.||

These three men went at God's will,
This wicked sew while they came till,
Liggan under a tree ;
Rugg and rusty was her haire ;
She raise up with a felon fare,¶
To fight against the three.

She was so grisley for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feete,
And bark came fro the tree ;

* Dr. Whitaker reads Raphe, which is undoubtedly the ancient form.

† To.

‡ Make.

§ Fierce as a bear. Dr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS., "T'other was Bryan of Bear."

|| Need were. Whitaker reads *musters*.

¶ A fierce countenance or manner.

When fryer Middleton her saugh,
 Weet ye well he might not laugh,
 Full earnestly look'd hee.

These men of aunter that was so wight,*
 They bound them bauldly for to fight,
 And strike at her full sare :
 Until a kiln they garred her flee,
 Wold God send them the victory,
 The wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln hole down,
 As they were on the balke aboon,
 For hurting of their feet ;
 They were so saulted with this sew,
 That among them was a stalworth stew,
 The kiln began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
 But put a rape down with his wand,
 And haltered her full meete ;
 They hurled her forth against her will,
 Whiles they came into a hill,
 A little fro the street.†

And there she made them such a fray,
 If they should live to doomes-day,
 They tharrow‡ it ne'er forgett ;
 She braded§ upon every side,
 And ran on them gaping full wide,
 For nothing would she lett.||

* Brave. The Rokeby MS. reads *incounters*, and Dr. Whitaker, *auncestors*.

† Watling-street, the Roman way from Catterick to Bowes.

‡ Dare.

§ Rushed.

|| Leave it.

She gave such brades* at the band,
 That Peter Dale had in his hand,
 He might not hold his feet.
 She chafed them to and fro,
 The wight men was never soe woe,
 Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldly to abide ;
 To Peter Dale she came aside,
 With many a hideous yell ;
 She gaped soe wide, and cried soe hee,
 The fryer said, " I conjure thee, †
 Thou art a feind of hell !

" Thou art come hither for some traine, †
 I conjure thee to go againe
 Where thou wast wont to dwell."
 He sayned § him with crosse and creede,
 Took forth a book, began to reade
 In St. John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin heare,
 But rudely rushed at the frear,
 That blinked all his blee ; ||
 And when she would have taken her hold,
 The fryer leaped as Jesus ¶ wold,
 And bealed him ** with a tree.

* Pulls.

† This line is wanting in Dr. Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.

‡ Evil device. § Blessed. || Lost his colour.

¶ Some copies have the letters I.H.S., but both Whitaker and Scott write Jesus.

** Sheltered himself.

She was as brim as any beare,
 For all their meete to labour there,*
 To them it was no boote :
 Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
 She ranged as she was wood,† .
 And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, “ Alas, that I was frear !
 And I shall be rugged‡ in sunder here,
 Hard is my destinie !
 Wist my brethren in this houre,
 That I was sett in such a stoure,§
 They would pray for me.”

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
 Tooke that rape from the other two,
 And then they fled all three ;
 They fled away by Watling-street,
 They had no succour but their feet,
 It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne,||
 The sew went hame, and that full soone,

* The MS. reads, *to labour weere*. The text seems to mean that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Dr. Whitaker reads:—

“ She was brim as any boar,
 And gave a grisly hideous roar,
 To them it was no boot.”

Besides the want of connection between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading in the Rokeby MS., with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.

† Mad.

‡ Torn, pulled.

§ Combat, perilous fight.

|| This stanza, with the two following, and a fragment of a fourth, are not in Dr. Whitaker's edition.

To Morton* on the greene ;
 When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape, †
 He wist that there had been debate,
 Whereat the sew had beene.

He bade them stand out of her way,
 For she had had a sudden fray,—
 “ I saw never sew so keene ;
 Some new things shall we heare,
 Of her and Middleton the frear,
 Some battell hath there beene.”

But all that served him for nought.
 Had they not better succour sought,
 They were served therefore loe.
 Then Mistress Rokeby ‡ came anon,
 And for her brought shee meate full soone,
 The sew came her unto.

She gyve her meate upon the flower,

* * * * *

[*Hiatus valde deflendus.*]

* The residence of this facetious baron. Leland says, that “ Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortham, a little beneath Grentey-bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey.” “ This place and Rokeby,” says Hutchinson, “ were, in very distant ages, in the possession of the Rokebies; Robert de Rokeby lived in the time of the Conqueror. By the arms and date on Mortham tower, it appears that it was built in 1166 by the Rokebies.”

† The rope about the sow’s neck.

‡ Ralph Rokeby married Margery, eldest daughter and co-heir of Robert Danby, esq., of Yafforth near Northallerton, by a daughter of sir Richard Conyers, knt. Her will is dated 27 Sep. 1540.—See Richmond Wills by Surtees Soc.

§ This line is illegible according to Scott; but Bell in his Ballads gives the verse:—

Scho gav her meete upon the flower
 [Scho made a bed beneath a bower,

When fryer Middleton came home,
 His brethren was full fain ilkone,*
 And thanked God for his life;
 He told them all unto the end,
 How he had foughten with a fiend,
 And lived through mickle strife.

“ We gave her battell half a day,
 And sithin† was fain to fly away,
 For saving of our life;‡
 And Peter Dale would never blinn,§
 But as fast as he could ryn,||
 Till he came to his wife.”

The warden said, “ I am full of woe,
 That ever ye should be torment so,
 But wee with you had beene!
 Had wee been there your brethren all,
 Wee should have garred the warle¶ fall,
 That wrought you all this teyne.”**

Fryer Middleton said soon, “ Nay,
 In faith you would have fled away,
 When most mister†† had beene;
 You will all speake words at hame,
 A man would ding you every ilk ane,‡‡
 And if it be as I weine.”

With moss and broom besprent;
 The sewe was gentle as mote be,
 Ne rage ne ire flashed fra her e'e,
 Scho seemèd wele content.]

* Each one. † Since then, after that.

‡ The above lines are wanting in Dr. Whitaker's copy.

§ Cease, stop. || Run.

¶ Warlock, or wizard. ** Harm. †† Need.

‡‡ Dr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps better:—

“ The fiend would ding you down ilk one.”

He look't so griesly all that night,
 The warden said, " Yon man will fight
 If you say aught but good ;
 Yon guest* hath grieved him so sare,
 Hold your tongues, and speake noe mare,
 He looks as he were woode."

The warden waged† on the morne,
 Two boldest men that ever were borne,
 I weine, or ever shall be ;
 The one was Gilbert, Griffin's son,
 Full mickle worship has he wonne,
 Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spaine,
 Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
 His dint hath gart them die.
 These two men the battle undertooke,
 Against the sew, as says the booke,
 And sealed security.

That they should boldly bide and fight,
 And skomfit her in maine and might,
 Or therefore should they die.
 The warden sealed to them againe,
 And said, " In feild if ye be slain,
 This condition make I :

" We shall for you pray, sing, and read,
 To doomesday with hearty speede,
 With all our progeny."

* " Yon guest " may be you *gest*, i. e. that adventure ; or it may mean you *ghaist*, or apparition, which in old poems is applied sometimes to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads,—“ The beast hath,” &c.

† Hired.

Then the letters well was made,
 Bands bound with seales brade,
 As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that weere so wight,
 With armour and with brandes bright,
 They went this sew to see ;
 She made on them slike a rerd,*
 That for her they were sare afer'd
 And almost bound to flee.

She came roveing them egaine ;
 That saw the bastard son of Spaine,
 He braded† out his brand ;
 Full spiteously at her he strake,
 For all the fence that he could make,
 She gat sword out of hand ;
 And rave in sunder half his shielde,
 And bare him backward in the feilde,
 He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich geare,
 But Gilbert with his sword of werre,
 He strake at her full strong,
 On her shoulder till she held the swerd ;
 Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,
 When the blade brake in throng.‡

Since in his hands he hath her tane,
 She tooke him by the shoulder bane,
 And held her hold full fast ;
 She strave so stiffly in that stower,§
 That through all his rich armour
 The blood came at the last.

* Such like a roar.

† In the combat.

‡ Drew out.

§ Meeting, battle.

Then Gilbert grieved was sea sare,
 That he rave off both hide and haire,
 The flesh came fro the bone ;
 And with all force he felled her there,
 And wann her worthily in werre,
 And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
 Into two paniers well-made of a tre,
 And to Richmond they did hay :*
 When they saw her come,
 They sang merrily Te Deum,
 The fryers on that day.†

They thanked God and St. Francis,‡
 As they had won the best of pris,§
 And never a man was slaine :
 There did never a man more manly,
 Knight Marcus, nor yett sir Gui,
 Nor Loth of of Louthyane.||

* Hie, to hasten.

† The MS. reads, mistakenly, every day.

‡ At the back of French-gate, in Richmond, a little without the walls, stood the monastery of the Grey Friars, founded, in 1258, by Ralph Fitz-Randolph, lord of Middleham, and, after flourishing nearly three centuries, was surrendered, in 1539, by Robert Sanderson, the last warden, and fourteen brethren. Several of the families of Scroop, Plessey, and Frank, were buried here. In the time of Leland, the house, garden, orchard, and meadow, were walled in, and the edifice existed unimpaired ; but there now remains only a solitary steeple, majestic and beautiful in ruins, to mark the residence and the sanctuary of that order of mendicants called Franciscans from their founder St. Francis.

§ Prize.

|| The father of sir Gawain, in the "Romance of Arthur and Merlin." The MS. is thus corrupted:—

" More loth of Louth Ryme."

If ye will any more of this,
 In the fryers of Richmond 'tis
 In parchment good and fine ;
 And how fryer Middleton that was so kend,
 At Greta bridge conjured a feind,
 In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
 That fryer Theobald was warden than,
 And this fell in his time ;
 And Christ them bless both farre and neare,
 All that for solace list this to heare,
 And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,
 The fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
 This sew to mend their fare :
 Fryer Middleton by his name,
 Would needs bring the fat sew hame
 That rued him since full sare.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

THE subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th of Elizabeth, 1569. It happened thus :—

The zealous adherents of the Romish religion being dissatisfied at the change, formed the design of re-establishing that faith, restoring Mary of Scotland to her liberty, and placing her on the throne of England. The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who possessed great power in the north, having held together several conferences, orders were despatched by Elizabeth to these noblemen to appear at court,

and answer for their conduct. This order from the queen precipitated the rising before they were fully prepared, for the leaders had already proceeded so far that they dare not trust themselves in the queen's hands. They determined to begin the insurrection without delay; and committed themselves irrevocably by entering Durham in arms, on the 14th November, 1569. This rising was speedily suppressed, and martial law having been proclaimed, great severity was exercised. The earl of Northumberland and many gentlemen were executed; sixty-six petty constables were hanged; and not less than eight hundred persons are said to have suffered by the hands of the executioner. Between Newcastle and Wetherby, a district of sixty miles in length by forty in breadth, there was not a town or village in which some of the inhabitants did not expire on the gibbet.

The following was first printed by Dr. Percy, in 1765, from two MS. copies.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto me,
 And I will sing of a noble earle,
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy* is into the garden gone,
 And after him walkes his faire ladie :†
 " I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight, or flee."

* Thomas Percy, seventh earl of Northumberland, K. G.; after the failing of this insurrection he fled into Scotland, but was betrayed by the earl of Moreton, viceroy of Scotland, and lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick. He was brought to York, and beheaded on a scaffold, erected for the purpose, in the Pavement, near St. Crux church, 22nd August, 1572; in which church his body was buried, and his head placed over Micklegate bar, where it remained about two years.

† Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, earl of Worcester.

“ Now heaven forfend, my dearest lord,
 That ever such harm should hap to thee :
 But goe to London to the court,
 And faire full truth and honestie.”

“ Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
 Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee ;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast
 That at the court I may not bee.”

“ O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee :
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may be.”

“ Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subiltie ;
 And if I goe to the court, lady,
 Never more I may thee see.”

“ Yet goe to the court, my lord,” she sayes,
 “ And I myselfe will ryde wi’ thee :
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe* I will be.”

“ Now nay, now nay, my lady deare,
 Far lever† had I lose my life,
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

“ But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come thou hither unto mee,
 To maister Norton‡ thou must goe,
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

* Surety.

† Rather.

‡ Richard Norton, esq., of Norton Conyers, co. York, mar. Susan, daughter of Richard Nevill, lord Latimer, by whom

“ Commend me to that gentleman,
 And beare this letter here fro’ mee ;
 And say that earnestly I praye,
 He will ryde in my companie.”

One while the little foot-page went,
 And another while he ran ;
 Untill he came to his journey’s end ;
 The little foot-page never blan.*

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he kneeled on his knee ;
 And took the letter betwixt his hands,
 And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wis, if you the truth wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye.

He said, “ Come thither, Christopher Norton,†
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good earle’s in jeopardy ?”

he had nine sons, all of man’s estate, and all engaged in the rebellion, though only seven occur in the list of attainders. Old Norton escaped along with some of his sons over seas, where he died. In the Lansdowne MSS. is a paper addressed to lord Burleigh, containing a pedigree of the families of Morton of Bawtry (Nicholas Morton, priest, being engaged in this rebellion) and Norton of Norton Conyers, interspersed with strange personal reflections on almost every individual of the two families, and endorsed, “A trybe of wicked people.”

* Lingered.

† Christopher and Marmaduke are mentioned as prisoners in Sadler, II. 136, and the former appears to have been executed.

“ Father, my counselle’s fair and free ;
 That earle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I wold not have you break your word.”

“ Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life,
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.

“ Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
 Gallant men I trowe you bee ;
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good earle and mee ?”

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake hastilie,
 “ O father, till the daye we dye
 We’ll stand by that good earle and thee.”

“ Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;
 And whetherso’e’er I live or dye,
 A father’s blessing you shall have.

“ But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,*
 Thou art mine eldest sonne and heire :
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare.”

“ Father, you are an aged man,
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;

* After the failure of this enterprise he escaped to Flanders, where, after several attempts in vain to secure a pardon, he died in exile, a pensioner of the king of Spain. Mr. Surtees says he saved a part of the estate, and left descendants. The estate of Norton Conyers, however, was granted to a Musgrave, who sold it to an ancestor of sir B. R. Graham, bart., the present owner.

It were a shame at these your years
For you to ryse in such a fray."

" Now fye upon thee, ceward Francis,
Thou never learnedest this of mee :
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee ?"

" But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee ;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave earle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill* came
The earle of Westmoreland was hee ;
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmoreland his ancyent† raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.‡

* Charles Nevill, sixth earl of Westmoreland, attainted for the share he took in this rebellion, when all his honours became *forfeited*. In the reign of James I., Edmond Nevill, the lineal descendant of George, youngest son of Ralph 1st earl, and next heir male of Charles the last earl, claimed the earldom of Westmoreland; but it was decided against him, on the ground that the attainder had caused all the honours possessed by the same Charles to be *forfeited* to the crown as an estate of inheritance. A copy of Edmond Nevill's claim, which is curious, may be found in Lansdowne MSS. 254, p. 376, and Surtee's Durham, iv. 164.

† Standard.

‡ The supporters of the Nevills, earls of Westmoreland,

Earle Percy there his ancyent spred,
 The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire :*
 The Norton's ancyent had the crosse,
 And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then sir George Bowes† he straitways rose
 After them some spoyle to make :
 Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
 To Barnard castle then fled hee,‡

were two bulls, argent, ducally collared gold, armed or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad among the badges, &c. given by that house. This, however, is certain, that among those of the Nevills, lords Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar; and the Nevills of Chyte, in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland family) gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (greyhound) head erased. So that it is not unlikely that Charles Nevill, earl of Westmoreland, here mentioned, might on this occasion use the above device on his banner.

* The silver crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family.

† Of Streatlam, co. Durham, received knighthood from the earl of Shrewsbury, being then marshal of Berwick, in 1558. He married 1st, Dorothy, daughter of sir William Mallory of Studley, co. York; and 2ndly, Jane, daughter of sir John Talbot, of Grafton, co. Worcester. Sir George is styled of South Cowton, co. York, 1 July, 4 Eliz.; of Aske, co. York, 7 April, 1 Eliz. During this rebellion sir George was one of the most faithful as well as powerful supporters of Elizabeth and of the Protestant interest in the north; and, in consequence of his services, was created, by special patent, Provost Marshal north of the Trent, and is said, after the rebellion was quelled, to have exercised his office with stern severity. He died in 1580, and was succeeded by his eldest son of his first marriage, sir William Bowes, knighted in 1586.

‡ "Coward, a coward, of Barney castell,
 Dare not come out to fight a battell."

Popular Rhyme.

The uttermost walles were eathe* to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leevet† London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rying in the north countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene she swore,‡
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the north before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd,
With horse and harneis§ faire to see;
Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd
To take the earles i' th' north countrie.

Wi' them the false earle Warwick|| went,
Th' earle Sussex¶ and the lord Hunsdon ;**

* Easy.

† Dear.

‡ This is quite in character; her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

§ Armour.

|| Ambrose Dudley, created earl of Warwick, 26 Dec. 1561, with remainder, failing his issue male, to Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, and the heirs male of his body, K. G., *ob.* 1589, *s. p.*, and his brother Robert having died the year previous *s. p.*, all his honours became extinct.

¶ Thomas Ratcliffe, 3rd earl, summoned to Parliament *v. p.* in his father's barony of Fitz-Walter, 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, 1554, K. G.; *ob.* 1583, *s. p.*, and was succeeded by his brother Henry, K. G.

** Henry Carey, (s. and h. of William Carey, by Mary,

Untill they to Yorke castle came
I wis, they never stint ne blan.

“ Now spred thy ancyeut, Westmoreland,
Thy Dun Bull faine would we spye;
And thou, the earle o’ Northumberland,
Now rayse thy Halfe-Moone up on hye.”

But the Dun Bull is fled and gone,
And the Halfe-Moone vanished away:
The earles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

“ Thee, Norton, wi’ thine eight good sonnes,
Thy donn’d to dye, alas! for ruth!*
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.”

Wi’ them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav’d of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

daughter of Thomas, earl of Wiltshire, sister of queen Ann Boleyn, mother of queen Elizabeth,) created baron Hunsdon of Hunsdon, co. Herts, 13 Jan. 1558-9, K. G.; *ob.* 1597, and was succeeded by his s. and h. George, K. G.

* Two only appear to have suffered death, according to a rare tract of seven leaves, in verse, by Sampson Davie, entitled, “The several Confessions of Thomas Norton and Christopher Norton, two of the Northern Rebels, who suffered at Tyburn, and were drawn, hanged, and quartered for treason, May 27 (1570). Imprinted by William How for Richard Jones.” See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vol. viii. 388; Strype’s *Annals*, vol. ii. part i. pp. 577-8; and Wordsworth’s *White Doe of Rylstone*.

YORKE, YORKE FOR MY MONIE.*

BY W. E. (WILLIAM ELDERTON), A. D. 1584.

YORKE, Yorke for my monie :
 Of all the citties that ever I see,
 For mery pastime and companie,
 Except the cittie of London.

As I came through the north countree,
 The fashions of the world to see,
 I sought for my mery companie,
 To go to the cittie of London :
 And when to the cittie of Yorke I came,
 I found good companie in the same,
 As well disposed to every game,
 As if it had been at London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And in that cittie what saw I then ?
 Knightes, squires, and gentlemen,
 A shooting went for matches ten
 As if it had been at London.
 And they shot for twentie poundes a bowe,
 Besides great cheere they did bestowe,
 I never sawe a gallanter showe,
 Except I had been at London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

These matches you shall understande,
 The earle of Essex took in hande,
 Against the good earle of Cumberlande,
 As if it had been at London.

* From a broadside (black letter) in the Roxburgh collection in the British Museum. It is a favourite chap-book history.

And agreede these matches all shall be
 For pastime and good company,
 At the cittie of Yorke full merily
 As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

In Yorke there dwells an alderman, which
 Delights in shooting very much,
 I never heard of any such

In all the cittie of London.

His name is Maltbie,* mery and wise,
 At any pastime you can devise,
 But in shooting all his pleasure lyes,
 The like was never in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

This Maltbie for the cittie sake,
 To shoot (himself) did undertake,
 At any good match the earls would make,
 As well as they do at London.

And he brought to the fields with him,
 One Specke, an archer, proper and trim,
 And Smith, that shoote about the pin,
 As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

Then came from Cumberlande archers three,
 Best bowmen in the north countree,
 I will tell you their names what they be
 Well known to the cittie of London.

Walmsley many a man dothe knowe,
 And Bolton how he draweth his bowe,
 And Ratcliffe's shooting long agoe,
 Well knowne to the cittie of London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

* Christopher Maltby, draper, Lord Mayor in 1583.

And the noble earle of Essex came
 To the felde himselfe to see the same,
 Which shal be had for ever in fame,
 As soone as I come at London.
 For he showed himself so diligent there,
 To make a marke and keepe it faire :
 It is worthie memorie to declare
 Through all the cittie of London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And then was shooting out of crye,
 And skantling at a handfull nie,
 And yet the winde was very hie,
 As it is sometimes at London.
 They clapt the cloutes so on the ragges,
 There was such betting and such bragges,
 And galloping up and down with naggess,
 As if it had been at London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And never an archer gave regarde
 To halfe a bowe and halfe a yarde,
 I never see matches goe more harde
 About the cittie of London.
 For fairer play was never plaide,
 For fairer layes was never laide
 And a week together they kept this trade,
 As if it had been at London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

The maior of Yorke,* with his companie,
 Were all in the fields, I warrant ye,
 To see good rule kept orderly,
 As if it had been at London.

* Thomas Appleyard, Lord Mayor in 1584.

Which was a dutifull sight to see,
 The maior and alderman there to bee,
 For setting forth of archerie,

As well as they do at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And there was neither fault nor fray,
 Nor any disorder any way,
 But every man did pitch and pay,
 As if it had been at London.
 As soon as every match was done,
 Every man was paid that won,
 And merily up and downe dide ronne,
 As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And never a man that went abroade,
 But thought his monie well bestowde,
 And monie laide in heap and loade,
 As if it had been at London.
 And gentlemen there so franke and free,
 As a mint at Yorke again should bee ;
 Like shooting did I never see,
 Except I had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

At Yorke were ambassadours three,
 Of Russia—lordes of high degree,
 This shooting they desirde to see,
 As if it had been at London.
 And one desirde to draw a bowe,
 The force and strength thereof to knowe,
 And for his delight he drew it so
 As seldom seen in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And they did marvaile very much,
 There could be any archer such,

To shoote so farre the cloute to tutch,
 Which is no news to London.
 And they might well consider than,
 An English shaft will kill a man,
 As hath been proved, where and whan,
 And chronicled since in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

The earle of Cumberlande's archers won
 Two matches cleare, ere all was done,
 And I made haste a pace to ronne,
 To carrie these news to London.
 And Walmsley did the upshot win,
 With both his shafts so near the pin,
 You could scant have put three fingers in,
 As if it had been in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

I passe not for my monie it cost,
 Though some I spent and some I lost,
 I wanted neither sod nor roast,
 As if it had been in London.
 For there was plentie of every thing,
 Redd and fallowe deere, for a king,
 I never saw so mery shooting,
 Since first I came from London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God save the cittie of Yorke, therefore,
 That hath such noble friends in store,
 And such good aldermen send them more,
 And the like good luck at London.
 For it is not little joye to see,
 When lords and aldermen so agree,
 With such according cummunaltie,
 God send us the like in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God save the good earle of Cumberlande,
 His praise in golden lines shall stande,
 That maintains archerie through the land,
 As well as they do at London.

Whose noble minde so courteously
 Acquaintes himself with the communalitie,
 To the glory of his nobilitie,

I will carie the praise to London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And tell the good earle of Essex thus,
 As he is now young and prosperous,
 To use such properties vertuous,
 Deserves great praise in London.
 For it is no little joy to see,
 When noble youths so gracious bee,
 To give their good willes to their cuntrye,
 As well as they do at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

Farewell good cittie of Yorke to thee,
 Tell alderman Maltbie this from mee,
 In print shall this good shooting bee,
 As soone as I come at London.

And many a song will I bestow,
 On all the musitians that I know,
 To sing the praises where they goe,
 Of the cittie of Yorke, in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God save our queen, and keep our peace,
 That our good shooting may increase,
 And praying to God let us not cease,
 As well at Yorke as at London.

That all our countree round about
 May have archers good to hit the cloute,

Which England cannot be without,
 No more than Yorke or London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God graunt that (once) her majestie
 Would come, her cittie of Yorke to see,
 For the comfort great of that countree,
 As well as she doth at London.
 Nothing shall be thought too deare,
 To see her highness' person there,
 With such obedient loue and feare,
 As ever she had in London.
 Yorke, Yorke, &c.

THE SISTERS OF BEVERLEY.*

THE tapers are blazing, the mass is sung,
 In the chapel of Beverley,
 And merrily too the bells have rung ;
 'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity ;
 And the holy maids are kneeling round,
 While the moon shines bright on the hallow'd ground.

* In the south aisle of the nave of Beverley Minster is an altar tomb, covered with a slab of Purbeck marble, placed under a groined canopy, adorned with pinnacles, and surmounted with figures, without inscription or indeed anything to lead to a knowledge of its occupant. Tradition assigns it to two maiden sisters (daughters of earl Puch, of Bishop Burton, and in whose household St. John of Beverley is said, on the authority of Bede, to have effected a miraculous cure) who are said to have given two of the common pastures to the freemen of Beverley.—POULSON'S *Beverlac*, 704.

Yes, the sky is clear, and the stars are bright,
And the air is hush'd and mild ;
Befitting well the holy night,
When o'er Judah's mountains wild,
The mystic star blazed bright and free,
And sweet rang the heavenly minstrelsy.

The nuns have risen through the cloister dim,
Each seeks her lonely cell ;
To pray alone till the joyful hymn
On the midnight breeze shall swell ;
And all are gone save two sisters fair
Who stand in the moonlight silent there.

Now hand in hand, through the shadowy aisle,
Like airy things they've past,
With noiseless step, and with gentle smile,
And meek eyes heavenward cast ;
Like things too pure upon earth to stay,
They have fled like a vision of light away.

And again the merry bells have rung,
So sweet through the starry sky ;
For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,
And the chalice is lifted high,
And the nuns are kneeling in holiest pray'r,
Yes, all, save these meek-eyed sisters fair.

Then up rose the abbess, she sought around,
But in vain, for these gentle maids ;
They were ever the first at the mass bell's sound,
Have they fled these holy shades ?
Or can they be numbered among the dead ?
Oh ! whither can these fair maids be fled ?

The snows have melted, the fields are green,
The cuckoo singeth aloud,

The flowers are budding, the sunny sheen
Beams bright through the parted cloud,
And maidens are gathering the sweet breath'd May,
But these gentle sisters, oh, where are they ?

And summer is come in rosy pride,
'Tis the eve of the blessed Saint John,
And the holy nuns after vespertide,
All forth from the chapel are gone ;
While to taste the cool of the evening hour
The abbess hath sought the topmost tower.

“ Gramercy, sweet ladye ! and can it be,
The long lost sisters fair
On the threshold lie calm, and silently,
As in holiest slumber there !
Yet sleep they not, but entranced they lie,
With lifted hands and heavenward eye.

“ O long lost maidens, arise ! arise !
Say when did ye hither stray.”
They have turn'd to the abbess with their meek blue
eyes,

“ Not an hour hath passed away
But glorious visions our eyes have seen ;
Oh sure in the kingdom of heaven we've been !”

There is joy in the convent of Beverley,
Now these saintly maidens are found,
And to hear their story right wonderingly,
The nuns have gathered around—
The long lost maidens, to whom was given,
To live so long the life of heaven.

And again the chapel bell is rung,
And all to the altar repair,
And sweetly the midnight lauds are sung,
By the sainted sisters there ;

While their heaven-taught voices softly rise
Like an incense cloud to the silent skies.

The maidens have risen, with noiseless tread
They glide o'er the marble floor ;
They seek the abbess with bended head,—
“ Thy blessing we would implore,
Dear mother ! for ere the coming day
Shall burst into light, we must hence away.”

The abbess hath lifted her gentle hands,
And the words of peace hath said,
O vade in pacem, aghast she stands,
Have their innocent spirits fled ?
Yes, side by side lie these maidens fair,
Like two wreaths of snow in the moonlight there.

List ! List ! the sweet peal of the convent bells,
They are rung by no earthly hand,
And hark how the far off melody swells
Of the joyful angel band,
Who hover around surpassingly bright,
And the chapel is bathed in rosy light.

'Tis o'er ! side by side in the chapel fair,
Are the sainted maidens laid ;
With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,
They look not like the dead ;
Fifty summers have come and passed away,
But their loveliness knoweth no decay !

And many a chaplet of flowers is hung,
And many a bead told there,
And many a hymn of praise is sung,
And many a low breathed pray'r ;
And many a pilgrim bends the knee,
At the shrine of the sisters of Beverley.

MOTHER SHIPTON.

TRADITION tells us that near the Dropping Well, at Knaresborough, this famous Yorkshire sybil was born, about the year 1487; she married Tobias Shipton, a carpenter of Shipton, near York; and from this match derived the name of Mother Shipton. Many tales of her skill in futurity are still related in the county; the whole of which, including a series of succeeding events, are stated to have been delivered to the abbot of Beverley, as in the following:—

“ A maiden queen full many a year,
Shall England’s warlike sceptre bear.”

Spoken of queen Elizabeth, that was beloved by her subjects, and dreaded by her enemies, above forty years.

“ The western monarch’s wooden horses,
Shall be destroy’d by Drake’s forces.”

The king of Spain’s mighty armada, in 1588, was destroyed by the English fleet.

“ Triumphant death rides London thro’,
And men on tops of houses go.”

The first line points to the great sickness in London, in 1665; the second to the dreadful fire in the following year.

This famous prophetess died in the fifty-ninth year of her age, fulfilling her own prediction, even to the day and hour. On her tomb was placed this epitaph:—

*Here lies she who seldom ly’d,
Whose skill so often has been try’d.
Her Prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.*

To the tune of "*Nancy Dawson.*"

I.

OF all the pretty pantomimes
 That have been seen or sung in rhimes,
 Since famous Johnny Rich's times,
 There's none like Mother Shipton.
 She pleases folks of every class,
 She makes her swans and ducklings pass ;
 She shows her hog, she shows her ass,*
 Oh, charming Mother Shipton !

II.

Near to the famous dropping well
 She first drew breath, as records tell,
 And had good beer and ale to sell,
 As ever tongue was tipt on ;
 Her dropping well itself is seen,
 Quaint goblins hobble round their queen,
 And little fairies tread the green,
 Call'd forth by Mother Shipton.

III.

Oh, London is a charming place !
 Yet grumble not ye critick race,
 Tho' mansion house is seen to grace
 The streets in Mother Shipton !
 You think a blunder you descry :
 Yet you might see with half an eye
 'Tis Mother Shipton's prophecy—
 Oh, charming Mother Shipton !

* Exhibited in the Pantomime which was performed at Covent Garden in the year 1770.

IV.

Come, jolly tars and sailors staunch,
 Oh, come with us and see the launch!
 'Twill feast your eyes, and fill your paunch,
 As done by Mother Shipton.
 The shores give way the hulk that prop—
 Huzza! the ship is launch'd—and pop!
 'Tis turn'd into a baker's shop—
 Oh, charming Mother Shipton!

V.

Then after several wonders past,
 To Yorkshire all return at last,
 And in a coal pit they are cast—
 Oh, won'ous Mother Shipton!
 Yet she redeems them every soul:
 And here's the moral of the whole—
 'Tis Mother Shipton brings the cole:
 Oh, charming Mother Shipton!

BOLD NEVISON, THE HIGHWAYMAN.*

WILLIAM NEVISON was born in Yorkshire, though the place is uncertain; some say at Nevison hall, in Upsall, near Thirsk, others, at Pontefract and Wortley. He was notorious during the

* To Edward Hailstone, esq., F. S. A., F. G. S., &c. of Horton hall, Bradford, I am greatly indebted for the above, and also for the following *broadsides*, from his valuable collection of Yorkshire lore:—The Sheffield 'Prentice, The Great Exhibition, Bill Brown, The Funny Wedding, The Crafty Plough Boy, Miss Bailey's Ghost, The Yorkshire Lad in London, Spencer Broughton, and The Bonny Scotch Lad.

reign of Charles II., and was named by the "merry monarch" *Swift Nick*. After committing a robbery in London, about sunrise, he rode his mare to York in the course of the day, and appeared upon the Bowling-green of that city before sunset. From this latter circumstance, when brought to trial for the offence, he established an *alibi* to the satisfaction of the jury, though he was in reality guilty. But, though he escaped this time, he was afterwards apprehended in a public-house at Sandal-three-Houses, near Wakefield, for another offence, convicted and hanged at York, May 4th, 1685. "Thus it was related," says lord Macaulay in his "History of England," "of William Nevison, the great robber of the north of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows at York."

Did you ever hear tell of that hero,
Bold Nevison that was his name?
He rode about like a bold hero,
And with that he gained great fame.

He maintained himself like a gentleman,
Besides he was good to the poor;
He rode about like a bold hero,
And he gain'd himself favour therefore.

Oh the Twenty-first day of last month,
Proved an unfortunate day;
Captain Milton was riding to London,
And by mischance he rode out of his way.

He call'd at a house by the road-side,
It was the sign of the Magpie,
Where Nevison he sat a drinking,
And the captain soon did he espy.

Then a constable very soon was sent for,
And a constable very soon came ;
With three or four more in attendance,
With pistols charged in the king's name.

They demanded the name of this hero,
" My name it is Johnson," said he,
When the captain laid hold of his shoulder,
Saying, " Nevison thou goeth with me."

Oh! then in this very same speech,
They hastened him fast away ;
To a place call'd Swinnington bridge,
A place where he used to stay.

They call'd for a quart of good liquor,
It was the sign of the Black Horse,
Where there was all sorts of attendance,
But for Nevison it was the worst.

He call'd for a pen, ink, and paper,
And these were the words that he said,
" I will write for some boots, shoes, and stockings,
For of them I have very great need."

'Tis now before my lord judge,
Oh! guilty or not do you plead ;
He smiled into the judge and jury,
And these were the words that he said,

" I've now robb'd a gentleman of two pence,
I've neither done murder nor kill'd,

But guilty I've been all my life time,
So gentlemen do as you will.

“ Its when that I rode on the highway
I've always had money in great store ;
And whatever I took from the rich
I freely gave it to the poor.

“ But my peace I have made with my Maker,
And with you I'm quite ready to go ;
So here's adieu ! to this world and its vanities,
For I'm ready to suffer the law.”

ROSEBERRY TOPPING.

ROSEBERRY, or Rosebury Topping, originally, it is said, called “ Ottenberg,” is a conical hill, situated at the north-west angle of the Eastern moorlands known as the Cleveland hills, near the village of Newton, about one mile to the east of the road from Guisbro' to Stokesley. It is about 1488 feet above the level of the sea, and, by its detached position and superior elevation, it commands in all directions a prospect at once extensive and interesting, and serves as a land-mark to navigators.

Upon the top of the hill issues, from a large rock, a fountain of very clear water, to which the following very ancient tradition is connected. When king Oswald of Northumberland's son, Oswald, was born, the wise men and magicians were sent for to court, to predict and foretell the life and fortune of the new-born prince ; they all agreed that he would when half a year old be drowned. The indulgent maternal

queen would have carried him to Chiviot, a remarkable hill in their own county, but for the troubles then subsisting in the north; she, therefore, for his better security, brought him to a lofty hill in peaceful Cleveland, called Roseberry, and caused a cell or cave to be made near the top thereof, in order to prevent his foretold unhappy death. But, alas! in vain; for the fates, who spare nobody, dissolved the rugged rocks into a flowing stream, and, by drowning the son, put a period to all the mother's cares, though not her sorrows; for ordering him to be interred in Tivotdale (Osmotherley) church, she mourned with such inconsolable grief that she soon followed him, and was, according to her fervent desire, laid by her tenderly-beloved, darling child. The heads of the mother and son, cut in stone, may be seen at the east end of the church; and from a saying of the people, "Os by his mother lay," Tivotdale got the name of Osmotherley.

AH! why do the walls of the castle to-day,
 No longer resound with the strains of delight?
 And why does the harp of the minstrel so gay,
 Now rest in the gloom and the stillness of night?

But late as I travers'd these vallies long,
 How high 'mid the air stream'd the banners of joy!
 While the birth of prince Oswin, the boast of the song,
 Gave mirth to each heart, as it beam'd in each eye.

What stranger art thou, who, in Cleveland so fair,
 Of the fate of prince Oswin canst yet be untold?
 How an old hoary sage had foreshown the young heir
 By water should die when but half a year old!

His mother, all eager her offspring to save,
 To Ottenberg high, with the morn did repair,

Still hoping to rescue her son from the grave,
For well did she know that no water was there.

But how powerless and vain is a mortal's design,
Opposed to that will which can never recede ;
Who shall pull down the bright orb of heaven divine,
And raise up a meteor his rays to exceed ?

Fatigued, and by ceaseless exertion opprest,
At length they arrive near the brow of the hill,
In whose shades on the moss they resign them to rest,
Now fearless of fate as unconscious of ill.

Not long in soft slumbers the fond mother lay,
Ere arous'd by a dream which dire horrors betide,
But, O God, who can paint her wild grief and dismay,
When she saw her lov'd baby lie drown'd by her
side!

On the proud steep of Ottenberg still may be found,
That spring which arose his sad doom to complete ;
And oft on its verge sit the villagers round,
In wonder recording the fiat of fate.

For this do the walls of the castle to-day,
No longer resound with the strains of delight ;
And for this does the harp of the bard once so gay,
Now rest in the gloom of the stillness of night.*

* "The editor is indebted for a copy of the above ballad to the obliging kindness of Dr. Rooke, of Scarborough." YORKSHIRE ANTHOLOGY, by James O. Halliwell, esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. *Printed for private circulation only.* London, 1851. To which work I am much indebted.

THE CRUEL STEP-MOTHER; OR, THE
UNHAPPY SON.

GIVING 1, an account of squire Brown, of York, who had one only son; and how his lady fell sick, and on her death-bed begged of him not to marry for the sake of her child.

2. How he soon married a rich widow, who was very cruel to his son; and how his uncle died, and left him an estate of two hundred pounds a year.

3. How his step-mother sent him away for the sake of his money, by taking a ring from his father and putting it in the boy's pocket; for which his father sent him to sea, and the ship was taken by the Spaniards, and he made a slave of.

4. How the ghost of his mother came to this cruel wretch, and told his father of the ring; and how afterwards his father fell into despair, and hanged himself; and his son came home again, went to law with his step-mother, got five hundred pounds from her, which broke her heart.

To the tune of "*Aim not too high.*"

I.

You most indulging parents, lend an ear,
And you a dismal tragedy shall hear;
A story strange, but certain true, indeed,
Enough to make a stony heart to bleed.

In York, that famous city of renown,
There lived a gentleman, one squire Brown,

Whose wealth and riches was exceeding great,
But yet he had no heir to his estate.

He had a virtuous, kind, and loving wife,
With whom he liv'd a very happy life ;
The want of children was their only grief,
But to their relief,—

She was with child, and with a son we hear ;
Great was the joy when she delivered were ;
Much feasting, which for many days did last,
Both rich and poor did of their bounty taste.

It pleased God the child did live and thrive,
Until it came to be the age of five ;
At five years old its sorrows first begun,
And so continued many years to run.

The greatest pleasure that we here can boast,
Soon fades away, and very short at most ;
When death approaches, who can shun the dart ?
He has command, and strikes us to the heart.

Th' squire's lady was took very ill,
The doctors used in vain their best of skill ;
All wou'd not do, the fatal stroke death gave,
And now no mortal here her life can save.

Her husband then she call'd for out of hand,
Her weeping friends around her bed do stand ;
Her husband came, she said to him, " My dear,
The time is short I have to tarry here.

" Be careful of my darling child, your son,
See that in virtuous paths he strives to run ;
That I in Heaven may see him once again,
And there in endless joys with him remain.

“ For my child’s sake, O marry not, my dear,
For if you do I shall not rest, I fear ;
Let no step-mother my dear child abuse,
Whom I so tenderly have used.

“ My jointure, which is fifty pounds a year,
I leave it to my child I love so dear ;
Be you a tender father to my son ;
Think on my words when I am dead and gone.”

He said, “ My dear, your words I’ll keep in mind,
I to my child will be a father kind,
To wrong my child, I wrong myself you know,
I love my child too well to serve him so.”

Then for her child she straight did call,
While the tears down her cheeks did fall,
And kissing of him with lips like clay,
The child did to its dying mother say :

“ Mammy, what makes you kiss me so and cry ?
I hope you’ll be better by-and-bye.”
“ I hope I shall, my dear,” to him she cry’d,
Then turn’d herself and instantly she dy’d.

II.

His wife scarce two months in the grave was laid,
Ere he forgot the promises he made,
Which makes this proverb true we find,
That out of sight, is quickly out of mind.

For to a rich and wealthy widow old,
He went a courting days and nights, we’re told :
No rest or quiet would he let her have,
Till her consent to wed with him she gave.

She told him, ere with him she would engage,
She had a daughter fair ten years of age ;
And therefore, for her only daughter's sake,
She was resolved a widow's will to make.

He gave his consent the will to make,
And in great joy and triumph they were wed ;
But during of the time these things were done,
He quite forgot his former wife and son.

His new wife she was very cross and proud,
And this poor child must never be allow'd
With them to dine, but at her chair must stand,
Just like a footboy to obey command.

Her daughter, she must at the table sit,
And pick and cut the best of meat ;
Besides a waiting maid, too, miss must have,
While the poor boy is made a drudge to slave.

Altho' he was neglected, so we find,
Yet fortune unto him did prove so kind ;
His own dear mother's brother died, we hear,
And left this boy two hundred pounds a year.

His father was the interest for to have,
That he might keep this boy both fine and brave ;
But if he died before to age he came,
His father then was to enjoy the same.

His step-mother found things were order'd so,
She was resolv'd to work his overthrow :
Said she when he is put aside and gone,
What's left him will quickly be my own.

III.

She with the devil then did straight think,
And to her husband gave a sleepy drink,
And as in the garden he sleeping lay,
These treacherous words to the boy did say :

“ Go watch your father as he sleeping lies,
And if you see him wake and go to rise,
Come in and tell me, make all haste you can.”
And so she did this harmless boy trapan.

The child, with watching long, did fall asleep ;
Then softly to his father she did creep,
From off his finger she a ring did take,
On purpose of this boy a thief to make.

For as this harmless child there sleeping lay,
She in his pocket did the ring convey ;
Then with great joy unto the house did come,
And said, I hope his business I have done.

The boy soon after wak'd and rubb'd his eyes,
But seeing his father going for to rise,
To tell his mother he did straightway run ;
Meanwhile his father into doors did come.

And missing of his ring, to her did say,
“ My dear, why did you take my ring, I pray ?”
She said, “ I took it not, upon my life ;
You may believe me as I am your wife.

“ But if you'd know what's of the ring become,
I'd have you to examine well your son ;
As in the garden you did sweetly dose,
I saw him fumbling then about your clothes.”

He went to search his son, the ring he found,
Then hand and foot this harmless child he bound,
And lashed him till the blood did run,
While she, hard-hearted wretch, look'd on.

She said, " Send this wicked rogue to sea,
Least that he should disgrace our family ;
I'll get a master for him soon," she cry'd,
" For he no longer shall with me abide."

He gave consent, and she a master got,
And he was sent away, hard was his lot,
Where we will leave him for to sail the main,
And turn unto this cruel wretch again.

IV.

But God, who sees our actions here below,
He would not let this wretch unpunish'd go ;
For this boy's mother to them did appear
One night, as they in bed together were.

The apparition told them of the ring,
And how she serv'd the boy in everything ;
Then sadly shook the bed wherein they lay,
And instantly it vanish'd quite away.

The squire he was very much surpriz'd,
And finding that his wife had told him lies
To make him send this harmless boy away,
He fell to grief and sad despair, they say.

To add unto his grief, we understand,
A letter from him came to hand ;
He at Jamaica was, the letter told,
And to a captain there was basely sold.

And as they sailing were upon the main,
They by a Spanish privateer was ta'en ;
The ship condemn'd and all made slaves,
This is my wretched case, dear sir, he says.

His father, hearing this, he swoon'd away,
And calling of his wife both night and day,
Saying, " Cursed wretch, what have you done,
To make a father thus abuse his son ? "

From home, in grief, he rambled one day,
And to a lawyer went without delay ;
His will he made, and left his son his store,
Then went and hang'd himself before his door.

The lawyer finding what he had done,
Did straightway send a letter to his son,
For him to return home with all speed,
And money sent to ransom him, indeed.

The letter by good fortune he receiv'd,
His ransom paid, and quickly was reliev'd ;
He got a ship and home with speed he came ;
None but the lawyer yet knew of the same.

He soon came home, to the great surprize
Of his base mother, who, with flattering lies,
Would fain excuse herself, but all in vain ;
To law with her he went, and did obtain—

The cause, and five hundred pounds beside,
Because by her he basely was deny'd,
Which vex'd her sore, and almost broke her heart,
To think she with her ill-got gain must part.

Her darling daughter being left alone,
Despised by all, but pitied by none,
She sold off what she had, and went away,
And never has been heard of since that day.

To step-mothers let this a warning be,
 Never to use poor children cruelly ;
 For Heav'n will help the widow in distress,
 And be a Father to the fatherless.

Let parents all beg of the Lord to see,
 Their children brought up to maturity,
 'Till for themselves they're able to provide ;
 Lord send that they may be their careful guide !

THE BONNY SCOTCH LAD, AND HIS
 BONNET SO BLUE.

AT Kingston upon Hull, a town in Yorkshire,*
 I lived in splendour, and free from love's care ;
 I roll'd in riches and had sweethearts not a few,
 I'm wounded by a bonny lad, and his bonnet so blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, and soon you shall hear,
 From Scotland to Woolwich, abroad for to steer ;
 There is one among them I wish I'd ne'er knew,
 He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.'

His checks are like the roses, his eyes like the sloes,
 He is handsome and proper, and kills where he goes,
 He is handsome and proper, and comely for to view,
 He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.

* Mr. Halliwell's copy reads, " Kingston upon Woolwich, a town in Yorkshire." The above copy is from Mr. Hailstone's collection, and reads throughout more correctly.

When I go to my bed I can find no rest,
The thoughts of my true love still runs in my breast ;
The thoughts of my true love still runs in my view,
He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.

Early in the morning, when I rose from my bed,
I call'd upon Sally, that is my waiting maid,
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do ;
I'll away and see the lad, and his bonnet so blue !

She was instantly dress'd, and parade did attend,
Where she stood impatient to hear her love nam'd ;
Charles Stuart they do call him, my love did renew,
Once a prince of that name wore a bonnet so blue.

My love he pass'd by me with his gun in his hand,
I strove to speak to him, but all was in vain ;
I strove to speak to him, but away quite he flew,
My heart it went with him, and his bonnet so blue.

She says, " My dear laddie, I'll buy your discharge,
I'll free you from the soldiers and set you at large ;
I'll free you from the soldiers, if your heart be true,
And you'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue."

He says, " My dear lady, you'll buy my discharge,
You'll free me from the soldiers and set me at large ;
For your kind offer I'm obliged to you,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

" I have a dear lass in my own country,
I'll ne'er forsake her for her poverty ;
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue."

I'll send for a limner from London to Hull,
To draw my love's picture out in the full,
Set it in my chamber, keep it close in my view,
And I'll think on the lad, for his heart it is true.

THE CHILD IN THE WOOD ; OR, THE
CRUEL UNKLE.

IN the town of Beverley, in Yorkshire, about two years ago [1703], there lived one squire Somers, a very honest gentleman of about three hundred per ann.; his wife dying, by whom he had one little daughter, about two years of age, he continued some months a sorrowful widower ; he could not well enjoy himself after the loss of his dear spouse. And it so happened that, partly out of grief, partly from a violent fever, he was brought to his bed of sickness, where he continued not long, for he died within a fortnight after he was taken by that fever. He expressed a great concern for his little girl, and therefore called his brother, a gentleman that lived about fourteen miles from him, and begged him to take the care of his daughter upon him. “ Brother,” said he, “ I leave with you the dearest thing that I have in the world—my little daughter, and with her to you I intrust my estate ; manage it for her use, and take care of her education in virtue and religion ; use her as if she were your own, and, for my sake, see her married to an honest country gentleman.” All which was faithfully promised by the brother. Thus, when all things were settled, the gentleman dies, and the brother takes home the child to his house, and for some time used her kindly. But at the last, the devil of covetousness possessed him ; nothing run in his mind so much as making away with the child, and so possess the estate. After many ways, he at last concluded to take her with him, and hide her in a hollow

tree ; which one morning he effected, and left the poor infant with her mouth stopped that she might not cry. For he had so much grace not actually to murder her, therefore he left her alive in the hollow of the tree ; and, the better to hide the matter, gave out that the child was dead, and, therefore, caused an effigy of wax to be made, laid it in a coffin, and a shroud, and made a great funeral for the child. Thus the effigy was buried, and no notice at all taken of the matter. At the same time, a neighbouring gentleman dreamed that that day he should see something that would sufficiently astonish him. He told it to his lady, who dissuaded him from going a hunting that day ; but he was resolved, not giving any credit to dreams, and so takes horse in the morning. As he was a hunting, he happened to be in the wood where the child was, and as he was riding by the tree his horse gave a great start, so that he had liked to have fallen down ; and turning about, to see what was the matter, he saw something stir in a hole, and being inquisitive to know the cause, his dream presently came in his head, and therefore he calls his man, and bids him examine what was in the hole ; who, having searched the tree, discovers the child in the tree. He took it out, and his master carried it to his lady almost dead ; he told her his dream was out, declaring how he found the child, and begged her to take care of it. The child was revived, and in a little time brought to itself again ; but they could not imagine whose it was ; till at last it happened that some woman came to the gentleman's house, a singing at Christmas, and seeing the child, knew it, and declared whose it was, and that it was supposed to be dead and buried. The gentleman goes and prevails with the minister of the parish to have the grave opened, and found the waxen effigy of the child in the grave. He went to the justice of the peace, to whom he declared the matter ; who sent his

warrant for the child's trustee, who, being convicted of the matter, was not able to deny it, but confessed all the business. But seeing the child was alive, it is supposed he will not be tried for his life, but it is thought a severe punishment will be inflicted on him ; and the justice appointed the gentleman that found the child to be its trustee till the assizes. The child is now at the gentleman's house, who loves it as if it was his own, for he has no children himself, and is a man of a good estate, and is likely to augment very much the child's fortune.

Tune "*Forgive me if your looks I thought.*"

I.

A WEALTHY squire in the north,
 Who left an infant daughter
 All his estate of mighty worth ;
 But mark what follow'd after.
 As he lay on his dying bed,
 He call'd his brother to him,
 And unto him these words he said :
 " I from the world am going ;

II.

" Therefore, dear brother, take my child,
 Which is both young and tender,
 And for my sake be kind and mild,
 And faithfully defend her.
 Three hundred pounds a year I leave
 To bring her up in fashion ;
 I hope you will not her deceive,
 But use her with compassion."

III.

To which the brother then replied,
 " I'll sooner suffer torture,

Than e'er become a wicked guide,
Or wrong your only daughter."
The father then did seem content,
And like a lamb expired,
As thinking nothing could prevent
What he had thus desir'd.

IV.

The father being dead and gone,
The unkle then contrived
To make the child's estate his own,
And of its life deprive it.
A wicked thought came in his head,
And thus concludes to serve it ;
He takes it up out of the bed
And then resolves to starve it.

V.

With wicked mind, into a wood
He then the infant carries ;
And tho' he would not shed her blood,
Yet there alive he buries
Within a hollow oaken tree ;
He stop'd the mouth from crying,
That none might hear and come to see
How the poor child was dying.

VI.

Then gave he out the child was dead,
And did pretend some sorrow,
And caus'd the shape in wax be made,
To bury on the morrow ;
Some mourning, too, he bought beside,
All to avoid suspicion,
But yet, alas ! this would not hide
The guilt of his commission.

VII.

For happy fate and providence
Did keep the child from dying,
Whose chiefest guard was innocence,
On which is best relying ;
For when the breath was almost spent,
A gentleman did spy her,
As he and 's man a hunting went
And so approach'd nigh her.

VIII.

He took the wrong'd infant home,
And to his lady gave it ;
Quoth he, " This child from fatal doom
I happily did save it ;
Therefore I'll keep it as my own,
Since I have none beside it ;
Tho' such a thing is seldom known,
I will support and guide it."

IX.

But as the lady and her spouse
Did to the neighbours show it,
A woman came into the house
That presently did know it.
And soon discover'd all the cheat
The unkle had intended,
To get the poor young child's estate
Who promis'd to defend it.

X.

The wicked unkle being seized,
And charged with his transgression,
His mind and conscience was so teased,
He made a full confession.

The justice sent him to the jail,
 Where he is closely guarded,
 And next assizes will not fail
 Of being well rewarded.

BOWES TRAGEDY;* OR, A PATTERN OF
 TRUE LOVE.

ROGER WRIGHTSON, at the sign of the King's Head, in Bowes, in the N. R. of Yorkshire, courted widow Railton's daughter, at the sign of the George in the same town, and has done more than a year. On Shrove Tuesday, 1715, he fell sick, and languished till Sunday next but one following, and after saying three times, "Martha, Martha, come away," then died.

Poor Martha (for that was the maid's name whom he courted) Railton, though privately, took heavily on all that time, and only had declared to her sister and mother that if he died she could not live. An honest friend is unworthily blamed for doing what I† would have done myself had I known it; for Martha Railton begged of him to go and see young Roger, and tell him she would gladly come and see him, if he thought fit (knowing all his father's family was against her). Roger answered, "Nay, nay, T—my, our folks will be

* Mallet's *Edwin and Emma* is founded on this ballad. See his "Ballads and Songs," edited by F. Dinsdale, esq., LL. D., F. S. A.

† The author of the ballad, whom the late Mr. Denham, of Piersebridge, learnt from his father, was the then master of Bowes grammar-school. His name does not appear.

mad ; but tell her I hope I shall recover." Well, the poor lass, almost dead in sorrow, first sent an orange, but Roger's mother sent it back ; yet about three days before his death Martha went. His mother was so civil as to leave her by his bedside, and ordered her daughter Hannah to come away, but she would not. Poor Martha wanted only to speak three words to him, and (although she stayed two hours) yet Hannah would not let her have an opportunity, and so, in a sorrowful manner, she left him. Her book was her constant work Friday, Saturday, and Sunday ; and she would oft say to herself, " Oh ! you Hannah ! if he dyes my heart will burst." So on the same Sunday se'night, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the bell was tolled for him, and upon the first toll, Martha lay by her book, got her mother in her arms, with, " Oh ! dear mother, he's dead, I cannot live." About three minutes after Thomas Petty went in and desired her to be more easy. Her answer was, " Nay, now my heart is burst ! " And so, in mournful cries and prayers, was fainter and fainter, for about three hours, and seemed to breathe her last ; but her mother and another girl of the town shrieked aloud, and so called her back again (as they term it), and, in amazed manner, distorted with convulsion fits (just as it is described in Dr. Taylor's " Holy Living and Dying"), stayed her spirit ten or twelve hours longer, and then she died.

At last things was brought to this issue, to be buried both in one grave, and the corpse met at the church gate, but Hannah objected against their being buried together, as also she did at her being laid first in the grave ; but was answered that a bride has to go first to bed. She, being asked why she should be so proud and inhumane, answered, that she said, " Martha might have taken fairer on, or have been hanged." But oh, the loud mourning of friends on both sides at the corpse meeting, and more at the grave ; wherein

first she was decently laid, and then he. In the parish register of Bowes is the following entry:—"Rodger Wrightson, junr., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave. He died of a Fever, and upon tolling his passing Bell, she cry'd out 'My heart is broke,' and in a Few hours expired, purely (or supposed, *interlined in a different hand*) thro' Love. March 15, 1714-5, aged about 20 years each."

Tune of "Queen Dido."

Good Christian people, pray attend
 To what I do in sorrow sing,
 My bleeding heart is like to rend,
 At the sad tydings which I bring ;
 Of a young couple, whom cruel fate
 Designed to be unfortunate.*

Let Carthage Queen be now no more
 The subject of your mournful song ;
 Nor such odd tales which heretofore,
 Did so amuse the teeming throng ;
 Since the sad story which I'll tell,
 All other tragedys excel.

Yorkshire, the ancient town of Bowes,†
 Of late did Roger Wrightson dwell,
 He courted Martha Railton, who‡
 In virtuous works did most excel ;
 Yet Roger's friends would not agree,
 That he to her should married be.

* This verse is not in Mr. Bell's copy, in his "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England."

† "Remote in Yorkshire, near to Bowes."—BELL.

‡ Bell has "whose;" and the following line reads thus:—

"Repute for virtue did excel."

Their love continued one whole year,
 Full sore against their parents' will ;
 But when he found them so severe,
 His royal heart began to chill ;
 And last Shrove Tuesday took his bed,
 With grief and woe encompassed.

Thus he continued twelve days space,
 In anguish and in grief of mind ;
 And no sweet rest in any case,
 This ardent lover's heart could find ;
 But languish'd in a train of grief,
 Which pierced his heart beyond relief.

Martha, with anxious thoughts possest
 A private message to him sent,
 Acquainting him she could not rest,*
 Until she had seen her loving friend ;
 His answer was, " Nay, nay, my dear,
 Our folks will angry be I fear."

Full fraught with grief, she took no rest,
 But spent her time in pain and fear,
 Until few days before his death,
 She sent an orange to her dear ;
 But 's cruel mother, in disdain,
 Did send the orange back again.

Three days before her lover dy'd,
 Poor Martha, with a bleeding heart,
 To see her dying lover hy'd,
 In hopes to ease him of his smart ;
 Where she's conducted to the bed,
 In which this faithful young man laid.

* " Now anxious Martha sore distress'd,
 A private message did him send,
 Lamenting that she could not rest."—BELL.

Where she with doleful cries beheld,
Her fainting lover in despair ;
Which did her heart with sorrow fill,*
Small was the comfort she had there ;
Tho' his mother show'd her great respect,
His sister did her much reject.

She staid two hours with her dear,
In hopes for to declare her mind ;
But Hannah Wrightson stood so near,
No time to do it she could find :
So that being almost dead with grief,
Away she went without relief.

Tears from her eyes did flow amain,
And she full oft wo'd sighing say,
“ My constant love, alas ! is slain,
And to pale death become a prey ;
Oh ! Hannah, Hannah, thou art base ;
Thy pride will turn to foul disgrace.”

She spent her time in godly prayers,
And quiet rest from her did fly,
She to her friends full oft declares,
She could not live if he did dye ;
Thus she continued till the bell,
Began to sound his fatal knell.

And when she heard the dismal sound,
Her godly book she cast away,
With bitter cries would pierce the ground,
Her fainting heart began to decay ;
She to her pensive mother said,
“ I cannot live now he is dead.”

* “ At which her heart with sorrow filled.”—BELL.

Then after three short minutes' space,
As she in sorrow groaning lay,
A gentleman* did her embrace,
And mildly unto her did say,
“ Dear melting soul, be not so sad,
But let your passions be allayed.”

Her answer was, “ My heart is burst,
My span of life is near an end ;
My love from me by death is forced,
My grief no soul can comprehend.”
Then her poor heart did soon wax faint,
When she had ended her complaint.

For three hours' space, as in a trance,
This broken-hearted creature lay,
Her mother wailing her mischance,
To pacify her did essay ;
But all in vain, for strength being past,
She seemingly did breathe her last.

Her mother, thinking she was dead,
Began to shriek and cry amain,
And heavy lamentations made,
Which call'd her spirit back again,
To be an object of hard fate,
And give to grief a longer date.

Distorted with convulsions, she
In dreadful manner gasping lay,
Of twelve long hours no moment free,
Her bitter groans did all dismay ;
Then her poor heart being sadly broke,
Submitted to the fatal stroke.

* Thomas Petty, previously mentioned.

When things were to this issue brought,
Both in one grave were to be laid ;
But flinty-hearted Hannah thought,
By stubborn means for to persuade,
Their friends and neighbours from the same.
For which she surely was to blame.

And being ask'd the reason why,
Such base objections she did make ;
She answered thus scornfully,
In words not fit for Billingsgate :
“ She might have taken fairer on,
Or else be hang'd.” Oh, heart of stone !

What hell-born fury had possest,
Thy vile inhumane spirit thus ?
What swelling rage was in thy breast,
That could occasion this disgust,
And make thee show such spleen and rage,
Which life can't cure nor death assuage ?

Sure some of Satan's minor imps
Ordained were to be thy guide ;
To act the part of sordid pimps,
And fill thy heart with haughty pride ;
But take this caveat once for all,
Such dev'lish pride must have a fall.

But when to church the corpse was brought,
And both of them met at the gate,
What mournful tears by friends were shed,
When that, alas ! it was too late !
When they in silent grave were laid,
A constant youth and constant maid.*

* “ Instead of pleasing marriage-bed.”—BELL.

You parents all, both far and near,
 By this sad story warning take,
 Not to your children be severe,
 When they their choice in love do make ;
 Let not the love of cursed gold,
 True lovers from their loves withhold !

THE DONCASTER VOLUNTEERS.*

WRITTEN, ABOUT A.D. 1757, BY

JOHN ELLERKER, ESQ.

TO RICHARD TURBUTT, ESQ.

WORTHY SIR,—He who sits down to write anything for the public benefit, without fixing on the person to whom he shall dedicate it, knows little of the art of authorizing, for perhaps when he has finished his work he may not know any person to whom the subject may be agreeable, or that has generosity enough to pay for washing the clean ruffles he is obliged to put on when he waits on him to implore his protection. But I generally take another way, and make my Patron before I begin my work, and suit the subject according to his capacity and genius. As, for example, if I write a book of History and Politics, I have Mr. Alderman Smith† for that ; if of Love and Gallantry, who can be so good a judge as your neighbour Mr. Taylor ; if of Wit and Humour,

* From a MS, *penes* James Falconar, esq., F. S. A., Doncaster.

† William Smith, alderman ; buried, Nov. 13, 1760.

I have Mr. Alderman Cave* in my eye; if of Sobriety and Temperance, no one can be so proper as the Rev. Mr. Willatts; † if I write in praise of and recommend the practice of Generosity, Public Spirit, and Patriotism, and urge the indispensable duty of a good subject, not only to hazard his fortune, but even his person, for the good of his country, no man can be so proper as RICHARD TURBUTT, esq., ‡ as all those virtues are conspicuous in him in the highest degree. It is for this reason I humbly lay the inclosed lines at your feet, and implore your patronage of them. Should I say any more in your praise it would offend your known modesty, which has always been remarkably impatient at hearing yourself praised, even for those things for which some people (otherwise greedy of praise) would think they deserved no praise at all. But, to be serious with you, I wish this trifle may divert you during your unhappy confinement. To make you and your young ladies laugh, it will more than answer the most sanguine expectations of, &c. &c. JOHN ELLERKER. §

* Peter Cave, mayor 1748-9; buried, June 4, 1782.

† The Rev. Lionel Willatts, rector of Sprotbrough, son of Charles Willatts, rector of Plumtree, Notts, and Castiliana his wife, daughter of Lionel Copley, esq., of Wadworth and Sprotbrough; buried, at Doncaster, May 20, 1760.

‡ Mr. Turbutt was of a family at Mount St. John, near Thirsk, Yorkshire. He resided for several years at Doncaster, where he died, 3 Sept. 1758, æt. 68. He was the great grandfather of Gladwin Turbutt, esq., now (1860) of Ogston hall, Derbyshire. His "young ladies" were Frances, afterwards wife of John Woodyeare, esq., of Crookhill, near Doncaster, and Eleanor, who became the wife of Lieut. General Sowerby.

§ Mr. Ellerker was of a good family, descended from Ralph Ellerker, of Youlton, Yorkshire. He was some time a solicitor in the Inner Temple, London, and died, at Doncaster, March 25, 1774, aged 82. (JACKSON'S *Hist. St. George's Church, Doncaster*, pp. 76, 77.)

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.

WHEN Britain's arms by War's fell chance
Were baffled by the arms of France,
And LOUIS threat'ned in bravado,
T' invade us with a huge armado,
Not of your men-of-war, but floats
Of lighters and flat-bottom'd boats,
To fill the land with blood and slaughter,
And ravish ev'ry wife and daughter ;
Of our Religion to deprive us,
And send us to their priests to shrive us,
To change our leather shoes for wood ones,
(For heretics, like us, too good ones,)
To carbonade our pigs and ducklings,
And fricasee our babes and sucklings,
To make us keep a scarlet whore,
Who kept so many whores before ;
To make our parsons mend their lives,
And leave their own for laymen's wives ;
Nay, more, (the worst of papist bands)
To re-assume the abbeylands :
When all our military Hectors
(Well paid to be the land's protectors)
For all their vapouring and boasts,
Dreaded to see them on our coasts ;
When ev'ry man was sore amaz'd,
And on each other hurried gaz'd ;
When ev'ry fearful thing was fear'd,
And not one glimpse of hope appear'd,
To save us from impending ruin,
Which these French scoundrels were a brewing,
At DONCASTER a troop stepp'd forth,
All men of dignity and worth,
With wrath and indignation fir'd,
(By Mars himself, no doubt, inspir'd,)

With minds most valorous and willing,
 Regardless of their pay—a shilling,
 Offer'd themselves to fight our battles,
 And to protect our goods and chattels.
 To four times four their number mounted,*
 Tho' each a thousand shou'd be counted;
 Soon as 'twas known they were assembled,
 The king of France look'd pale and trembled,
 Recall'd his army from the strand,
 And drew his lighters all to land.
 This, soon as mighty FRED'RICK knew,
 (For quick their fame to Prussia flew,)
 That king, who all the world must own
 Has soldiers good as most are known,
 Said, " Give me sixteen such as these,
 I'll sack Vienna when I please."
 O Doncaster! blest corporation,
 Whose sons add glory to the nation,
 May Peace and Plenty still attend you,
 And neighbouring lords their venison send you.
 But hark! I hear the beat of drum,
 See here with links† the heroes come.
 Lo, in the front three men of laws,
 All stedfast for the good old cause.
 And first see STOVIN,‡ best of men,
 Equal to brandish sword or pen,

* 1757. "The militia raised.—Sixteen inhabitants of Doncaster entered as volunteers."—MILLER'S *Hist. Doncaster*, p. 183.

† Alluding to their exercising by torchlight.

‡ James Stovin, esq., of Whitgift, a justice of the peace for the counties of York and Lincoln, died at Sprotbrough hall, where he then resided, 26 July, 1789, and was buried at Rosington. He was son of George Stovin, of Crowle and Winterton, the Lincolnshire antiquary. On the 11 Dec. 1771, he was appointed town-clerk of Doncaster, an office which he resigned on the 12 Jan. 1778. He was also clerk of the court of sewers from 1757 to 1775.

Ready, for our defence, to shed
 His dearest blood, or black, or red.
 Whilom, commission'd to maintain
 Fair lady Peace in counties twain,
 But leaves her now and Themis' bench,
 To volunteer against the French.
 His rival next in either skill,
 See waddling master JOSEPH GILL!*
 With no less martial rage inspir'd,
 Nor yet with tedious marches tir'd,
 His aid may be depended on ;
 None will suspect he'll ever run,
 Three times the courage he possesses
 Of common men, who three times less is,
 And reason good, for he affords
 Three times the mark for guns or swords.
 Happy the man in an attack
 Who safe shall stand behind his back.
 BOWER,† the third, not least in fame,
 Though last the Muse records his name ;
 Where's the attorney that can wear
 Cockade with a more graceful air ?
 See how the maids' and widows' glances
 Centre in him, as he advances.
 Tho' with his manly beauteous face
 He captivates each wishing lass,
 Heedless he slights her painted charms,
 Nothing his heart but glory warms,

* Probably, " Mr. Joseph Gill, Gent.," who was buried, March 19, 1763.

† Freeman Bower, esq., of Bawtry and Maltby, co. York, born 15 Nov. 1732; died 29 July, 1786; a justice of the peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire, &c.; was educated for the law, and practised for a few years as an attorney, but on inheriting some family property he discontinued that profession. On several occasions he acted as marshal to his uncle Mr. Baron Perrott, when on circuit. He is said to have been a handsome man, and of an hospitable, convivial disposition.

Nor stickles* he for filthy riches
 From scouring drains or emptying ditches,
 Nor hates the pope and all his power
 More firmly does his namesake Bower.†
 Of surgeons next a valiant pair
 Practised in blood and wounds appear.
 Or say we shou'd their titles vary
 And call each an apothecary.
 As both they're fam'd for equal skill,
 Licenc'd as both to cure or kill.
 To specify each doughty wight,
 This MIDDLETON, that FARRER ‡ hight,
 But when invasion or rebelling
 Shall call them from their peaceful dwelling,
 From gun-shot wounds good heav'n defend 'em!
 And to their shops back quickly send 'em.
 For, when they're absent, who shall draw
 A rotten stump from aching jaw?
 Who can from cholic pains relieve us?
 Who purges or who clysters give us?
 When fevers burn and agues shake us,
 Who then shall febrifuges make us?
 And when the itch invades each joint,
 With brimstone who so well anoint?
 If either pox should then assail us,
 Who have we left then can avail us?

* Contends, strives for. Alluding to the contest between Mr. Stovin and Mr. Gill for the office of clerk to the commissioners of sewers for the level of Hatfield chace, which had become vacant by the death of Mr. Burden, and to which Mr. Stovin was elected, 5 Feb. 1757.

† Alluding to Bower, once a popish priest, the author of the "Lives of the Popes."

‡ Henry Farrer, of Doncaster, a surgeon and apothecary in extensive practice for nearly fifty years, son of John Farrer, A. M., rector of Hemsworth, descended from the Farrers of Ewood, co. York, died 7 June, 1789, aged 69. (See *Mon. Ins.* JACKSON'S *St. George's Church*, p. 107.)

Who then will with a grave oration
 Prognosticate a suppuration ?
 Or, when it comes, can right discuss
 The laudability of pus ?
 Who then luxations shall reduce ?
 Who bathrum, or who vectis use ?
 And who the poor deluded maid
 With hand obstetric timely aid ?
 That hand devoted to oppose
 Great GEORGE'S* and his country's foes ?
 For there's no man, I'm sure, in all
 The town, can shake an urinal,
 Or know, like them, by Galen's rules,
 The consequence of fetid stools.
 Think not physicians I despise,
 Doctors indeed I duly prize ;
 Doctors so call'd are those I drive at,
 Their ignorance I can't connive at.
 Kind reader pardon this digression,
 And I will shorten the procession.
 But say, what youth is he that follows ?
 Oh ! he's a favourite of Apollo's,
 Who, for our good, in time of need,
 Forsakes his fav'rite Muse and reed ;
 And boldly owning Britain's quarrels,
 Tho' crown'd with bays will gather laurels.
 Say, MILLER,† why did'st thou supplant
 Me of that fame I so much want ?
 Had'st thou not wrote I might have worn
 Those laurels which thy head adorn.

* George II.

† Mr., afterwards Dr., Edward Miller, the organist of Doncaster, and author of the History of that Town. He composed a song to a warlike tune, and a dance to the same tune, in which were introduced several parts of a soldier's manual exercise. He died Sept. 13, 1807, aged 72. See account of him in JACKSON'S *St. George's Church*, pp. 58-96.

Say, dost thou not thy castor grace
 With a cockade as well as lace?
 Adorn thy active feet so curious
 With buckles set with diamonds spurious?
 And by Euterpe's influence
 With flute traverse* pick up the pence?
 Have you not for the fall of France
 Now introduc'd the Pyrrhic dance,
 Which e'en our girls to arms will train,
 And make them fight like modern men?
 Nay, in York News most fairly worded
 I've read you, gentlemen, recorded.
 Could not emoluments like these
 Thy mind, ambitious minstrel, please?
 O! be thy song for ever curst,
 You've gain'd the prize by starting first.
 To equal thee let me aspire,
 For tho' I envy, I admire.
 Ten worthies yet remain unsung,
 Fit subjects for the pen or tongue
 Of Homer's self, had he been living.
 But now of any bard surviving,
 To sound their fame in lofty verse,
 And sound his own by sounding their's.
 Go on, great souls, and never flinch,
 Your leader† ne'er will fly an inch.
 Be active in your country's cause,
 Protect her freedom, guard her laws.
 Fight for the honour of your country,
 Nor once forget his honor's bounty:
 Let the remembrance of his claret,‡

* Flauta Traversa, the Italian name for a German flute.

† The marquess of Rockingham.

‡ The marquess of Rockingham invited them all to his residence, Wentworth house, where they drank French wine till they were unable to get home.

In each engagement rouse you spirit ;
 Support yourselves, in each attack,
 With hopes of more frontiniae.
 If broken, rally quick again,
 Your sure reward is more champagne.
 Never forgetting once to boast
 That you're his beauteous lady's toast ;*
 But let it be your chief support
 To think what sway he bears at court.

THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALERS.

BANE ta Claapam town-end lived an oud York-
 shire tike,
 Who i' dealing i' horseflesh hed ne'er met his like ;
 'Twor his pride that i' aw the hard bargains he'd hit,
 He'd bit a girt monny, but nivver bin bit.

This oud Tommy Towers† (bi that naam he wor
 knaan)

Hed an oud carrion tit that wor sheer skin an' baan ;
 Ta hev killed him for t' curs wad hev bin quite as well,
 But 'twor Tommy's opinion he'd dee on himsel !

Well ! yan Abey Muggins,‡ a neighborin cheat,
 Thowt ta diddle oud Tommy wad be a girt treat ;

* The marchioness of Rockingham drank their healths by the name of *her* volunteers.

† The descendants of Tommy Towers were resident at Clapham till within a very recent period, and used to take great pleasure in relating the adventure of their progenitor. The village of Clapham is in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the high road between Skipton and Kendal.

‡ Abey Muggins is thought to be a *sobriquet* for a then Clapham innkeeper.

Hee'd a horse, too, 'twor war than oud Tommy's, ye see,
Fort' neet afore that hee'd thowt proper to dee!

Thinks Abey, t' oud codger 'll nivver smoak t' trick,
I'll swop wi' him my poor deead horse for his wick,
An' if Tommy I nobbut can happen ta trap,
'Twill be a fine feather i' Aberram cap!

Soa ta Tommy he goas, an' the question he pops :
" Betwin thy horse and mine, prithee, Tommy, what
swops ?

What wilt gi' me ta boot? for mine's t' better horse
still ?"

" Nout," says Tommy, " I'll swop ivven hands, an' ye
will !"

Abey preached a lang time about summat ta boot,
Insistin' that his war the liveliest brute ;
But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
Till Abey shook hands, and sed, " Well, Tommy, done !"

" O! Tommy," sed Abey, " I'ze sorry for thee,
I thowt thou'd a hadden mair white i' thy ee ;
Good luck's wi' thy bargin, for my horse is deead."
" Hey!" says Tommy, " my lad, soa is min, an' it's
flead !"

Soa Tommy got t' better of t' bargin, a vast,
An' cam' off wi' a Yorkshireman's triumph at last ;
For thof' twixt deead horses there's not mitch ta
choose,

Yet Tommy war richer by t' hide an' fower shoes.*

* This song obtained great popularity a few years ago from the admirable singing of Emery, and is still a favourite. Mr. Hailstone's copy concludes each verse with " Derry down, &c."

BILL BROWN, THE POACHER.

IN seventeen hundred and sixty-nine
 As plainly doth appear then,
 A bloody scene was felt most keen
 Till death it did draw near then ;
 Of poor Bill Brown, of Brightside Town,
 A lad of well known fame then,
 Who took delight, both day and night,
 To trace the timid hare then.

With wires strong they march'd along,
 Unto brave Thriberg town then,
 With nut-brown ale that ne'er did fail,
 And many a health went round then ;
 Bright luna bright did shine that night,
 To the woods they did repair then,
 True as the sun their dogs did run,
 To trace the lofty hare then.

A lofty breeze amongst the trees,
 With shining he came on them,
 Like Cain he stood seeking for blood,
 With his bayonet and his gun then ;
 Then he did charge with shot quite large,
 George Miller did him spy then ;
 This rogue's intent was fully bent,
 One of us poor lads should die then.

His cruel hand he did command
 That instant for to fire then,
 And so with strife took poor Brown's life,
 Which once he thought entire then.

His blood aloud for vengeance cried,
The keeper he came on then,
Like cruel Cain up to him came,
And so renew'd his wounds then.

Now this dear soul ne'er did control,
Nor think that man no ill then ;
But to Dalton Brook his mind was struck,
While his clear blood did spill then ;
For help he cried, but was denied,
No one there nigh him stood then ;
And there he lay till break of day,
Dogs licking his dear blood then.

Farewell dear heart, now we must part,
From wife and children dear then ;
Pity my doom, it was too soon,
That ever I came here then ;
Farewell unto the brave dear lads
Whoever range the fields then,
This cruel man's murdering hand,
Has caused me for to yield then.

In grief and pain till death it came,
To embrace his dear soul then,
Who took its flight to heaven straight,
Where no man can control them.
The country round heard of the sound,
Of poor Brown's blood being spilt then,
'Twas put in vogue to find the rogue,
That justice might be done then.

With irons strong they march'd along
Unto York castle fair then ;
In a dark cell was doom'd to dwell,
Till the judge he did appear then ;

George Miller bold, as I've been told,
Deny it here who can then,
He ne'er was loth to take his oath,
Brown was a murder'd man then.

There was a man who there did stand,
Whose heart did shake amain then ;
But gold did fly they can't deny,
Or at Tyburn he'd been hung then.
They'd ne'er been bold to hear it told
To hear of Shirtly's doom then.
The judge put it off to God on high,
Or they might have judged him soon then.

There was brave Ned Greaves never did fail,
To crown poor Bill Brown's name then,
George Miller brave defies each knave,
That travels o'er the plain then ;
With sword and gun now we will run,
Though the law it doth maintain them,
Yet poor Brown's blood lost in the wood
For vengeance cries amain then.

THE ROMANBY TRAGEDY.

THE remorseless tragedy on which this ballad is founded took place upwards of a century ago. In the village of Romanby, near Northallerton, there resided a desperate band of coiners, whose respectability and cunning concealment precluded all possibility of suspicion as to their proceedings. The victim of their revenge was Mary Ward, the servant of one of those ruffians. Having obtained an accidental

view of some secret apartments appropriated to their treasonable practices, she unguardedly communicated her knowledge to an acquaintance, which reaching her master's ears, he determined to destroy her. The most plausible story, time, and means were selected for this purpose. On a Sunday evening, after sunset, an unknown personage on horseback arrived at her master's mansion, half equipped, to give colour to his alleged haste, and stated that he was dispatched for Mary, as *her mother was dying*. She lingered to ask her master's permission, but he feigned sleep, and she departed without his leave. On the table of her room was her Bible, opened at these remarkable words in Job, "They shall seek me in the morning, and shall not find me; and where I am, they shall not come." Her home was at the distance of eight miles from Romanby, and Morton bridge, hard by the heath where she was murdered, is the traditionary scene of her nocturnal revisitings. The impression of her re-appearance is only poetically assumed, for there is too much of what Coleridge would term "the divinity of nature" around Morton bridge, to warrant its association with supernatural mysteries.

OH! sights are seen, and sounds are heard,
On Morton bridge, at night,
When to the woods the cheerful birds
Have ta'en their silent flight.

When through the mantle of the sky
No cheering moonbeams delve,
And the far village clock hath told
The midnight hour of twelve.

Then o'er the lonely path is heard
The sigh of sable trees,

With deadly moan of suff'ring strife
Borne on the solemn breeze—

For Mary's spirit wanders there,
In snowy robe array'd,
To tell each trembling villager
Where sleeps the murder'd maid.

It was a Sabbath's eve of love,
When nature seem'd more holy ;
And nought in life was dull, but she,
Whose look was melancholy.

She lean'd her tear-stain'd cheek of health
Upon her lily arm ;
Poor, hapless girl! she could not tell
What caus'd her wild alarm.

Around the roses of her face
Her flaxen ringlets fell ;
No lovelier bosom than her own
Could guiltless sorrow swell!

The Holy Book before her lay,
That boon to mortals given,
To teach the way from weeping earth
To ever-glorious heaven ;

And Mary read prophetic words,
That whisper'd of her doom :—
“ Oh! they will search for me, but where
I am, they cannot come!”

The tears forsook her gentle eyes,
And wet the sacred lore ;
And such a terror shook her frame,
She ne'er had known before.

She ceas'd to weep, but deeper gloom
Her tearless musing brought ;
And darker wan'd the evening hour,
And darker Mary's thought.

The sun, he set behind the hills,
And threw his fading fire
On mountain, rock, and village home,
And lit the distant spire.

(Sweet fane of truth and mercy ! where
The tombs of other years
Dis-course of virtuous life and hope,
And tell of by-gone tears !)

It was a night of nature's calm,
For earth and sky were still ;
And childhood's revelry was o'er,
Upon the daisied hill.

The alehouse, with its gilded sign
Hung on the beechen bough,
Was mute within, and tranquilly
The hamlet-stream did flow.

The room where sat this grieving girl
Was one of ancient years ;
Its antique state was well display'd
To conjure up her fears ;

With massy walls of sable oak,
And roof of quaint design,
And lattic'd window, darkly hid
By rose and eglantine.

The summer moon now sweetly shone
All softly and serene ;

She clos'd the casement tremblingly
Upon the beauteous scene.

Above that carved mantle hung,
Clad in the garb of gloom,
A painting of rich feudal state,—
An old baronial room.

The Norman windows scarcely cast
A light upon the wall,
Where shone the shields of warrior knights
Within the lonely hall.

And, pendent from each rusty nail,
Helmet and steely dress,
With bright and gilded morion,
To grace that dim recess.

Then Mary thought upon each tale
Of terrible romance;—
The lady in the lonely tower—
The murderer's deadly glance—

And moon-lit groves in pathless woods,
Where shadows nightly sped;
Her fancy could not leave the realms
Of darkness and the dead.

There stood a messenger without,
Beside her master's gate,
Who, till his thirsty horse had drunk,
Would hardly deign to wait.

The mansion rung with Mary's name,
For dreadful news he bore—
A dying mother wish'd to look
Upon her child once more.

The words were, "Haste, ere life be gone;"
Then was she quickly plac'd
Behind him on the hurrying steed
Which soon the woods retrac'd.

Now they have pass'd o'er Morton bridge,
While smil'd the moon above
Upon the ruffian and his prey—
The hawk and harmless dove.

The towering elms divide their tops;
And now a dismal heath
Proclaims her "final doom" is near
The awful hour of death!

The villain check'd his weary horse,
And spoke of trust betray'd;
And Mary's heart grew sick with fright,
As, answering, thus she said—

"Oh! kill me not until I see
My mother's face again!
Ride on, in mercy, horseman, ride,
And let us reach the lane!

"There slay me by my mother's door,
And I will pray for thee;
For she shall find her daughter's corse"—
"No, girl, it cannot be.

"This heath thou shalt not cross, for soon
Its earth will hide thy form;
That babbling tongue of thine shall make
A morsel for the worm!"

She leap'd upon the ling-clad heath,
And, nerv'd with phrensied fear,
Pursued her slippery way across,
Until the wood was near.

But nearer still two fiends appear'd,
Like hunters of the fawn,
Who cast their cumb'ring cloaks away,
Beside that forest lone ;

And bounded swifter than the maid,
Who nearly 'scap'd their wrath,
For well she knew that woody glade,
And every hoary path.

Obscur'd by oak and hazel bush,
Where milk maid's merry song
Had often charm'd her lover's ear,
Who blest her silv'ry tongue.

But Mary miss'd the woodland stile—
The hedge-row was not high ;
She gain'd its prickly top, and now
Her murderers were nigh.

A slender tree her fingers caught—
It bent beneath her weight ;
'Twas false as love and Mary's fate !
Deceiving as the night !

She fell—and villagers relate
No more of Mary's hour,
But how she rose with deadly might,
And, with a maniac's power,

Fought with her murd'ers till they broke
Her slender arm in twain ;
But none could e'er discover where
The maiden's corse was lain.

When wand'ring by that noiseless wood,
Forsaken by the bee,
Each rev'rend chronicler displays
The bent and treach'rous tree.

Pointing the barkless spot to view,
 Which Mary's hand embrac'd,
 They shake their hoary locks, and say,
 " It ne'er can be effac'd !"

ARMTHORPE BELLS.*

I.

I SING the church of ARMTHORPE town,†
 That stands upon a hill,

* From a MS. penes Rev. H. J. Branson, M. A., Rector of Armthorpe. It is not now known with certainty to whom we are to attribute the authorship of these lines. They appeared in the "*Yorkshire Journal*," of Saturday January 19, 1788, a newspaper at that period printed and published at Doncaster, by Thomas Sanderson. In introducing the subject he says, "The following Ballad on Armthorpe Bells was wrote some years ago, supposed by a gentleman of this town, sometime since deceased, and were sent to Mr. Anstey, author of the *Bath Guide*, nephew to the Rev. Christopher Anstey, the then rector of Armthorpe. They were for some time handed about in manuscript, but having never appeared in public may not prove unacceptable to our readers; and we hope the vein of wit and humour, which runs through the whole poem, will sufficiently apologize for its length." Who the gentleman thus alluded to was we are unable to state. An impression has prevailed that they were written by Mr. Anstey, the author of the *Bath Guide*; but, in the absence of any positive evidence to that effect, we must assume that the proprietor of the *Yorkshire Journal*, writing in 1788, when the subject would be fresh and talked about, is more likely to be correct in the statement above made. Mr. Christopher Anstey, the poet, was born 31 Oct. 1724, and died 3 Aug. 1805. The Rev. Christopher Anstey, rector of Armthorpe from about 1771 to 1784, died June 17, 1784, aged 73, and was buried at Doncaster.

† Armthorpe is a village, situated in an agricultural district,

And all who in the Fly* come down
 May see it if they will.

II.

But there to them it doth appear
 An humble barn, tho' neat,

about three miles south-east of Doncaster. An account of it at length may be read in Hunter's able work, the "History of South Yorkshire." The place lay close to the confines of the ancient Chace of Hatfield, and once formed a valuable part of the possessions of the monks of the abbey of Roche. At the dissolution of the abbey the manor of Armthorpe came to the crown. In 3 James I. the king granted it to sir Robert Swyft, of Tristrop, (now Streetthorpe,) knt. The family of Cooke, of Wheatley, had a good estate here, most of which sir George Cooke, bart. sold, in 1804, to John Walbanke Childers, esq., of Cantley, in whose family it remains. The church is dedicated to St. Mary. Dr. Miller, in his "History of Doncaster," 1803, briefly remarks that it was then "a very small mean building, with one bell hanging on the outside of it, and nothing worth noticing within." Hunter, in 1828, remarks that it is a small building of one pace, with two bells hanging in a kind of pent-house on the roof, and is a fair specimen of what the original churches of the smaller country parishes must have been. "This," he says, "is the only instance of a church without a tower in the deanery." The living is a rectory in the gift of the crown, and is now held by the Rev. H. J. Branson, M. A., who was presented thereto, by Lord Chancellor Brougham, in 1834.

* THE FLY was the name of a coach that commenced running, in the year 1768, from Leeds to London, during the winter season, and performed its journey in two days and a half, at that period considered very expeditious travelling. Probably it derived its name from this extraordinary swiftness. The advertisement of this coach, inserted in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, of January 3, 1769, after stating the fares, the places from whence it set out, &c. &c., concludes in the usual manner, viz. "Performed (*if God permit*) by Messrs. Stokes, Benton and Co.;" from this expression coaches, in those days, were by some irreverently styled "God-permits." As far back as 1669 a coach called the "Flying Coach" went from Oxford to London in one day. Perhaps any vehicle became entitled to the appellation that could go along at a moderate trot. In 1791 were advertised "New Flying Stage-Waggons."

I wish the rector every year
Had it choke full of wheat.

III.

I only mean, supposing it
A very barn indeed ;
I'm sure he'd give thereof what's fit
To them who stand in need.

IV.

The steeple then, you may presume,
Is not like that of GRANTHAM,
For bells and chimes there was no room,
And now they do not want them.

V.

In vain the Quakers it abuse,
And with their canting flout it,
Calling this church a steeple-house,
There's no such thing about it.

VI.

Altho' no steeple doth appear,
Yet bells they're not without,
High hung in air, aloft they are,
But where? Ah! there's the doubt.

VII.

How this can be, for you to tell
Requires somewhat to think on ;
And yet they serve the folks as well
As would Great Tom of Lincoln.

VIII.

The architect, a silly man,
(And artist too—God wot ;))
Some say, when up he drew his plan,
The steeple he forgot.

IX.

But that was not the cause of it,
Our wiser rector fancies ;
'Twas not the builder's lack of wit,
But want of the finances.

X.

To rectify this great neglect,
Before the cash was spent all,
An useful thing he did erect,
Both cheap and ornamental.

XI.

For he a simple wall did raise
Upon the west-end gable,
And I must own, unto his praise,
It stands yet firm and stable.

XII.

And of his skill to give some proof,
Which he'd not done before :
He built it up above the roof,
Some six feet high or more.

XIII.

Of this, from north to south th' extent
Was full as long as high,
For doing which his wise intent
I'll tell you bye and bye.

XIV.

Two holes quite thro' this wall were seen
Like windows in a garret,
That two small bells might hang therein,
For passengers to stare at.

XV.

But how to get these bells—alas!
 Much jangling did create,
 Much ale, and much tobacco, was
 Consum'd in the debate.

XVI.

One wiser than the rest propos'd
 To draw up a petition,
 Begging SIR GEORGE* would be dispos'd
 To pity their condition.

XVII.

That he would kindly grant this boon,
 Unto his tenants all,
 The dinner-bell that calls at noon
 The vassals to his hall.

XVIII.

When to sir George they did impart,
 How much they stood in need,
 He said he'd give't, with all his heart,
 And sent it them with speed.

XIX.

Their need by this being half supply'd,
 They wanted now but one,
 But that, with judgment great, they cried,
 Should have a shriller tone.

XX.

One thought upon a tavern bell,
 Another on a miller's,
 A third thought one would do as well
 That tinkles on a thill-horse.

* Sir George Cooke, of Wheatley; probably the seventh baronet, 1766-1823.

XXI.

“A fine one’s in the Angel bar,”*
 Says one, “and I can steal it,
 If on the bible you’ll all swear
 You never will reveal it.”

XXII.

The clerk, a simple tailor, cry’d
 He’d never touch the string,
 Or whatsoever else they ty’d
 To the accursed thing.

XXIII.

The tailor’s speech did for some time
 Put all in great combustion,
 They said it was no greater crime
 To steal a bell than fustian.

XXIV.

Here they had stuck, had it not been
 For what I shall relate,
 A gift to them quite unforeseen
 Which was decreed by fate.

XXV.

A neighb’ring corp’rate town,† who found
 Their crier’s bell too small,
 To get one with a deeper sound
 Had call’d a common-hall.

XXVI.

The mayor, for th’ honor of the place,
 Commendably was zealous,

* The Angel Inn, at Doncaster, upon the site of which now stands the Guild-Hall.

† Doncaster.

And of whate'er might it disgrace
Was equally as jealous.

XXVII.

Said, " Gentlemen and brethren dear,
You need not now be told
That this here town for many a year
Look'd very mean and old.

XXVIII.

" But so magnificent is grown,
As know ye all full well ;
That quality from London town
Choose here to come and dwell.

XXIX.

" Our Mansion-house, inside and out,
So elegant doth rise,
That, in the nation round-about,
'Tis mention'd with surprize.

XXX.

" Of precious time 'twould be a loss,
Should I make long preambles
Of pavements, lamps, and butter-cross,
And of our butchers' shambles.

XXXI.

" But here the new-built gaol, I own,*
Ought not to be forgotten,
A sweeter place in all the town
No one would choose to rot in.

* This passage helps to furnish a clue to the period about which these lines were probably written. Miller (*Hist. Doncaster*, p. 184), under 1767, says that " a new gaol was built ;" and again, under 1778 (p. 185), he says that " the old gaol was taken down and a new one erected."

XXXII.

“ Yet notwithstanding all our pains,
 Our judgment and expence,
 Yet wanting much, one thing remains
 Of weighty consequence.

XXXIII.

“ For what avails our large gilt mace,
 Our full-furr'd purple gowns ?
 Our scarlet fiddlers' noted race,
 And lord-like pack of hounds ?*

XXXIV.

“ What, tho' our huntsman's clothed well,
 In coat of grass-green plush,†
 Whene'er I see our crier's bell,
 I vow it makes me blush.

XXXV.

“ Whene'er we're sitting in this hall,
 The sound on't makes me sick,
 For 'tis a great burlesque on all
 Our body politic.

* In addition to the “lordlike” luxury of a pack of hounds, in which the *old* corporation of Doncaster formerly indulged, that highly respectable body, after the manner of the Royal Cole, of convivial memory, when they “called for their bowl,” (which they not unfrequently did,) possessed also the king-like privilege of summoning their “fiddlers three.” They maintained, as a part of their regular establishment, three musicians, called waits, who were clothed in scarlet liveries, and played at feasts, balls, &c., and walked in the procession to church. In former times they used to go about the town, during the night, playing a single tune on various instruments at the doors of the principal inhabitants; an office which seems to have answered the same purpose as that of watchman, to which they afterwards gave place.

† In 1762 the huntsman had “a frock of blue shagg, faced with red,”—the colours of the corporation's livery.

XXXVI.

“ No dignity’s thereby convey’d,
 No harmony decorous,
 I marvel much no order’s made
 It shan’t be rung before us.

XXXVII.

“ Then, gentlemen, with decent pride,
 At this our solemn sitting,
 Let us agree that we provide
 A bell our town befitting.”

XXXVIII.

The court agreed; a bell was bought,
 With more melodious tongue,
 How much it cost I have forgot,
 But to this day ’tis rung.

XXXIX.

Th’ offensive bell was laid aside,
 Like statesmen when discarded,
 And in a stable did reside,
 Entirely disregarded.

XL.

Soon did the news of this event,
 Reach Armthorpe you may swear,
 From whence two leading men were sent
 To treat with Mr. Mayor.

XLI.

Whom they approach’d with awkward bow,
 And then with sly address
 They told his worship, “ That as how—
 They were in great distress.”

XLII.

Said,—“ A great work we have in hand,
 In which we've been too rash,
 For now it all is at a stand,
 Only for want of cash.

XLIII.

“ A bell we want, a small one too,
 Would make our business right,
 A second-handed bell would do,
 Did we know where to buy't.”

XLIV.

By this time he smelt out their drift,
 And gen'rous as a king,
 Said,—“ We have one—to you we'll giv't,—
 'Twill be the very thing.

XLV.

“ And I'm well pleased, I do protest,
 To save you so much charge,
 But, I suppose, tho' you know best,
 Our bell will be too large.”

XLVI.

The bell was fetch'd at his command,
 (A sight to them most pleasing,)
 Of which to them, with but one hand,
 He livery gave and seizin.

XLVII.

The joy they did at this conceive
 They could not well conceal,
 For as they bow'd, and took their leave,
 They rang a tingling peal.

XLVIII.

Full fast then homeward they did hie,
 (Almost as quick as thought,)
 Nor was their speed retarded by
 The weight of what they brought.

XLIX.

But when the town they did descry,
 They rung their bell aloud,
 Which their success did signify
 To the desponding crowd.

L.

The townsmen bless'd at the event,
 And at their hearts full glad,
 Quickly return'd the compliment,
 By ringing that they had.

LI.

So when a ship a fort salutes,
 No sooner have they done,
 The fort, to obviate all disputes,
 Returns them gun for gun.

LII.

Jason, who brought the golden fleece
 Upon the good ship Argo,
 Was not more welcom'd home than these,
 Tho' they did not so far go.

LIII.

Both bells were in triumphant state,
 With many a rustic grin,
 Conducted to the church-yard gate
 And introduc'd therein.

LIV.

Where in the shade of two spread yews,
 Like Baucis and Philemon,
 Was told at large the joyful news,
 To many a listning yecoman.

LV.

There wanted not to mount them high
 A windlass or a gable,
 For any lad that stood thereby
 To run them up was able.

LVI.

The bells, at last, were safely hung
 In their respective holes,
 At weddings, where they both are rung,
 At deaths, the largest tolls.

LVII.

At first they various ways did try
 In vain, to make them speak,
 At last they did succeed, and by
Un tour de mecanique.

LVIII.

The clerk right wisely did foresee,
 By virtue of his post,
 That he of their good company
 Was like to have the most.

LIX.

To keep society alive,
 And that they still might please,
 Wish'd that some way he could contrive,
 T' enjoy the same with ease.

LX.

For this he cudgelled his brains,
 At length this happy thought
 Occurr'd,—which, with small cost and pains,
 He to perfection brought.

LXI.

He found two yard-long sticks would do,
 Which might from westward come,
 When each had been well fixed to
 It's *tintinabulum*.

LXII.

Two strings, for ropes,* a name too great,
 From these sticks might depend,
 And by two holes made thro' the slate,
 Into the church descend.

LXIII.

That he, when sitting on his breech,
 (In either hand a string)
 By giving an alternate twitch,
 With ease might make them ring.

LXIV.

A great example here is seen,
 Of the mechanic-power,
 Nor has there yet adopted been
 A better to this hour.

* The low common was enclosed about 1671, when an allotment of 1 acre 16 poles was given, in lieu of land appropriated from time immemorial to the finding of church bell-ropes, and is let to the highest bidder.

LXV.

Here critics may cry out with spite,
 Lord! how these verses jingle!
 But, otherwise, how could I write
 On bells that only tingle?

PAUL JONES, THE CUMBERLAND MILITIA,
 AND SCARBROUGH VOLUNTEERS.*

THE inhabitants of the Yorkshire coast were frequently, about the year 1779, thrown into a state of alarm by that intrepid Anglo-American buccanier, Paul Jones. This man had formerly been in the service of the earl of Selkirk, whence he was expelled with disgrace, and having repaired to America he volunteered to make a descent on the British coast. Being entrusted with the command of a privateer, he effected a landing at Whitehaven, and set fire to some shipping in the harbour. He sailed for Scotland, where he landed on the estate of the earl of Selkirk, and plundered his lordship's house of all the plate. These services insured his promotion, and procured him the command of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and the *Alliance*, each of 40 guns; the *Pallas*, of 32 guns; and the *Vengeance*, armed brig. With this force he made many valuable captures, insulted the coast of Ireland, and even threatened the city of Edinburgh. On Monday, the 20th Sept. 1779, an express arrived at Bridlington, from the bailiffs of Scarborough, with intelligence that an enemy was cruising off the coast. On Thursday a valuable fleet of British merchantmen from the Baltic, under the convoy of the *Serapis*, Capt. Pearson, of 44 guns, and the *Countess of Sear-*

* From a broadside in the Roxburgh collection. Another, on this event, is published by J. Forth of Pocklington.

borough, Capt. Piercy, of 22 guns, hove in sight, and were chased by the enemy. The first care of Capt. Pearson was to place himself between the enemy and his convoy; by which manœuvre he enabled the whole of the merchantmen to escape into the port of Scarborough. About half-past seven o'clock the thunder of the cannon announced that an engagement had commenced; the battle raged with unabated fury for two hours, when at length Capt. Pearson, who was engaged by the two largest of the enemy's ships, was compelled to surrender. Capt. Piercy, after a long and gallant defence, was in the end obliged to strike to the Pallas. The enemy purchased the victory at a prodigious price, more than 300 men being killed or wounded in the Richard alone, which vessel received so much injury, that she sunk next day with many of the wounded on board.

Capt. Pearson afterwards received the honour of knighthood; and the freedom of the borough of Scarborough was presented to him and his gallant colleague, Capt. Piercy, in two boxes of "heart of oak," ornamented with silver.

COME each loyal Briton of courage so bold,
As annals can show you would ne'er be controul'd,
It vexes my patience I'm sure night and day,
To think how that traitor Paul Jones got away.

Derry down, &c.

As soon as this rebel near our shore did come,
From all parts of the town the inhabitants run,
They all stood amazed his fire to see,
But this never daunted our brave militia.

Our two noble colonels they straight gave command,
Brave Lowther* and Fleming,† two parliament men,

* Sir James Lowther, bart., of Laleham, Middlesex, son-in-law to the earl of Bute, lieut. and custos rotulorum of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and alderman of Carlisle.

† Sir Michael le Fleming, bart., M. P. for Westmoreland.

They marched thro' the ranks, and to the men did say,
 " Brave boys, have your arms in good order, we pray."

Our brave officers all, of every degree,
 Took care every man provided should be,
 With powder and ball, then each took command,
 Said, " Boys, for the honour of Cumberland."

Then strait we on guard to the Spaws sent with
 speed,
 To prevent Paul's landing, in case there was need ;
 They call him Paul Jones, but his name is John Paul,
 And if ever we catch him he shall pay for all.

The Serapis and Countess of Scarbrough brave,
 Five hours and a half they did bravely behave ;
 Only two against six the whole time in the fight,
 And so with reluctance was forcèd to strike.

In Whitehaven this brat served his time to the sea,
 He was born and bred in the shire of Galloway ;
 He liv'd with lord Selkirk a servant some time,
 But committing murder to goal was confined.

He was try'd for the same, and condemned to die,
 But broke his confinement, by means cunningly ;
 A traitor he stands for th' American cause,
 And join'd with the French for to pull down our laws.

The inhabitants of Scarbrough to work strait did
 fall,
 In order to protect them from all such as Paul,
 And rais'd up a volunteer company with speed,
 To defend the town in case there was need.

So now they are provided with every thing new,
 Their hearts they are good, and their clothing is blue,
 They'll join our militia without dread or fear,
 For to flog Jackey Paul, should he chance to come here.

I wish every city and town would with speed,
 Raise a volunteer company in time of such need ;
 To assist our militia round the British land,
 And imitate Scarbrough who has laid them a plan.

So here is a health for to drink great and small,
 Success to our militia and volunteers all,
 May they all prove loyal and true to their king,
 And all such as Paul in a halter soon swing.

A NEW FOX-HUNTING SONG.*

COMPOSED BY W. S. KENRICK, AND J. BURTELL.

THE Chase run by the Cleveland Fox Hounds,
 on Saturday the 29th day of January, 1785.

YE hardy sons of chace give ear,
 All listen to my song ;
 'Tis of a hunt perform'd this year,
 That will be talk'd of long,
 When a hunting we do go, oho, oho, oho,
 And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
 And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
 With the huntsman, Tally, oh.

On Weary Bank, ye know the same,
 Unkenell'd was the fox ;
 Who led us, and our hounds of fame,
 O'er mountains, moors, and rocks,
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

'Twas Craythorn first swift reynard made,
 To Limton then did fly ;
 Full speed pursu'd each hearty blade,
 And join'd in jovial cry,
 With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

* From a broadside in the Roxburgh collection.

To Worsal next he took his flight,
 Escape us he would fain ;
 To Picton next with all his might,
 To Craythorn back again,
 With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

To Weary Bank then takes his course,
 Thro' Fanny Bell's gill flies ;
 In Seymour Car strains all his force,
 His utmost vigour tries,
 With the huntsman Tally oh, &c.

To Tanton, Nunthorp, next he flies,
 O'er Langbrough Rig goes he ;
 He scours like light'ning o'er the meads,
 More swift fox could not be,
 Nor with a huntsman better match'd, &c.

To Newton, then to Roseberry,
 To Hutton Lockerass gill ;
 To Lownsdale, o'er Court Moor go we,
 From thence to Kildale Mill,
 With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By this our zeal was not subdu'd,
 All crosses were in vain ;
 To Kildale reynard we pursu'd,
 To Lownsdale back again,
 With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By Percy Cross, and Sleddale too,
 And Pilly Rig full fast,
 As fox could run to Skylderskew,
 And Lockwood Beck he past,
 With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By Freebrough Hill he takes his way,
By Danby Lodge also ;
With ardour we pursue our prey,
As swift as hounds could go,
With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By Coal Pits and o'er Stonegate Moor,
To Scayling reynard ran ;
Was such a fox e'er seen before ?
His equal show who can !
When a hunting we do go, &c.

To Barnby now by Ugthorpe Mill,
And Mickleby likewise ;
To Ellerby, to Hinderwell,
Still stubborn reynard flies,
With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

The huntsman now with other three,*
And reynard you'll suppose ;
Ten couple of hounds of high degree,
One field now did inclose,
With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

But now our chace draws near an end,
No longer we'll intrude ;
For on the cliff, rejoice, my friend,
Swift reynard there we view'd,
With the huntsman Tally ho, &c.

Sure such a chace must wonder raise,
And had I time to sing,

* Thomas Cole, huntsman ; the Rev. George Davison, rector of Cockfield, co. Durham ; Christopher Rowntree, junr. ; and William Stockdale.

The huntsman's deeds who merits praise,
 Would make the vallies ring,
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

Come, sportsmen, all your glasses fill,
 And let the toast go round ;
 May each foxhunter flourish still
 In health and strength abound,
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

AN HONEST YORKSHIRE-MAN.

AH iz i' truth a country youth,
 Neean us'd teea Lunnon fashions ;
 Yet vartue guides, an' still presides,
 Ower all mah steps an' passions.
 Neea coortly leear, bud all sinceere,
 Neea bribe shall ivver blinnd me ;
 If thoo can like a Yorkshire tike,
 A rooague thoo'll nivver finnd me.

Thof envy's tung, seea slimlee hung,
 Wad lee about oor county,
 Neea men o' t' cearth boost greter wurth,
 Or mare extend ther boounty.
 Oor northern breeze wi' uz agrees,
 An' does for wark weel fit uz ;
 I' public cares, an' hve affairs,
 Wi' honour we acquit uz.

Seea gret a maund is ne'er confiand,
 Tiv onny shire or nation ;
 They geean meeast praise weea weel displays
 A leearned iddicasion.
 Whahl rancour rolls i' lahtle souls,
 By shallo views dissarning,

They're nobbut wise 'at owlus prize
 Gud manners, sense, and leearnin.*

SPENCE BROUGHTON.

WHO was hung at York for robbing the mail
 on the 14th of April, 1792.

To you my dear companions,
 Accept these lines I pray ;
 A most impartial trial
 Has occupied this day.
 'Tis from your dying Broughton
 To show his wretched fate,
 I hope you'll make reformation
 Before it is too late.

The loss of your companion
 Does grieve my heart full sore,
 And I know that my fair Ellen
 Will my wretched fate deplore.
 I think on those happy hours
 That now are past and gone,
 Now poor unhappy Broughton
 Does wish he had ne'er been born.

One day in Saint James's
 With large and swelling pride,

* The above first appeared in a Ballad-opera, entitled *A Wonder or, An Honest Yorkshire-man*, by Henry Carey; performed at the theatres with universal applause. London, printed for Ed. Cooke, 8vo. 1736. The second edition was entitled *The Honest Yorkshire-man*. London, printed for L. Gilliver and J. Clarke, 12mo. 1736. See Notes and Queries, 2nd S. ix. 126.

Each man had a flash woman
Walking by his side ;
At night we did retire
Unto some ball or play,
In these unhappy pleasures
How time did pass away.

Brought up in wicked habit,
Which brings me now in fear,
How little did I think
My time would be so near ;
For now I'm overtaken,
Condemned and cast to die,
Exposed a sad example
To all that does pass by.

O that I had but gone
To some far-distant clime,
A gibbet post, poor Broughton,
Would never have been mine ;
But alas, for all such wishes,
Such wishes are in vain,
Alas ! it is but folly
And madness to complain.

One night I tried to slumber
And close my weeping eyes,
I heard a foot approach
Which struck me with surprise ;
I listened for a moment,
A voice made this reply,
“ Prepare thyself, Spence Broughton,
To-morrow you must die.”

O awful was the messenger
And dismal was the sound,
Like a man that was distracted
I rolled upon the ground ;

My tears they fell in torrents,
 With anguish I was torn ;
 I am poor unhappy Broughton,
 I wish I had ne'er been born.

Farewell, my wife and children,
 To you I do bid adieu,
 I never should have come to this
 Had I staid at home with you.
 I hope thro' my Redeemer
 To gain the happy shore,
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell for ever,
 Spence Broughton soon will be no more.

THE YORKSHIRE KNIGHT; OR, THE
 FORTUNATE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.*

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. Showing how a noble knight was riding by a farmer's house when his wife was in travail. The knight, knowing the signs and planets, looking on a book, read that the farmer's daughter that was born that hour was to be his bride. And how the cruel knight got the child from her parents, and flung it into a river ; but, by good fortune, the child was taken up by a poor fisherman alive, who brought her home and kept her till she was eleven years old.

Part II. How the fisherman was in an inn with some gentlemen, the knight being one of the company ; and seeing this young girl come in, he asked the

* A favourite chap-book history, sometimes called "The Yorkshire Garland;" or, "The Cruel Knight, and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter." See a broadside in Rox. coll.

fisherman if she was his own daughter, who told the story of his taking her up, &c. How the knight got the poor girl away, and contrived her death a second time, and how he was prevented.

Part III. How the knight contrived her death the third time; but her life was saved by showing the knight a ring that he flung into the sea, which the knight seeing, found it was in vain to strive against fortune, so married her.

PART I.

IN famous York city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours full well;
He had a good wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a child every year.

In seven years' time six children they had,
Which made both the father and mother's heart glad.
But a little time, as we do hear say,
This farmer in wealth and stock did decay;

Although that once he had riches great store,
In little time after he quickly grew poor;
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive,
Nor hardly could keep his poor children alive.

But children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife she conceived again, we are told,
And when her time came, in hard travail she fell;
But, if you will mind, a strange wonder I'll tell.

A rich noble knight did chance to ride by,
And hearing this woman to shriek and cry;
He being well learned in planets and signs,
Did look on a book which puzzled his mind:

For the more he did look, still the more he did read,
And found that the fate this young child had decreed,

Who was born in that house that same hour and tide,
He found it was she that must be his sweet bride.

But judge how the knight was disturbed in mind,
When he in that book his own fortune did find ;
He quickly rode home, but was sorely oppress'd ;
From that very moment he could have no rest ;

All night he did tumble and toss in his bed,
And very strange projects did run in his head ;
Then he was resolved very quickly indeed,
To alter that fortune he found was decreed.

With a murdering heart next morning he rose,
And to the house of the farmer he goes ;
Then asking the man, with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night ?

“ Worthy sir,” says the farmer, “ although I'm poor,
I had one born last night, and six long before ;
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
Which are all in good health and likely to thrive.”

The knight he reply'd, “ If that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep her most brave ;
For you very well with one daughter can spare,
Which, if you will grant, I will make her my heir :

“ For I am a knight of noble degree,
And if you will part with your child unto me,
Full three hundred pounds unto you I will give,
When I from your hands your daughter receive.”

The father and mother, with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this fine offer, and were in surprize ;
And seeing the knight so gallant and gay,
Presented the infant unto him that day.

But they spoke to him with words most mild,
"We beseech you, kind sir, to be kind to our child."
"You need not fear it," the knight did say,
"For I will maintain her most gallant and gay."

Then with this sweet baby away he did ride,
Until that he came to a broad river side ;
With cruelty bent he resolved, indeed,
To drown the young infant that moment with speed.

Says he, "If you live, you must needs be my wife ;
But I am resolved to bereave you of life :
For 'till you are dead I no other can have,
Therefore you shall lie in a watery grave."

In speaking these words, that moment, they say,
He flung the sweet babe in the river straightway ;
And being well pleased when this he had done,
Did leap on his horse and quickly rode home.

But mind how good fortune did for her provide,
For the child was drove safe on her back by the tide.
There was a man fishing as fortune would have,
Who saw the child floating upon the salt wave.

He soon took her up but was in amaze,
He kiss'd her, and bless'd her, and on her did gaze ;
And seeing he had ne'er a child in his life,
He presently carried her home to his wife.

His wife she was pleased the child for to see,
And said, "My dear husband, be ruled by me,
Since we have no child, if you let me alone,
We'll keep this sweet baby and call it our own."

The good man consented, as I have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold,

Until she was aged eleven full years ;
 And then her sweet beauty began to appear.

PART II.

The fisherman he was one time at an inn,
 And several gentlemen drinking with him ;
 The wife sent this girl to call the good man home ;
 But when she did into the drinking room come,

The gentlemen all were amazed to see,
 The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty ;
 They asked him, presently, if it was his own ?
 Who told the whole story before he went home.

“ As I was a fishing within my own bound,
 One Monday morning this sweet babe I found ;
 'Tis eleven years past since her life I did save,
 Or else she had lain in a watery grave.”

The cruel knight was in this company ;
 And hearing the fisherman tell the story,
 Was vexed at the heart for in seeing her alive ;
 And how to destroy her again he did strive.

Then spoke to the goodman, and to him said,
 “ If that you will part with this pretty young maid,
 I'll give you whatever your heart can device,
 For she in good time to great riches will rise.”

The fisherman answered with modest grace,
 “ I cannot, unless my dear wife was in place ;
 Get first her consent, you shall have her for me,
 And then to go with you, good sir, she is free.”

He got the wife's leave, and the girl with him went ;
But little they thought of his cruel intent :
He kept her a month very bravely they say,
And then he contrived to make her away.

For he had a brother in Lancashire,
A noble rich man worth two thousand a year ;
He sent this young girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most barbarous deed.

He sent a man with her, likewise they say ;
But as they did lodge at an inn by the way,
A thief in the house, with an evil intent,
To rob the port-mantua immediately went :

But the thief was amazed when he could not find
No clothes, gold or silver, or ought to his mind :
But only a letter, the which he did read,
And put an end to this desperate deed.

The cruel knight wrote to his brother that day,
To make the young innocent damsel away
With sword or with poison, that very same night,
And not let her live to the next morning light.

When the thief read the letter, he had so much grace,
To tear it, and write in the very same place,—
Dear brother, receive the young maiden from me,
And bring her up well as a lady should be.

Let her be esteemed, dear brother, I pray ;
Let servants attend her by night and by day ;
For she is a lady of noble great worth,
A more noble lady ne'er lived in the north.

Let her have good learning, dear brother, I pray,
And you for the same I'll sufficiently pay ;

So, loving brother, my letter I end,
 Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.

The maid and the servant were both innocent,
 And onward their journey next morning they went;
 Before the sun set to the knight's they did come,
 Where the servant did leave her, and turned home.

The girl was attended most bravely indeed,
 With men and with maidens to serve her at need:
 Where she did continue whole twelvemonths' space,
 'Till this cruel knight came to the place.

As he and his brother together did talk,
 He spy'd the fair maid in the garden to walk;
 She looked most beautiful, pleasant and gay,
 Like to fair Aurora, the goddess of May.

He was in a passion, when her he did 'spy,
 And said, very angry, "Brother, oh! why,
 Pray did you not do, as in the letter I wrote?"
 His brother reply'd, "It is done every bit."

"No, no, said the knight, it is not I see,
 Therefore she shall again go with me."
 But his brother did show him the letter that day;
 Then he was amazed, but nothing did say.

PART III.

Soon after the knight took this maiden away,
 And with her did ride, till they came to the sea;
 Then looking on her with anger and spite,
 He spoke to the virgin, and bid her alight.

The maid from her horse immediately went,
 And trembled to think what it was that he meant;

“ Ne'er tremble,” said he, “ for this hour is your last,
Then pull off your clothes, I command you in haste.”

The virgin, with tears in her eyes, did reply,
“ Oh! what have I done that now I must die?
Oh! let me but know how I did you offend,
I'll study each hour for to make you amends.

“ Oh! spare but my life, and I'll wander the earth,
And never come near you while that I have breath.”
He hearing this pitiful moan she did make,
Then from his own finger a ring he did take,

And unto this maiden in anger did say,
“ This ring in the water I'll now throw away;
Pray look on it well, the posey is plain,
And when you see it may know it again.

“ I charge you for life, ne'er come more in my sight,
For if you do, I shall owe you a spite;
Unless that you bring the same ring unto me.”
With that, he let the ring drop into the sea:

Which when he had done, from the maid he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe.
She rambled all night, and at last did espy
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie.

Being hungry and cold, with a heart full of grief,
She went to the cottage and asked for relief:
The people reliev'd her, and the very next day,
They got her a service, as I do hear say,

At a nobleman's house, not far from that place,
Where she behaved herself with modest grace;
She was a cook maid, and forgot all things past,
But here is a wonder now comes at the last.

As she a fish dinner was dressing one day,
 And opening the head of a cod, as they say,
 She found a rich ring, and was struck with amaze ;
 And then she with wonder upon it did gaze.

At viewing it well, she did find it to be
 The very same ring the knight threw into the sea.
 She smil'd when she saw it, and blest the kind fate,
 But did to no creature the secret relate.

The maid in her place did all others excel,
 That the lady took notice, and liked her so well ;
 Said she was born of some noble degree
 And took her her own companion to be.

The hard hearted knight to this place he came,
 A little time after, with persons of fame ;
 But was struck to the heart when he there did behold
 This charming young virgin in trappings of gold.

Then he asked the lady to grant him a boon,
 And said, 'twas to talk with that virgin alone ;
 The lady consented, and the young maid,
 Who quickly agreed, but was sorely afraid.

When he did meet her, "Thou strumpet," said he,
 "Pray did not I charge you ne'er to meet me ;
 This hour's your last, to the world bid good night,
 For being so bold to appear in my sight."

Said she, "In the sea, sir, you flung your own ring,
 And bid me not see you, unless I could bring
 That ring unto you, and I have it," said she,
 "Behold, 'tis the same that was thrown into the sea!"

When the knight saw the ring, he did fly to her arms ;
 He kissed her, and swore she had a million of charms.
 Said he, "Charming creature, I pray pardon me,
 Who has often contrived the ruin of thee.

“ ’Tis in vain to alter what fate has decreed,
 For I find thou wast born my dear bride to be.”
 Then married they were, as I do hear say,
 And now she’s a lady both gallant and gay.

Then quickly unto her parents did haste,
 Where the knight told the story of all that was past ;
 But asked both their pardons upon his bare knee,
 Which they give, and rejoice their daughter to see.

Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent,
 And for their past trouble did give them content ;
 But there was great joy by all those that did see
 The farmer’s young daughter a lady to be.

THE VIRGIN RACE ; OR, YORKSHIRE’S GLORY.*

BEING an account of a race lately run at Temple-Newsham Green ; none being admitted to run but such as were virgins. The first that came to the Two Miles’ Race end was to have a silver spoon ; the second, a silver bodkin ; the third, a silver thimble ; and the fourth, nothing at all.

Tune “ *New Game at Cards.*”

You that do desire to hear
 Of a virgin race run in York-shire,
 Come and listen, I’ll declare,
 Such news before you ne’er did hear ;

* From a broadside in the Roxburgh coll., black letter. Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

For, I think, since the world begun,
But seldom virgins races run.

Four virgins that supposed were
A race did run, I now declare ;
Sure such a race was never seen,
As this at Temple Newsham Green ;
 In half shirts and drawers these maids did run,
 But bonny Nan the race has won.

A silver spoon this Nan obtain'd ;
The next a silver bodkin gain'd ;
The third that was not quite so nimble,
Was to have a silver thimble ;
 And she that was the last of all,
 Nothing unto her share did fall.

In drawers red Ann Clayton run,
And she it was the race that won ;
Peg Hall, as I may tell to you,
Did run in drawers that were blew ;
 Honest Alice Hall that was the third,
 Her drawers were white, upon my word.

A concourse great of people were,
For to behold these virgins there,
Who so well acted the man's part,
And love a man with all their heart ;
 But what means this, for well we know
 Maids through the nation all do so.

Now let us come to bonny Nan,
Who won a race once of a man ;
In Bassing-hall street he did dwell,
His name was Luke, 'tis known full well ;
 And let me now declare to you,
 At something else she'l beat him too.

Let none the Yorkshire girls despise,
 Who are so active now a days ;
 So brisk and nimble they do grow,
 That few can match them, I do know ;
 Then let us stand up for Yorkshire,
 Those country girls I love most dear.

A Yorkshire girl, who can outvie ?
 No city girls can them come nigh ;
 They've rosy blushes in their cheeks,
 While city girls are green as leeks ;
 This with my fancy will agree,
 A Yorkshire girl shall be for me.

Then here's a health to a Yorkshire girl,
 For in mine eye she is a pearl,
 Whose beauty doth so charm mine eye
 That for her I would freely dye ;
 Her virtues do her face adorn,
 And makes her look fresh as the morn.

Now to conclude, unto my friend
 These lines I freely recommend,
 Advising him above the rest,
 To love a Yorkshire girl the best ;
 But let him use his skill, for I
 Will love a Yorkshire girl until I dye.

THE MAYOR OF DONCASTER.*

A TRUE and lamentable tale, showing how his
 worship was dubbed a knight a day too soon,
 and undubbed again a day too late, not to be laughed
 at.

* From a MS. *penes* Charles Jackson, esq., of Doncaster.

SWEET girls of Pindus, hither bring
 Your drums and bag-pipes hollow,
 THE MAYOR OF DONCASTER I sing,*
 Assist me O Apollo !
 His worship is a jolly squire,
 And loyal as a spaniel dog,
 His zeal as hot as kitchen fire,
 His head as learned and as big
 As that great philosophic log
 Whereon Puff trims his worship's wig.
 Nature had ta'en Herculean pains
 To scour his chambers clean from brains,
 And truly at a vast expence
 Had cur'd and purg'd them quite from evil sense.
 Brains, sense, and wit, are such low vulgar things
 As seldom trouble the heads of mayors or kings.
 What of the mayor of Doncaster, I pray ?
 Sir he received a letter t'other day ;
 Judge, readers, judge, what huge surprize
 Stretch'd like a brace of moons his eyes,
 Judge, how he gaped for joy, for breath,
 And show'd the ruins of his teeth ;
 Judge, how his head sublimer grew,
 Judge, how his shoulders widen'd too,

* The civic functionary on whom these verses are traditionally said to have been made was GEORGE PEARSON, who was elected mayor 22 Sept. 1785 and 26 Sept. 1793. He died in 1798, and was interred at Stainton, co. York, where is a monument to his memory, with the following inscription:—

“This monument is erected to the memory of Geo. Pearson, esq., of Doncaster, wine-merchant (but who had some years ago retired from business). He was upwards of thirty years a member of that corporation, and had twice served the office of mayor for the said borough. He was born in this town, and was the youngest son of late Rev. Nath^l. Pearson, who was forty-six years vicar of this parish. He died December 25th, 1798, aged 73.”

Judge, how he swung his arms about,
 Judge, how he mov'd his legs so stout,
 So big he look'd you would have sworn
 A giant stood where stood a dwarf before.
 Reader, behold this wonderful epistle,
 And if thou canst not laugh, go whistle.—

“ King George's compliments to Mr. Mayor,
 Queen Charlotte also greets his lady fair.
 Their gracious majesties have heard with pleasure
 How you have sacrificed both time and treasure
 On flannel jackets, breeches, stockings, socks,
 Also on good warm petticoats and smocks,
 To clothe our gallant troops abroad in Flanders,*
 Their pretty lasses and our smart commanders,
 The queen and princesses are quite delighted,
 And king George swears such deeds shall be re-
 quited ;

Come, come to London, sir, come and be knighted.”

This note, signed “ Granville,” came by post,
 And (cheap enough) a silver shilling cost.
 No time must now be lost, he goes, he sends
 To all his wealthy corporation friends.
 The sleek-skin'd brotherhood soon flock'd together,
 All in full spirits and full feather,
 With double chins and rosy faces,
 Pictures of bacchanalian graces,
 Expecting to behold a feast
 Of turtle exquisitely drest.
 They lick'd their chops, and stretch'd their maws,
 And blest the man that first invented jaws.
 Jaws form'd so wonderful and so complete,
 Jaws that can swear and pray and lie and eat ;

* In 1793 the corporation subscribed fifty guineas towards the purchase of flannels and other necessaries for the use of the British army serving on the Continent under the duke of York.

When lo! ah! disappointed paunches,
 Instead of vast sirloins and haunches,
 Bright dishes, shining knives and forks,
 Gay bottles, sparkling glasses, smacking corks,
 Up rose the mayor, with sage demeanour,
 And read the letter—for a dinner!
 He ended—and a broad prodigious grin
 Screw'd every face, and tugg'd up ev'ry chin.

But yet mysterious silence hung
 A padlock upon every tongue;
 Then rearing his triumphant crest,
 Whilst knighthood caper'd in his breast,
 Thus the big mayor the aldermen addres't:
 "Ha! honest gem'men, don't ye see
 The king's most gracious majesty
 Has fall'n quite in love with me?
 Upon my honor, worthy gem'men,
 I never knew myself before.
 I've always been before a yeoman,
 Not very rich, not very poor,
 To-day, a man, like one of you,
 A knight to-morrow I shall ride
 In coach and six, with ribband blue,
 And sword-knot flaming by my side.
 On honor's ladder I intend to rise,
 Step after step until I reach the skies,
 A viscount, earl, a marquess, duke, I'll be,
 God only knows what may become of me,
 And really, gem'men, 'twould be no strange thing,
 If, in my turn, I should become a king."

The aldermen all started from their places,
 And open'd all the windows of their faces,
 Each view'd the letter with a heart-heav'd groan,
 And wish'd a thousand times it was his own.
 Then bowing humbly to the mayor,
 Each offer'd up his solemn prayer.—
 "Make me," said one, "most gracious sir,
 A learned lord high chancellor."

"And I," exclaimed a man of weight,
 "I'll be your minister of state."
 "Make me your majesty's physician,"
 Cried a poor mean consumptive elf.
 "I'll be your majesty's musician,"
 Said one who seem'd a corporation of himself.
 "Ask," quoth the mayor, "whate'er you want,
 And all, aye, more than all, I'll grant,
 Should heav'n bestow the golden fleece,
 By George! I'll make you dukes apiece!"—
 —"Fools, fools apiece," exclaim'd a fat
 Old wag, who in a corner sat.
 "Fools?" cried the mayor, abash'd, confounded,
 "Fools?" cried the aldermen, astounded.
 "Yes, fools apiece, fools altogether,"
 Replied the wicked wag;
 "Fools, fools," he cried, "fools of one feather,
 I'll let the cat out o' the bag,
 This letter ne'er was writ by Granville,
 But forged on quite another anvil.
 'Tis neither frank'd nor does the seal display
 A coat of arms magnificent and gay.
 Some Jacobin has sent the fabrication,
 Just to befool our learned corporation."
 Sneering he spake, then turn'd about,
 Took up his chapeau, and walked out.
 Ghastly and wild his worship stagger'd,
 And look'd as if he had been dagger'd.
 Stung to the stomach with vexation,
 The aldermen all roar'd, "Damnation!"
 The meeting, silent as the breaking day,
 Soft as the mountain snow did melt away.
 At first his worship stamp'd and storm'd and swore
 He never had been made a fool before,
 And therefore could not overlook it!
 But, second thoughts are best—his worship then
 Swore that he'd ne'er be made a fool again,—
 So put his vengeance in his pocket!

THE CRAFTY PLOUGH BOY.

PLEASE draw near and the truth you'll hear,
 Of a farmer who lived in Hertfordshire,
 A fine Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
 For to do his work—his name it was Dan.

Fal de ral.

One morning right early he called for his man,
 And when he came to him he thus began :—
 Says he, " Take this cow this day to the fair,
 She is in good order and I can her well spare."

Away went the boy with the cow in a band,
 And he came to the fair as you shall understand,
 And in a short time he met with three men,
 And there sold his cow for six pounds ten.

He went to the ale-house in order to drink,
 Where the farmer he paid down the boy all his chink,
 The boy to the mistress this he did say,
 " Now what shall I do with my money, I pray?"

" I'll sew it up in thy coat lining," said she,
 " For fear on the road thou robbed should be."
 And there sat a highwayman drinking of wine,
 Thought he to himself this money is mine.

The boy took his leave and homeward did go,
 The highwayman soon followed after also,
 He soon overtook him upon the highway,
 " You are well overtaken, young man," he did say.

" Will you get up behind me?" the highwayman said
 " How far are you going?" replied the lad.

“ Three or four miles for what I know ;”
So he got up behind and away they did go.

They rode till they came to a very dark lane,
“ Now,” says the highwayman, “ I will tell you plain,
Deliver your money without fear or strife,
Or else I will certainly take your sweet life.”

The boy found that there was no time for dispute,
And so he alighted without fear or doubt ;
He tore his coat lining, the money pulled out,
And amongst the long grass he strewed it about.

The highwayman also jumped down from his horse,
But little did he dream that it was for his loss ;
But before they could find all the money, they say
The boy jumped on horseback and so rode away.

The highwayman shouted and begg'd him to stay,
But the boy would not hear him so kept on his way,
And to his old master the whole he did bring,
Horse, saddle, and bridle, a very fine thing.

The master he came to the door and said thus :—
“ What the deuce ! has my cow turned into a horse ?”
“ Oh, no, canny master, your cow I have sold,
But was robbed on the road by a highwayman bold.

“ My money I strewed about on the ground,
For to take it up the rogue lighted down,
And while he was popping it into his purse,
To make him amends I came off with his horse.”

The master he laughed till his sides he had to hold,
He says, “ For a boy thou hast been very bold ;
And as for the villain thou hast served him right,
Thou hast put upon him a clean Yorkshire bite.”

He searched his bags and quickly he told,
 Two hundred pounds in silver and gold,
 And two brace of pistols ; the lad said, " I vow,
 I think, canny master, I've sold well your cow."

Then the boy for his courage and valour so rare,
 Three parts of the money he got for his share ;
 Now since the highwayman has lost all his store,
 He may go a robbing until he gets more.

THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY ; OR, A WARNING
 TO ALL PERJUR'D LOVERS.

PARENTS you that have children, pray
 Unto these lines attention give ;
 And unto God for mercy crave,
 To be your guide while you live.

For in Yorkshire, I do declare,
 There is a town call'd Thursk by name,
 Near to the city of York so fair ;
 Went thence a gentleman of fame.

For to enjoy a fair estate
 Of sixteen hundred pounds a year ;
 And with him went his virtuous wife,
 Two sons, likewise two daughters fair.

When he had full possession took,
 He was unto the poor most kind,
 For he to charity, indeed,
 And serving God, was much inclin'd.

Yet 'twas his most unhappy fate,
 His youngest child to dote upon,

And also did his wife, indeed,
And that their ruin it begun.

This youngest daughter whom we hear,
Had many suitors far and near,
But none could then obtain her love
And yet for truth I shall declare.

But then, at last, a grocer's son,
A courting to this maiden went,
Who, in a short time, for truth we hear,
Brought this young maiden to consent ;

For to be his lawful bride,
If that her parents would agree ;
“ Or else, my love, I ne'er must yield,
Indeed, my dear, your bride to be.”

With that he to her parents went,
To ask of them their free good will,
Which they, poor souls, did soon consent,
So now observe what them befel.

For when he'd gain'd her friends' consent,
He then most treacherous did prove ;
But pray observe, and all beware
You ne'er prove treacherous in love.

He to this maiden went, we hear,
A visit unto her to pay,
But with a false and treacherous heart,
He to this maiden fair did say,

“ I'd have you now forthwith to go,
And get your father to agree
To settle on me his estate,
Or else my bride you ne'er shall be.”

At this she burst forth into tears,
 Saying, " Can you so cruel be,
 For unto that I can't presume."
 " Then fare thee well," replied he.

When he had left her all in woe,
 She yielded to the devil's will,
 Who did put her in a way
 These cruel murders to fulfil.

She strait some miles from York did go,
 And there she bought some poyson strong ;
 So, then, poor wretch, without delay,
 She home again did soon return.

Her father, when she did return,
 Said, " Child, your tender mother dear,
 Unto a christ'ning she is gone ;"
 So parents all, take warning here.

Her father, for her safe return,
 A bowl of punch prepared had,
 And she help'd to make it herself,
 So mix'd the poyson in with speed.

Then strait she feigned herself sick,
 Saying, " To bed I must now go."
 This was because she would not drink—
 To work her own great overthrow.

Her father and her brothers dear,
 They all around the bowl was set,
 And then began to drink the same,
 Not thinking poyson was in it.

And when the bowl of punch was out,
 Her mother she returned home,

Whose husband said, " My loving wife,
Your daughter Ruth is safe return'd."

At this her mother did rejoice,
Saying, " This news I'm glad to hear."
But oh! poor souls, they little thought
Their latter end it was so near.

For when to bed they all did go ;
But oh! next morning, as 'tis said,
Her father, brothers, and sister dear,
Were all found dead within their bed.

Next morning the old lady found
Her husband dead within the bed,
So she call'd for her daughter dear,
For to come up to her with speed.

But she not coming, she strait went
Unto her cruel daughter dear,
That had this sad destruction wrought ;
So, parents all, I pray draw near.

She said, " My child, I pray get up,
For your dear father he is dead."
She seem'd amaz'd, and straitway cry'd,
" Oh! then I'm ruined," she cry'd.

" Indeed, no friend I have," she said,
" But you my tender mother dear ;"
So then to tell her brothers, they
Unto the chamber did repair.

Where in their beds they there did lie
In death's cold arms as doth appear,
For now begins the bloodiest part
Of tragedy you e'er did hear.

The noise was quickly about spread,
 That many went the same to see,
 Amongst which, for a truth, 'tis said,
 One Clerk, a noted surgeon he.

Who said, " They poyson'd be, indeed."
 With that the daughter did declare,
 " My mother she hath done this thing
 As I will quickly make appear.

" I saw my mother mix some stuff
 Into a bowl of punch, indeed ;
 Then, underneath the table she,
 The paper she did fling, with speed

" Then burnt the paper instantly :"
 Which made the doctor for to say,
 " Madame, you have some murder done ;"
 So to a justice went straitway.

And, altho' she was innocent,
 She strait to prison was convey'd,
 Where she, poor soul, in grief, indeed,
 Until the next assizes laid.

And then the morning being come,
 She at the bar did strait appear,
 Where then her cruel daughter, she
 Swore false against her mother dear.

Her sentence was for to be burnt ;
 And then she back to prison went,
 Where the poor soul did weep and mourn,
 Being overprest with discontent.

So the next morning being come,
 Unto the stake she was convey'd ;

And being chain'd unto the same,
 Poor soul, she to the people said:—

“ I now must die a cruel death
 As ever sinful soul did die ;
 So, Lord, my daughter pray forgive,
 As Lord, you know, I am not guilty.”

The psalms and prayers being done,
 The fire kindled was with speed ;
 And as they pull'd the stool away,
 She then for mercy call'd indeed.

The daughter that this thing had done,
 She had a letter wrote, indeed,
 And coming near the fire, she
 Cry'd, “ Pray make room for me with speed !”

She gave it to the minister :*
 Then to the people's great surprise,
 She in the flames did throw herself,
 Indeed, with dismal shrieks and cries.

* The Rev. Mr. Jones, as he stood by the fire ; which runs thus:—

“ Let this be published as a warning to others, not to prove false in Love for the sake of Gold, which has been my ruin, for one James Parker, whom I priz'd above my soul ; to get my father's estate into my own hands, that I might have him for my husband, I poyson'd my father, two brothers, and sister, and, to save myself, I swore falsely against my aged mother, and have taken away her life wrongfully, a sure way to the utter destruction of my soul ; and, sir, let this my desire be fulfilled, that all young people may shun the snares of the devil, who are drawing to the paths of destruction : this being the last desire of a miserable soul.

RACHELL GLASSOCK.”

The Text of the sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Jones, was from Romans, chap vii. ver. 9. “ For I was alive without the law once : but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.”

And yet, before any of the crowd
 Had power hands on her to lay,
 She, and her tender mother dear,
 Was burnt to death that very day.

So, lovers all, a warning take,
 Lest Satan does your ruin prove ;
 And, youths, slight not your parents dear,
 For fear it proves your destruction.

And parents all, I humbly pray,
 Prize not one child above the rest ;
 For often they do prove the worst,
 The which you prize and love the best.

The young man he distracted run,
 And threw himself into a well,
 Unto his parents' great sorrow ;
 So justice on his head then fell.*

DOLLY DUGGING.

LOVE'S like I deant know what,
 Deevil cannot match it,
 Auld, young and middle aged,
 Is sarten sure ta catch it ;
 I catched it yance misen,
 It made me quite uneasy,
 And when I gat a wife
 By gum she set me crazy.

* Printed and sold in Bow church-yard, London.—See Horace Rodd's *Garland*, in the British Museum

Dolly Dugging I teak ta be my wife sir,
 I did noutt but cry she lid me sic a life sir,
 I niver efter smiled nor spent ane hour i' laughter,
 She war a hangel forst but she proved a deevil efter.

It happened on a time I axed a friend ta dinner,
 I needed some mysen I'd grown sae mickle thinner,
 Doll bought sum ribs o' beef when doon sits I and
 Davy,
 She gave us beans ta pick while she tuk meat and
 gravy.

About a week fra this,
 Our Dolly 'd getten collick,
 Now thinks I ta mysen,
 This is time for frolick.
 Dolly prayed neet and day,
 As lang as she prayed I swer,
 She prayed she might live,
 But I prayed she might dee sir.

Sud Bonyparte cum
 I'd fit him for his folly,
 For I cud'nt wish him warse,
 Than wedded tiv our Dolly ;
 She'd bring his courage doon,
 And him severely handle,
 Ay and mak him sune as fond,
 As ony farden can'le.*

* Communicated by J. S. Sutton, esq., of Elton hall, Stock-
 on, whom I also have to thank for "When at hame wi' Dad."

SCARBORO' SANDS.

AS I was a walking over Scarboro' Sands,
 Some dainty fine sport for to see ;
 The lasses were crying and wringing their hands,
 Saying the Rout it is come for the Blues.

Dolly unto her old mother did say,
 " My heart's full of love that is true ;"
 She packed up her clothes without more delay,
 To take the last leave of the Blues.

Our landlords and landlady's walk arm in arm,
 And so does the young women too,
 You'd have laughed if you'd seen how the lasses
 flocked in,
 To take the last leave of the Blues.

We tarried all night and part of next day,
 For sweethearts we had got enough,
 The times being hard the lasses did spare,
 A glass of good gin for the Blues.

Such sparkling young fellows sure never was seen,
 As the Blues and her Majesty too ;
 You may search the world over and Yorkshire all
 through,
 There's none to compare to the Blues.

The boats being ready these lads to jump in,
 The music so sweetly did play ;
 They gave out their voices with three loud huzzas,
 Success to the Queen and her Blues.*

* From a broadside *penes me*.

THE SHEFFIELD 'PRENTICE.*

I WAS brought up in Sheffield, but not of an high degree,
 My parents doated on me, they had no child but me;
 I rolled in such pleasures, just where my fancy led,
 Then I was bound apprentice, and all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
 I made a resolution not long with him to dwell,
 Unknown to my parents from him I ran away,
 And steer'd my course to London on an unhappy day.

A wealthy rich young lady from Holland met me there,
 And offered me great wages to serve her for a year,
 At last with great persuasion with her I did agree,
 To go and live in Holland which proved my destiny.

I had not been in Holland passing half a year,
 Before my young mistress grew very fond of me,
 " My gold and my silver, my houses and my land,
 If you'll consent to wed with me shall be at your command."

I said, " Dear honoured lady, I cannot wed you now,
 For I have lately promised and made a solemn vow
 To wed none but Polly, your pretty chambermaid,
 Excuse me my dear mistres, she has my heart betray'd."

Then in an angry humour she went from me away,
 Resolved within herself to make me dearly pay,
 She was so much perplexed she could not be my wife,
 She soon contrived a tragedy to take away my life.

* From a broadside in Mr. Hailstone's coll., collated with one *penes me*.

One day we were talking in the garden, fine and gay,
 A viewing of the flowers that grew so fine and gay,
 The gold ring on her finger, as I was passing by,
 She slipped into my pocket and for it I must die.

My mistress swore I'd robbed her and quickly I was
 brought

Before a grave old justice to answer for my fault,
 Long time I pleaded innocent but that was all in vain,
 She swore point blank against me and I was sent to
 jail.

Then our royal assizes were drawing on apace,
 Presently on me the judge a sentence past,
 To the place of execution they brought me to a tree,
 And may God forgive my mistress for she has wronged
 me.

All you who come to see me now, hear before I die,
 Don't laugh at my downfall nor smile at my disgrace,
 Believe me I'm quite innocent, I bid this world adieu,
 Farewell my dearest Polly, I die thro' loving you.

THE YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS' FAREWELL TO
 THE GOOD FOLKS OF STOCKTON.*

BY HERBERT STOCKHORE, PRIVATE IN EARL
 FAUCONBERG'S YORKSHIRE NORTH
 RIDING VOLUNTEERS.

Tune, "*Push about the Jorum.*"

YE Stockton lads and lasses too,
 Come listen to my story,
 A dismal tale, because 'tis true,
 I've now to lay before ye ;

* Called in the Rox. coll., "Hark to Winchester; or, The Yorkshire Volunteers, &c."

We must away, our rout is come,
 We scarce refrain from tears O,
 Shrill shrieks the fife, rough roars the drum,
 March, Yorkshire Volunteers, O.
 Fal lal lal la ral.

Yet ere we part, my comrades say,
 Come, Stockhore, you're the poet,
 If ere you'd pen a grateful lay,
 'Tis now the time to show it ;
 Such usage kind, in these good towns,
 We've met from age and youth, sirs,
 Accept our heartfelt thanks, and once
 A poet sings the truth, sirs.
 Fal lal, &c.

Ye lasses too, of all I see,
 Ye're fairest in the nation ;
 Sweet buds of beauty's blooming tree,
 The top of the creation ;
 Full many of our lads, I ween,
 Have got good wives and true, sirs,
 I wonder what our leaders mean,
 They have not done so too, sirs.
 Fal lal, &c.

Perhaps—but hark ! the thund'ring drum
 From love to arms is beating ;
 Our country calls, we come, we come,
 Great George's praise repeating ;
 He's great and good, long may he here
 Reign, every bliss possessing,
 And long may each true volunteer
 Behold him Britain's blessing.
 Fal lal, &c.

Our valiant earl* shall lead us on,
 The nearest way to glory,
 Bright honour hails her darling son,
 And fame records his story ;
 Dundas commands upon our lists
 The second, tho' on earth, sirs,
 No one his second to, exists,
 For courage, sense, and worth, sirs.
Fal lal, &c.

No venal muse before your view,
 Next sets a veteran bold, sirs,
 The praise to merit justly due,
 From Paul she cannot hold, sirs ;
 His valour oft has bore the test,
 In war he's brisk and handy ;
 His private virtues stand confest,
 In short, he's quite the dandy.
Fal lal, &c.

Brave Mackarall heads his grenadiers,
 They're just the lads to do it,
 And should the dons or lank Monsieurs
 Come here, he'll make them rue it.
 He'll roar his thunder, make them flee,
 With a row, row, row, row, rara,
 And do them o'er by land,—at sea,
 As Rodney did Langara.†

* Henry, last earl Fauconberg, only son of Thomas 1st earl. He was lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Lord of the Bedchamber to George III. ; died 23 March, 1802, and was buried at Coxwold.

† On the 16 Jan. 1780, admiral Rodney met a Spanish squadron off Cape St. Vincent, under the command of admiral Don Juan du Langara, and completely defeated it ; capturing the Phœnix, of 80 guns, bearing the flag of the admiral, the

Young Thompson and his lads so light
 Of foot, with hearts of steel, O,
 His country's cause shall nobly fight,
 And make her foes to feel, O,
 For should the frog-fed sons of Gaul,
 Come capering à la Francois,
 "My lads," said he, "we'll teach them all .
 The light-bob country dance, A."
 Fal lal, &c.

Our leaders all so brave and bold,
 Shou'd I in verse recite, A,
 A baggage waggon wou'd not hold
 The songs that I cou'd write, A :
 Their deeds so great, their words so mild,
 O take our worst commander,
 And to him Cæsar was a child,
 And so was Alexander.
 Fal lal, &c.

Such men as these we'll follow thro'
 The world, and brave all danger ; '
 Each volunteer is firm and true,
 His heart's to fear a stranger ;
 Good folks farewell, God bless the king,
 With angels centry o'er him ;
 Now, hark ! to Winchester, we'll sing,
 And push about the jorum.
 Fal lal lal la ral.

Monarca, Princessa, and Diligenta, each of 70 guns. The St. Domingo, of 70 guns, blown up; and the San Julian and San Eugenio, of 70 guns, surrendered: while the British had the trifling loss of only 32 men killed and 120 wounded. Both houses of parliament voted Rodney thanks for his conduct upon the occasion, and the freedom of the city of London was presented him in a gold box valued at 100 guineas. Lord Rodney, K. B., died 24 May, 1792.

FRAGMENT OF THE HAGMENA SONG.*

AS sung at Richmond, Yorkshire, on the eve of the New-Year, by the Corporation Pinder.

TO-NIGHT it is the New-year's night, to morrow is the day,

And we are come for our right, and for our ray,†
As we used to do in old king Henry's day.

Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

If you go to the bacon-flick, cut me a good bit ;

Cut, cut and low, beware of your maw ;

Cut, cut and round, beware of your thumb,

That me and my merry men may have some.

Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

If you go to the black-ark, bring me X mark ;

Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,

That me and my merry men may have some.

Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

* The custom of singing Hagmena songs is observed in different parts of the north of England, and in Scotland. The origin of the term is a matter of dispute. Some derive it from "au guy l'an neuf," to the *mistletoe* this new year ; others suppose the term to be a corruption of *ἀγία μήνη*, the *holy month*. The Hagmena songs are sometimes sung on Christmas Eve, and sometimes, as at Richmond, on the eve of the new year. See BRAND'S *Popular Antiquities*.

† "Ray, ree, or rey, a Portuguese coin, 100 of which are equal to sixpence English."—CLARKSON'S *Richmond*.

THE FAIR.*

YE loit'ring minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
 That wait impatient for the moornin';
 To-moorn's the lang, lang wish'd for fair,
 Ah'll try te shine the fooremust there,
 Mysen i' finest cleelas adoornin',
 Te grace the day.

Ah'll put mah best white stockings on,
 An' pair o' new cawf-leather shoon,
 My cleean-wesh'd goon o' printed cotton;
 About my neck a muslin shawl,
 A new silk hankercher ower all,
 Wi' sike a careless air ah'll put on,
 Ah'll shine that day.

My partner Ned, ah knaw, thinks he,
 " He'll mak' his sen seecure o' me,"
 He's ofens sed he'd treat me rarely;
 Bud ah sal think ov other fun,
 Ah'll aim for sum rich farmer's son,
 An' cheeat our simple Neddy fairly,
 Sea sly that day.

Why mud ah nut succeed as weel,
 An' get a man full oot genteel,
 As awd John Darby's dowghter Nelly;
 Ah think mysen as good as she,
 She can't mak' cheese or spin like me,
 That's mare 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
 On onny day.

* From *A Garland of New Songs*, without printer's name.

Then hey! for spoorts an' puppy shows,
 An' temptin' spice-stalls, rang'd i' rows,
 An' danglin' dolls, by t' necks all hangin',
 An' thoosand other pratty seeghts,
 An' lasses, trail'd along the streets,
 Wi' lads, te t' yal-house gangin',
 Te drink that day.

Let's leek at t' winder,—ah can see 't,
 It seeams as tho' 'twas growin' leeght,
 The clouds wi' early rays adornin',
 Ye loit'ring minnits faster flee,
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me
 'At wait impatient for the moornin',
 O' sike a day.

THE YORKSHIRE LAD IN LONDON.

WHEN I left father and mother, sister and
 brother,
 They all cried you'll surely be undone;
 For resolved was I my fortune to try,
 And just take a trip to London—
 Cry'd my father, "When there, dont curse and swear
 As the Londoners do if they teaze ye,
 But your passion keep down as well as you can,
 And say—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me."

"Lord, father, do you take me for a fool,
 That was in Yorkshire born and bred, man;
 I'm not to be done by the London chaps,
 As long as I've eyes in my head, man;
 And should they think for to go to contrive
 With their cunning and tricks to teaze me,

I, as well as they, know how many beans make five
If I dont then—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.”

I went to the play, I went to the park, saw the king,
To see all the grand sights I were willing,
But when I came at night to count o'er my brass,
Egad I found I'd took two bad shillings.
“ If the Yorkshire lads were to know it,” says I,
“ Oh dear how they would teaze me.”
But some kind friend shall have them again,
If they dont, why—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

A fine lady came up, half drunk in the street,
Thinking for me to nicely trepan, sir ;
For you see I being drest in my best,
She called me a handsome young man, sir ;
“ And sir, if along with me you'll go,” says she,
“ I think as how I should so please ye.”
So I went—and I gave her the two bad shillings,
If I didn't—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Then a stranger came up, says he, “ My dear friend,
I'm glad in London to meet you ;
Do you know me ?” says he—says I, “ Very well,
Come to the public house and I'll treat you.”
So I called for the liquor—got half drunk,
Where the chap he thought to ease me,
But I walked me away, left him the reckoning to pay,
If I didn't—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Then another chap called me on the other side,
Says he, “ Look, I've found a gold ring, sir,
If you'll ten shillings give me, yours it shall be.”
“ Oh !” says I, “ 'tis a grand looking thing, sir,
But I tell you what, my sweet London chap,
Dont think of my money to ease me,
For a Yorkshire lad knows brass from gold,
If he don't—then Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.”

I was tired of their tricks, says I, " I'll go home,
 While all's right, tight, and comely ;
 For a rolling stone gathers no moss,
 And home is home if it's ever so homely."
 But I made 'em remember 'for I left town,
 They thought how it did please me,
 That the Yorkshire lad was not to be had,
 If he was—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

THE TRYAL OF PATIENCE.*

BEING a relation of a widow in Yorkshire, who, having buried her husband, and left seven small children, was reduced to great poverty, and turned out of house and home ; then going to her husband's brother, being a rich man, in hopes of finding relief, but instead thereof he threatened them with cruelty. With an account of a lady's love at the greatest time of her distress.

To the tune of "*In Summer Time.*"

A LOVING couple in Yorkshire,
 They having seven children small,
 When poverty was so severe,
 They had for them no food at all.

As I the naked truth may speak,
 Their father was in grief and woe,
 Three years he lay both sick and weak,
 This was enough to bring them low.

* From a broadside in the Rox. Coll., black letter. Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.

They sold their cattle, corn, and hay,
With other goods they parted free,
Till all they had was made away,
In this their sad extremity.

After the term of three long years,
Which he thus languishing did lye,
Upon his bed, with brinish tears,
He said, "Farewell, here now I dye."

A cruel landlord the next day,
Turn'd her and children out of door,
Where in a field all night they lay ;
This griev'd the widow's heart full sore.

Poor soul, she was in sad distress.
Full seven children at her feet,
With hunger, cold and comfortless,
And not one bit of bread to eat.

Her children cry'd to her alone ;
"O, give us food, mother," they said ;
'Twould have broke a heart of stone,
To hear the piteous moan they made.

With weeping tears she did reply,
"My heart is overwhelm'd with grief ;
To your rich uncle we will hye,
And see if he will yield relief.

"He told your father thus in love,
Before thi's world he bid adieu,
That he in tenderness would prove
A brother and a father too."

With cheerfulness they did repair,
Unto their uncle's house that night,
And they no sooner were come there,
But all their hopes were blasted quite.

As soon as he did them behold,
He said to her, "What make you here?
Begone, or else the whipping post,
Shall surely happen to your share."

He threatened her with this abuse,
Likewise with greater villany,
He vow'd his dog he would let loose,
If that she did his patience try.

In wrath he spurn'd them from his door,
Saying they should not there abide;
Her children they were frighten'd sore,
She likewise wrung her hands and cry'd.

"O here we will not tarry long,
Although we are in deep distress;
Dear brother, pray now do not wrong
The widow and the fatherless."

Tears from their eyes in showers did flow,
For there they see they might not stay;
Their hearts were fill'd with grief and woe,
As from his house they took their way.

The mother was with grief oppress'd,
The children in a woful plight;
"We have no home nor place of rest,
Where shall we lay our heads this night?"

As she did wander on the way,
Alas! her very heart did bleed;
"Good Lord, raise me some friend, I pray,
To help us in this time of need."

Her prayer was heard to heaven high,
For she no sooner this had said,
But a young lady riding by,
Did hear the piteous moan she made.

And call'd her to her coach with speed,
Giving her ten good guineas there,
In order for her present need,
And bid her to her house repair.

“ A farm of twenty pounds a year,
I do declare I have in store,
And I will give thee tittle clear,
To you and yours for evermore.”

The lady bid her cease to mourn,
“ For ever happy may you be ;”
Ten thousand thanks she did return
For this her generosity.

No tongue is able to express
How joy and comforts did increase,
For now the farm they do possess,
And live in plenty, joy, and peace.

This brother of malicious spite,
Who would not pity her poor case,
All that he had was blasted quite
Within a very little space.

God's wrath and vengeance here we see,
Was just for his sad cruel pride ;
He was reduc'd to poverty,
Likewise upon a dunghill dy'd.

For having then no home nor friend,
That would this cruel wretch receive,
He made a miserable end,
When he, alas ! this life did leave.

Rich men, relieve the poor, I pray,
Who does to you for succour cry,
Lest you be brought as low as they,
By making God your enemy.

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

BY MRS. GEORGE DAWSON.

THEY talk of dales and hills in Wales,
 As the loveliest in our isle ;
 But the Yorkshire dells and rocky fells,
 Where the bright sun beams on the sparkling streams,
 Are all forgot the while.

You may roam for hours 'mid sweet spring flowers,
 With a gurgling "beck" beneath,
 While the rustling breeze just parts the trees,
 And reveals the sweep of the wild woods deep,
 Shut in the darkling heath.

You may hear the note of the blackbird float,
 From the top of each tall ash tree,
 When he pours his song each evening long ;
 For in "true love" tales such romantic dales,
 Must needs abundant be.

The dalesmen say that their light archway
 Is due to an Egton* man,
 Whose love was tried by a whelming tide ;
 I heard the tale in its native vale,
 And thus the legend ran :—

* "On first entering the village of Egton (near Whitby), instead of proceeding forward, take the road through a gate to the right, which leads past the church of Limber Hill, a winding and steep descent, which affords, from several points, fine views of Eskdale and Glaisdale, and at the foot of which the Beggar's Bridge, with its elegant single arch, bestrides the river Esk."—REED'S *Guide to Whitby*.

“ Why lingers my lov'd one ? Oh ! why does he roam
 On the last winter's evening that hails him at home ?
 He promised to see me once more ere he went,
 But the long rays of gloaming all lonely I've spent :
 The stones at the fording no longer I see ;
 Ah ! the darkness of night has concealed them from
 me.”

The maiden of Glaisdale sat lonely at eve,
 And the cold stormy night saw her hopelessly grieve ;
 But when she looked forth from her casement at morn,
 The maiden of Glaisdale was truly forlorn !
 For the stones were engulfed where she looked for
 them last
 By the deep swollen Esk, that rolled rapidly past ;
 And vainly she strove with her tear-bedimmed eye,
 The pathway she gazed on last night to descry.

Her lover had come to the brink of the tide,
 And to stem its swift current repeatedly tried ;
 But the rough whirling eddy still swept him ashore,
 And relentlessly bade him attempt it no more.
 Exhausted he climbed the steep side of the brae,
 And looked up the dale ere he turned him away ;
 Ah ! from her far window a light flickered dim,
 And he knew she was faithfully watching for him.

“ I go to seek my fortune, love,
 In a far, far distant land ;
 And without thy parting blessing, love,
 I am forced to quit the strand.

“ But over Arncliffe's brow, my love,
 I see thy twinkling light ;
 And when deeper waters part us, love,
 'Twill be my beacon bright.

“ If fortune ever favour me,
 St. Hilda ! hear my vow !

No lover again in my native plain,
 Shall be thwarted as I am now.

“ One day I'll come to claim my bride,
 As a worthy and wealthy man !
 And my well earned gold shall raise a bridge
 Across this torrent's span.”

The rover came back from a far distant land,
 And he claimed of the maiden her long-promised hand ;
 But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
 And the lovers of Egton pass over it now.

THE BANKS O' MORTON O' SWALE.*

AS autumn pour'd her teern o' good,
 And woe had ceased to wail,
 Ah wander'd forth hard by a woode,
 Upon the banks o' Swale.

And there ah spied a lovely nymph
 Yan that neean could but hail,
 Ah sed, “ Sweet lass, come take e trip
 Alang the banks o' Swale.”

Wi' looks as sweet as angels wear,
 She soon was in the vale,
 And ah was walking by my fair
 Upon the banks o' Swale.

* A pleasant straggling village, in the parish of Ainderby Steeple, near North Allerton, on the east bank of the Swale. Lambard, Bede, and other early writers, inform us that Paulinus, the first archbishop of York, baptized 10,000 persons in this river in one day,—“ By cause at that tyme theare ware no churches or oratories yet buylt.”

But ah sall neear forget that night,
Whale life or memory fail,
'The hours they pass'd wi' syke delight,
Upon the banks o' Swale.

They swifter flew than did the stream,
That murmur'd en the dale,
For mah enjoyment was extreme
Upon the banks o' Swale.

Ah lov'd that lass as meh life,
Ah felt to wish her weal,
Ah ask'd her to become my wife
Upon the banks o' Swale.

Wi' looks bespeaking mind intent
On what ah ardent tell,
E' vain ah woo'd her to consent
Upon the banks o' Swale.

Ah kiss'd, ah press'd her to gi way
But all of no availe,
She had a wooer far away
Fra the sweet banks o' Swale.

A drinking ranting wretch wes hee,
As ever was out o' hell,
She took his hand and spurned me
Far fra the banks o' Swale.

But ah ! when years had roll'd away
Ah met a form full frail,
She recognised me that day
As fra the banks o' Swale.

Said ah full low, " Can this be she,
This thing of woe and wail,
That ah yanée kiss'd delightfully
Upon the banks o' Swale ?"

O, heavens it was the very one
 Ah met e' that sweet vale,
 But ah the evary charm was gone,
 Ah saw ont' banks o' Swale.

Wi' sorrow stamp'd on her brow
 She did her mind unveil,
 She told me all she had pass'd thro'
 Since on the banks o' Swale.

But O her history how sad,
 To sad for me to tell,
 T'wad mak e' heart o' stane to bleed,
 Ah mourn ye banks o' Swale.

Then ye nymphs that mak sea free
 Wi' laddies that love ale,
 Ah think of her that went wi' me
 Upon the banks o' Swale.

And spurn syke wooers that wad woo
 Ye to become their wife,
 For know 'e this, if ye do
 Ye 'd ruined be for life.*

THE CHASE OF THE BLACK FOX.

THIS ballad, communicated by Mr. Wm. Grainge, †
 of Minskip, has never been printed, and is little

* Communicated by Mr. Wm. Todd, of Keckmondwike, author of "T' Country Chap," &c.

† Author of the "Vale of Mowbray," &c.; to whom I am indebted for the "Collingham Ghost," and "The Widow's Lament."

known. The tradition on which it is founded is yet related by old people in the midland parts of Yorkshire, and the incidents recited in the narrative are very nearly those related by the tongue of "hoary eld."

LISTEN, Yorkshire gentlemen,
Unto the tale I tell,
'Tis of a strange adventure
That once a lord befel,

Who took his way with horse and hound,
With huntsman and with horn,
To chase the wily fox I ween,
One autumn's merry morn.

Long did they seek the cunning one,
And roamed with labour vain,
Through many a thorny thicket,
O'er many a woody plain ;

No traces of sly reynard,
Their closest search can find,
There is no track upon the ground,
No scent upon the wind.

The hunters are impatient all,
The huntsman swears, " In vain
We've beaten round, we've beaten square,
No fox is on the plain.

" We might as well call off the hounds
And come another day,
Old N—k must have been hunting here
And driven them away."

" If we had caught him in the act,"
The angry lord replies,

“ We would have chased him home again,
And made his brush our prize :

“ Or if he would but come to day,
We'd give him such a run,
As he ne'er had in all his life,
O, 'twould be noble fun !”

So spake the lord and huntsman,
When to their great surprise,
A noble fox unkenelled
Before their wondering eyes,

As black as any raven,
As glossy and as bright,
Save that his brush—no hunter's prize,
Is tipp'd with shining white.

The huntsman wakes from wonder,
And gives a cheering blast,
The hounds reply in thunder,
The hunters follow fast.

Away they go a gallant band,
Ye would have thought they flew ;
Their horses were the fleetest
That Yorkshire ever knew.

O'er many a lofty fence they pass,
O'er many a gate and stile,
The sable one is leading them
Many a dreary mile.

And always full before their eyes,
Nor far before the hound,
But all their speed to catch him
Is ever fruitless found.

The hunters now are tiring,
Or lagging far behind,
But yet the fox is running
As merrily as the wind.

The staunchest hounds are wearied
With the fruitless chase,
The angry lord and huntsman
Alone maintain the race.

When at the sinking of the day
They gain'd a river's side,
Without a moment's stop or stay
The fox takes to the tide.

Here stop the lord and huntsman,
Their courage is no more,
They dare not trust their horses
Amidst the waves of Yore.

Both hound, and horse, and hunters,
Are fairly tired and done,
For since the game was started,
Full three score miles they'd run.

While light as cork on water
The fox was floating on,
You could not tell by seeing him,
A furlong he had run.

He swam into the middle,
Then turned him round about,
And by the hunters on the bank
Was heard to laugh and shout.

“ Ho! ho! ye gallant hunters!
When must I come again?
For never shall ye want a fox,
To chase along the plain.

“ And when your need is greatest,
 But call upon my name,
 And I will come—and you shall have
 The best of sport and game.”

MISS BAILEY'S GHOST.*

A CAPTAIN bold in Halifax, who dwelt in country
 quarters
 Seduced a maid who hang'd herself one morning in
 her garters ;
 His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach
 daily,
 He took to drinking ratafia, and thought upon miss
 Bailey.
 Oh miss Bailey ! unfortunate miss Bailey.

One night, betimes, he went to rest, for he had caught
 a fever,
 Says he, “ I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay de-
 ceiver.”
 His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite
 palely,
 A ghost stepp'd up to his bed-side and said, “ Behold
 miss Bailey !”
 Oh miss Bailey ! unfortunate miss Bailey !

“ Avaunt, miss Bailey,” then he cried, “ your face
 looks white and mealy.”
 “ Dear captain Smith,” the ghost replied, “ you've
 used me ungentlely ;

* This song first appeared, in 1805, in Colman's “ Love
 laughs at Locksmiths.” See a Latin version of this song by
 the Rev. G. H. Glasse, in *Gent. Mag.* for Aug. 1805.

The crowner's 'quest goes hard with me, because I've
acted frailly,
And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead
miss Bailey."

Oh miss Bailey! unfortunate miss Bailey!

"Dear corpse," said he, "since you and I, accounts
must once for all close,
I've got a one pound note in my regimental small
clothes;
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave."—The ghost
then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, "Bless you, wicked captain Smith, remember
poor miss Bailey."

Oh miss Bailey! unfortunate miss Bailey.

THE TWO YORKSHIRE LOVERS.*

To the Tune of "*Willy*."

WHEN Willy once he stayed,
To fetch home a lamb that straid,
Under a hill-side,
A bonny lass he spide,
Of whom he was well apaied.

Her cheeks like cherries growing,
Her lips like rose-buds blowing;
Her eyes black and cleare,
As the sloe upon the breere,
Or the worme in the hedge lies glowing.

* From a broadside in the Rox. Coll., black letter. London, printed for John Wright.

Her waist so small and slender,
Her skin so soft and tender,
 He sigh'd and he said
 That she was a fair maid,
And his love to her he'd render.

The wind did seem to play
With her tresses as she lay ;
 Betwixt hope and feare,
 He was in despaire,
To give her the time of the day.

Yet resolv'd to court this minion,
There stept in a new opinion ;
 This timorous clowne
 Thought Phœbe had come down
To speake with her loved Endimion.

His errand quite forgotten,
He lean'd to a tree was rotten ;
 He swore by the masse,
 There was never such a lasse !
His heart with a shaft was shotten.

Then boldly he stept unto her,
His eyes shot affection through her ;
 He cast away fears,
 And pricking up his ears,
Thus Willy began to wooe her.

“ Good day,” quoth he, “ my honny !
Thou dearer to me than money ;
 I'le lose my little lambe,
 And gladly give the damme,
To be lov'd by a lasse so bonny.

“ Now list to what I’le tell thee,
 There’s none in shape doth excell thee,
 So thou wilt wed me,
 None happier than thee ;
 For better day ere befell me.

“ Of nuts I’le give thee plenty,
 And red side apples twenty ;
 My butter I’le leese,
 To make thee summer cheese,
 And creame to make egge-pies dainty.

“ My lambs new gowns shall bear thee,
 No daylockes shall ere come near thee ;
 The poultry of the towne
 Shall cackle without downe,
 Ere I’le want a soft bed to cheer thee.

“ My bagpipes mirth shall make thee,
 Each morn with a song I’le wake thee ;
 At night I’le not faile
 To tell a merry tale,
 And make thy sad thoughts forsake thee.

THE SECOND PART.

“ White lillies shall pave the closes,
 Each brier shall blush with roses ;
 The grass green and sweet,
 Shall kiss thy tender feet,
 And the medows shall yield thee posies.

“ With shady bowers set ore thee,
 With thousand contents I’le store thee ;
 While by some clear brooke,
 With my little dog and hooke,
 I’le bring my fine ewes before thee.”

While thus he was close set at her,
Quoth she, " I suspect the matter,
For an houres sport ;
Like the false alluring court,
The country has learned to flatter.

" Therefore leave off thy wooing ;
I love not such short doing,
And come unto the matter ;
I love not for to flatter,
True affection hates long suing.

" But if your love will prove steady,
Till Hymen had made him ready,
Then surfeit all night
In a captive maids delight,
Which yet but ayre hath fed ye."

Quoth he, " I love none above thee,
For chastity I prove thee ;
As constant I'll prove,
As the mate unto the dove,
Nay, though thou wert dead, I'll love thee !

" And all contents I'll give thee,
So that thou wilt live with me ;
My life and all I'll loose,
Ere I my love abuse,
And all my rich kith unto me."

As Willy thus was talking,
The shepherd's eyes were walking ;
Each legge and each limbe,
So tricked, so trim,
She thought it no time of balking.

Her heart with love was taken,
 God Cupid did her awaken ;
 And cast a cheerfull eye,
 Upon him by and by,
 To show he was not forsaken.

His lips to hers he laid,
 She never a word gain-said ;
 Thus joyning their hands,
 They tyed the nuptiall bands,
 Which never till death decai'd.

Such happy joy God send me,
 When I to wed intend me ;
 And to each faithfull lover,
 Where they be one or other,
 I heartily commend thee.

NATTERIN NAN.

BE A YORKSHUR LIKENASS TAKER.*

NOA daht ye'll all ev eard abaht
 T' Appolloa Belvidere,
 A statty, thowt be sum ta be
 Fro' ivvery failin tlear.

All reyt an streyt i' mak and shap,
 A mould for t'race o' men,
 A dahnreyt, upreyt, beng-up chap,
 Nut mitch unlike mesen.

* Benjamin Preston, of Bradford, author of "T' Spicy Man," &c. Mr. Preston purposes giving a series of twelve, similar to the above, in the dialect of Bradford Dale. Published by Abraham Holroyd, Westgate, Bradford.

Nah, thaw ye know he's nowt bud stoan,
 He lewks sa grand an big,
 That little durst ya pool his noas,
 Ur lug his twisted wig.

Pratly, reyt pratly, ovver t'floor,
 A tep e toas ye walk,
 An hod yur breeath for varry awe,
 An whisper when ya tauk.

There's that abaht him, bud I know'nt
 Nut reytly hah ta say't,
 That maks ya feel as small as thieves
 Anent a magistrate.

Yee've seen that dolt o'mucky tlay,
 O't face o' Pudsa Doas,
 T'owd madlin 's worn it all his life,
 An fancied it a noas.

Yond props is like a pair o' tengs
 O' Sykes's, yet by t' megs,
 When he wur souber as a judge,
 A've eard him call em legs.

So Heaven be praised for self-consate,
 Withaht it ah sud say
 Wee'se hate wursen we all wur meet
 For ivver an a day.

When sitch like lewks at t' marble God
 Egoy! ha wide they gape,
 An wunder which they favver t'moast,
 A boggard or an ape.

An sum we envy and we spite
 Get filled ta that degree,
 They'd knock his noas off if they durst,
 Or give him a black ee.

He sumhah kests a leet on things
 'At fowk noan wants ta see,
 Thear's few likes tellin what they are
 Or what they owt ta be.

Wah, wah, purfecshun nivver did
 To Adam's bairns beleng,
 An lewk at mortals as we will
 We fynd a summat wreng.

For Adam gate so mesht wi't fall,
 That all o't human race
 Grow sadly aht o' shap it mind,
 I't karkiss an it' face.

There's noan sa blynd bud tha can see
 Sum fawts i' other men ;
 A've sumtimes met we fowk 'at thowt
 They saw sum i' thersen.

An t'best o' chaps al fynd thersen
 At times i' t' fawty dlass,
 A've doubled t'neiv, afoar ta day,
 At t' foil i't seemin dlass.

Bud twarst o' fawts at a've seen yet,
 I' woman ur i' man,
 Is t'weary naagin nengin turn,
 'At plagued poor Natterin Nan.

A' went one summer afternoin
 Ta see hur poar owd man,
 An aadly hed I darkened t'door,
 When t'worrit thus began :

“ A-wah did ivver! wot a treat,
 Ta see thy father's sun,
 Come forrad lad an sit ta dahn,
 An al set t' kettle on.”

“Nay, nay,” says ah, “ah’m noan o’ them
 ’At calls at t’ime by t’clock ;”
 An bumps em dahn it corner chair,
 An gloares reyt hard at t’jock.

“Tha nontkate witta hod thee tung,
 He’ll sooin be hear I’ce think,
 Soa if thall sit an leet thee pipe,
 Ah’ll fotch a sope o’ drink.”

“Owd lass,” says ah, “thart hey i’ bone
 An rayther low i’ beef ;”
 “Ah barn,” says shoo, “this year or two,
 ’Av hed a deal o’ grief.

“Ah’m nut a wuman ’at oft speyks,
 Or sings fowk doleful sengs,
 Bud ah can tell me mind ta thee,
 Tha kuaws wot things belengs.

“Tha noaticed ah noan lewked sa staat,
 An ah can trewly say,
 Fro t’last back end o’ t’year ta nah,
 A’ve nut been weel a day.

“An wot we sickness, wot we grief,
 Ah’m doin tha may depend ;
 It’s been a weary moild an tew,
 Bud nah it gets near t’end.

“A’ve bowt all t’sister ’at ah hev
 A black merina gaan ;
 Fowk thinks ah’m rarely off, but, lad,
 A’m thenkful ’at ah’m baan.

“We’ t’world an ivvery thing at’s in’t,
 Ah’m crost to that degree,
 That mony a time i’t day ah’ve pra’d
 To lig ma doan an dee.

“ What ah’ve ta tak fro t’least i’t haase
 Is moar nur flesh can bear,
 It is’nt just a time be chance
 Bud ivvery day i’t year.

“ Noa livin sowl a’top o’ t’earth,
 Wor tried as ah’ve been tried ;
 There’s noabdy bud the Lord an me,
 ’At kuaws what ah’ve ta bide.

“ Fro t’wind at t’stomach, t’rewmatism,
 An tengin pains it goom ;
 Fro coffs an cowds, an t’spine it back,
 Ah suffer martyrdom.

“ Bud noabdy pities ma, or thinks
 Ah’m ailin owt at all ;
 T’poor slave mun tug an tew we t’wark
 Wolivver shoo can crawl.

“ An Johnny’s t’ moast unfeelin brewt
 ’At ivver ware a heead ;
 He woddunt weg a hand ur foot
 If ah wur all bud deead.

“ It mid’s t o’ all ah’ve hed ta dew,
 That roag wur nivver t’man
 Ta fotch a coil, or scar a fleg,
 Ur wesh a pot ur pan.

“ Fowk says ’ar Sal ’al sooin be wed,
 Bud t’thowt on’t turns ma sick,
 ’Ah’d rayther hing hur up by t’neck,
 Ur see her berrid wick.

“ An if ah new a barn o’ mine,
 Wur born ta lead my life,
 Ah suddent think it wor a sin
 Ta stick hur wi’ a knife.

“ Ah’ve ax’d ar Johnny twenty times
Ta bring a sweep ta t’ doar,
Bud nah, afoar a’ll speyk agean,
Ah’ll sit it t’haase an smoar.

“ An then, gooid grashus, what a wind
Comes whewin throo t’doar sneck,
Ah felt it all t’last winter like
A whittle at my neck.

“ That sink-pipe tu gate stopt wi’ muck,
Aboon a fortnit sin ;
So ivvery aar it day wi’ t’slops,
Am treshin aht an in.

“ Aw! when ah think hah ah’ve been tret,
An hah ah tew an strive,
Ta tell thee t’honest trewth, ah’m capped
Ta fynd mesen alive.

“ When he’s been rakin aht a’t neet
At market ur a’t fair ;
Sitch thowts hes coom inta me heead
As lifted up me air.

“ Ah’ve thowt, ay lad, when tha cums hoam,
Tha’ll fynd ma hung by ’t neck,
Bud then ah’ve mebbe thowt agean
At t’ coord ud happen brek.

“ Or else ah’ve mutterd if i’t wor’nt
Sa dark, an cowl, an weet,
Ah’d go ta’t navvy, or ta’t dam,
An draand mesen ta neet.

“ It’s greef, lad, nowt at all bud greef,
At wastes me day be day ;
So Sattan temps ma cos ah’m wake
Ta put mesen away.”

Towd chap heerd pairt o'what shoo sed,
 As he cam clompin in,
 An shauted in a red-fac'd rage,
 "Od rot it, hod the din."

Then Nan began to froth an fume,
 An fiz like botteld drink,
 "Wat then, tha's enterd t'haase agean,
 Tha offald lewkin slink.

"Tha nivver cums theas doars within
 Bud tha mun curse an sweear,
 An try ta bring ma ta me grave
 We breedin hurries hear.

"At thee an thine sin wed we wor
 Ah've taen no end o' greef,
 An nah tha stamps ma under t'fooit,
 Tha murderin roag an theef.

"Tha villan gimma wat ah browt,
 'At day at we wur wed,
 An nivver moar wi' one like thee
 Will ah set fooit e' bed."

Here t' dowdy lifted tull her een
 A yard a gooid lin check,
 An sob'd, an roar'd, an rock'd hersen,
 As if her art ud breck.

An then shoo rave reit up be't rooits
 A andful of her air,
 An fitterd like a deein duk
 An shutturd aht a't chair.

"Aw! Jonny! run for't doctur, lad,
 Ah feel ah can tel hah."
 Sais Jonny, "Leet thee pipe agean,
 Shoo'l coom abaht enah."

Sais ah, " Ah nivver saw a chap
 Sa ceasyful and fat,
 Tha'll suarly lend a elpin and
 Ta lift hur of a't plat."

Bud better hed it been for him
 If he'd neer sturr'd a peg ;
 My garturs ! what a pawse he gat
 Fra Nan rumatic leg.

Sooin, varry sooin, sho coom abaht
 An flang, an tare, an rave,
 E sich a way as fu end dew
 We' one foot i' ther grave.

An at it went hur tongue ageean,
 That minnit shoo fan eease,
 " Tha villan tha, tha knows thee ways
 Brings on sitch girds as theeas.

" Aw if tha'd strike ma stiff at once,
 Ur stab ma ta me hart,
 I then cud dee content, for fowk
 Ud naw reyt what ta art.

" Unfeelin brewt, unfeelin brewt,
 Ah neer wur weel an strong ;
 There's nobbut one thing cheers ma nah,
 Ah cannut last sa long.

" Ta stand up in a thing at's reyt,
 It isant i' me natur,
 There is at knaws I awlus wur
 A poor, soft, quiat cratur.

" One thing ah can say if me life
 Ta neet sud end it leease ;
 Ah've doin my dewty an tha knaws
 Ah awlus strave for peease.

“ Ah knaw, ah knaw at ah'm it gate,
 Tha's other oats ta thresh ;
 So when ah's dun for tha ma wed
 You gooid for nowt young tresh.”

Then Nan pool'd summat aht o't drawer
 White as a summer claad ;
 Ses I ta Jonny, “ What's that thear ?”
 Ses Jonny, “ It's a shraad.

“ An t'effin coom tu, bud ah sware
 I woddunt ha't it haase,
 So, when shoo's muled, shoo sews at that,
 As quiat as a maase.”

Then Nan lewkt at me we a lewk,
 So yonderly an sad,
 “ Tha'll coom ta t'berrin ?” “ Yus,” says ah,
 “ Ah sall be varry dlad.”

“ An bid the Mother,” Jonny cried,
 “ An ax the Uncle Ben,
 Fur all hur prayers for suddan deeach,
 Sal hev my best ‘ Amen.’”

THE BARBER OF THIRSK'S FORFEITS.

FIRST come, first served—Then come not late,
 And when arrived keep your sate ;
 For he who from these rules shall swerve,
 Shall pay his forfeit—so observe.

Who enters here with boots and spurs,
 Must keep his nook, for if he stirs,
 And gives with arm'd heel a kick,
 A pint he pays for every prick.

Who rudely takes another's turn,
 By forfeit glass—may manners learn ;
 Who reverentless shall swear or curse,
 Must lug seven ha'-pence from his purse.

Who checks the barber in his tale,
 Shall pay for that a gill of yale ;
 Who will, or cannot miss his hat,
 Whilst trimming pays a pint for that.

And he who can but will not pay,
 Shall hence be sent half trimmed away ;
 For will he—nill he—if in fault,
 He forfeit must in meal or malt.
 But mark the man who is in drink,
 Must the cannikin oh, never, never, clink.

THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN; OR, THE
 ADVENTURES OF A POTATO MERCHANT.

MY father was once a great merchant,
 As any in Ireland was found,
 But, faith, he could never save a shilling,
 Tho' potatoes he sold by the pound.
 So says he to my mother one night,
 To England suppose you and I go,
 And the very next day, by moonlight,
 They took leave of the county of Slygo.
 Sing de ral, ral de ral la, fal lal de, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water,
 'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll own,
 And single misfortunes, they say,
 To Irishmen ne'er come alone.

So my father, poor man ! was first drown'd,
 Then shipwreck'd, in sailing from Cork,
 But my mother she got safe to land,
 And a whisky shop open'd in York.

Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,
 One night about five i' th' morn,
 An odd accident happen'd to me,
 For 'twas then that myself was first born.
 All this I've been told by my mammy,
 And surely she'll not tell me wrong,
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 'Caze it happen'd when I was quite young.

Fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day the next year,
 (For so ran the story of mother,)
 The same accident happen'd again,
 But not to me then, that were brother.
 So 'twas settled by old father Luke,
 Who dissolved all our family sins,
 As we both were born on the same day,
 That we sartainly must have been twins.

Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want ;
 Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
 For my genius they said it would cramp.
 Now this genius of mine, where it lay,
 Do but listen awhile and you'll hear,
 'Twas in drawing,—not landscapes or pictures,
 No, mine was for drawing of beer.

Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only one genius are blest,
 But I, it appears, had got two,

For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genius for drinking it too,
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a farden,
 But since I've earn'd many a crown
 By the shop here in sweet Covvon Garden.
 Fal de ral, &c.

WHEN AT HAME WI' DAD.

WHEN at hame wi' dad,
 We niver had nae fun sir,
 Which mead me sae mad,
 I swore away I'd run sir ;
 I packed up cleas sae smart,
 Ribbed stocking, weastcoats pratty,
 Wi' money and leet heart,
 Tripped off te Lunnun city.
 Fal de ral de ra.

When I did git there,
 I geaped about quite silly,
 At all the shows te stare,
 In a spot called Piccerdilly ;
 Lord sic charming seets,
 Bods i' cages thrive sir,
 Coaches, fiddles, fights,
 And crocodiles alive sir.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Then I did ge te see,
 The gentry in Hyde Park sir,
 When a lass pushed reedely by,
 Te whoam I did remark sir,

“ Tho’ your feace be een sae fair,
 I’ve seen a beer mare civil.”
 Then the little cleas they wear,
 God Lunnun is the devil.

Fal de ral, &c.

Te ’t play-house then I gaus,
 Whar I seed merry feaces,
 And in the lower rows,
 Were sarvents keeping pleaces ;
 T’ players I saw seun,
 They managed things quite funny,
 By gock they’d Hunny-mean,
 Afore they’d Mattrimony.

Fal de ral, &c.

Now having seen all I cud,
 And passed away my time sir,
 If you think fit and good,
 I’le een give up my rhyme sir ;
 And sud my ditty please,
 The popies in this garden,
 Te me t’wad be hearts-ease,
 If not I ax yer pardon.

Fal de ral de ra.

I'M YORKSHIRE TOO.

BY t’ side of a brig, that stands over a brook,
 I was sent by times to school ;
 I went wi’ the stream as I studied my book,
 And was thought to be no small fool.
 I never yet bought a pig in a poke,
 For to give auld Nick his due ;
 Tho’ oft I’ve dealt wi’ Yorkshire folk,
 Yet I was Yorkshire too.

I was pretty well lik'd by each village maid,
 At races, wake or fair,
 For my father had addled a vast in trade,
 And I were his son and heir.
 And seeing that I didn't want for brass,
 Poor girls came first to woo,
 But tho' I delight in a Yorkshire lass,
 Yet I was Yorkshire too !

To Lunnon by father I was sent,
 Genteeler manners to see ;
 But fashion's so dear, I came back as I went,
 And so they made nothing o' me.
 My kind relations wou'd soon have found out
 What was best wi' my money to do :
 Says I, " My dear cousins, I thank ye for nought,
 But I'm not to be cozen'd by you !
 For I'm Yorkshire too."*

THE SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

BY D. LEWIS.

THE incident here recorded happened at a farm house, on Leeming Lane, some years ago, and is a favourite chap-book history.

A SWEEPER's lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leam'd his feet ;
 He call'd te see a good awd deecame,
 'At monny a time had trigg'd his weame ;
 (For he wor then fahve miles fra yam.)
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlers sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,

* From *A Garland of New Songs*, printed by W. Appleton, Darlington, 1811.

Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t' lair.
 He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' seeat beneath his heead ;
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood,
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.
 About midneeght, or nearer moorn,
 Twea thieves brack in te steal their coorn ;
 Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
 Seean they te winder fell te wark ;
 An' wishing they'd a lad te fill,
 Young brush, (whea yet had ligg'd quite still,)
 Thinkin' 'at t' men belang'd te t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,
 Jump'd doon directly on te t' fleear,
 An' t' thieves beeath ran oot at deear ;
 Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convine'd it wor awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght seean
 Te t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean :
 Maister an' men then quickly raise,
 An' ran te t' lair wi' hawf ther cleelas.
 Twea horses, secks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish band ;
 These round i' t' neybourheead they eried,
 Bud nut an awner e'er applied ;
 For neean durst horses awn nur secks,
 They wor seea freeeghten'd o' ther necks.
 They seld the horses, an' of course,
 Put awf o' the brass i' sooty's purse ;
 Desiring when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay,
 When harty welcome he sud have
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft te leek at 'em did stand,

As heeame he wistlin' teak his way ;
 Blessin' t' awd deecame wha let him stay,
 An' sleep i' t' lair, when, late o' t' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet.

HOWELL WOOD ;* OR, THE RABY HUNT,
 IN YORKSHIRE,

FEBRUARY, 1803.

To the tune of "*Ballynamonaora.*"

" Let those ride hard, who never rode before,
 And those who always rode, now ride the more."

WHILST passing o'er Barnsdale,† I happen'd
 to spy,
 A fox stealing on and the hounds in full cry ;
 They are DARLINGTON's sure, for his voice I well know,
 Crying forward—hark forward ; from Skelbrook‡
 below.

With my Ballynamonaora,
 The hounds of old Raby for me.

* Howell Wood is situated about ten miles westward from Doncaster. Amongst the possessions of the priory of St. Oswald at Nostel that passed to Dr. Leigh, the original grantee from the crown, on the 22nd March, 31 H. viii., 1540, were a capital messuage called Holewell or Hovel hall, in the parish of Thurnscoe, with a *wood* of 160 acres. This wood is now the property of William Aldam, esq., of Frickley.

† The district called Barnsdale begins at a short distance northwards of Robin Hood's well. It is situated about midway between Doncaster and Ferrybridge, or Doncaster and Pontefract, and is celebrated for having been one of the favourite haunts of the "bold Robin Hood." See p. 35, *ante*.

‡ Skelbrook, about seven miles from Doncaster, a handsome gentleman's residence, was then the property of H. Perryn

See Binchester leads them, whose speed seldom fails,
 And now let us see who can tread on their tails ;
 For, like pigeons in flight, the best hunter would blow,
 Should his master attempt to ride over them now.

Chorus. With my, &c.

From HOWELL WOOD come—they to STAPLETON* go,
 What confusion I see, in the valley below ;
 My friends in *black collars*,† nearly beat out of sight,
 And BADSWORTH's old heroes in sorrowful plight.

Chorus. With my, &c.

'Tis hard to describe all the frolic and fun,
 Which, of course, must ensue, in this capital run ;
 But I quote the old proverb, howe'er trite and lame,
 That—" *The looker on sees most by half of the game.*"

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then first in the burst, see dashing away,
 Taking all on his stroke, on RALPHO the grey ;
 With *persuaders* in flank, comes DARLINGTON's peer,‡
 With his chin sticking out, and his cap on one ear.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Brown, esq., and occupied by Dawson Humble, esq. It passed to the family of John Pate Nevile, esq., formerly of Badsworth, in which it remains, and is now the seat of Mrs. Nevile. Situated in the vicinity of Barnsdale, and close to the well of Robin Hood, there seemed to be kept up a lingering remnant of ancient forestry in the maintenance here, for many years, of a small park of deer, but which has been lately discontinued. Dr. Miller, in his "Hist. of Doncaster," p. 343, states that this park was famous for the fine venison it produced.

* Stapleton, in the parish of Darrington, is about five or six miles from Skelbrook, northwards, on the right-hand side of the Great North Road. The owner at that time was Ellis Hodgson, esq. (mentioned afterwards). It was afterwards the property of the Hon. Ed. R. Petre, and is now that of J. H. Barton, esq.

† The members of the Raby Hunt wear black velvet collars with a gold fox thereon, *courant*, to their scarlet coats.

‡ William Henry Vane, 3rd earl of Darlington, afterwards

Never heeding a tumble, a scratch, or a fall,
 Laying close in his quarter, see SCOTT of WOODHALL;*
 And mind how he cheers them, with "Hark to the cry!"
 Whilst on him the peer keeps a *pretty sharp eye*.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

And next him on MORGAN, all rattle and talk,
 Cramming over the fences, comes wild MARTIN
 HAWKE,†
 But his neck he must break, surely sooner or late,
 As he'd rather *ride over* than *open* a gate.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

Then there's dashing FRANK BOYNTON, who rides
 thorough breds,
 Their carcasses nearly as small as their heads :
 But he rides so d——d hard that it makes my heart
 ache,
 For fear his long legs should be left on a stake.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

Behold HARRY MELLISH,‡ as wild as the wind,
 On LANCASTER mounted, leaving numbers behind ;
 But lately return'd from democrat France,
 Where forgetting to bet—he's been learning to dance.
 Chorus. With my, &c.

1st marquess, and duke of Cleveland, K. G. &c. &c., of Raby Castle, co. Durham, born 27 July, 1766. His grace, when earl of Darlington, for several years occupied Bilham house, near Doncaster, as a sporting seat, and hunted that part of the country. He died 5 Feb. 1842.

* Joseph Scott, esq., for many years resident at Badsworth hall.

† The Hon. Martin Bladen Edward Hawke, 2nd son of Martin Bladen, 2nd lord Hawke ; born 1 April, 1777.

‡ Henry Francis Mellish, esq., of Blythe hall, Notts ; died 24 July, 1817.

That eagle-ey'd sportsman, CHARLES BRANDLING,
 behold,

Laying in a snug place, which needs scarcely be told ;
 But from riding so hard, my friend CHARLEY forbear,
 For fear you should tire you *thirty pound mare* !

Chorus. With my, &c.

And close at his heels, see BOB LASCELLES advance,
 Dress'd as gay for the field, as if leading the dance,
 Resolv'd to ride hard, nor be counted the last,
 Pretty sure of the speed of his fav'rite OUTCAST.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Next mounted on PANCAKE, see yonder comes LEN,*
 A sportsman, I'm sure, well deserving my pen ;
 He looks in high glee, and enjoying the fun,
 Tho' truly I fear that his *cake's over done*.

Chorus. With my, &c.

On METHODIST perched, in a very good station,
 FRANK BARLOW behold, that firm prop of the nation,
 But nothing could greater offend the good soul,
 Than to *Coventry sent* from the chase and the bowl.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then those two little fellows, as light as a feather,
 CHARLES PARKER and CLOWES† come racing together,
 And riding behind them, see OLIVER DICK,‡
 With SLAP-DASH half blown, looking sharp for a nick.

Chorus. With my, &c.

* Leonard Walbanke Childers, esq., of Doncaster, died 24
 Jany. 1826, aged 57.

† Samuel Clowes, esq., lived at Warmsworth, and Sprot-
 brough hall.

‡ Richard Oliver, esq., of Darrington hall.

On EBONY mounted, behold my LORD BARNARD,*
 To live near the pack, now oblig'd is to strain hard ;
 But mount my friend BARNY, on something that's quick,
 I warrant, my lads, he would show you a trick.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then BLAND† and TOM GASCOIGNE,‡ I spy in the van,
 Riding hard as two devils, at catch as catch can,
 But racing along, to try which can get first,
 Already, I see, both *their* horses are burst.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then smack at a yawner falls my friend BILLY CLOUGH,§
 He gets up, stares around him, faith! silly enough ;
 While PILKINGTON|| near him, cries “ Pr’ythee get
 bled.”

“ Oh no, never mind, Sir, I fell on my head.”

Chorus. With my, &c.

But where's that hard rider, my friend COL. BELL?¶
 At the first setting off from the cover he fell ;
 But I see the old crop, thus the whole chase will carry,
 In respectable style, the good-temper'd HARRY.

Chorus. With my, &c.

With very small feet, sticking fast in the mud,
 FRANK HAWKSWORTH** I see, on his neat bit of blood ;
 But, pull up, my friend, say you've lost a *fore shoe*,
 Else *bleeding*, I fear, must be shortly for you.

Chorus. With my, &c.

* Henry Vaue, viscount Barnard, eldest son of the above earl of Darlington, and the present duke of Cleveland.

† Thomas Davison Bland, esq., of Kippax.

‡ Thomas Gascoigne, esq., of Parlington.

§ Wm. Clough, esq., of Oxtou, near Tadcaster.

|| Of Chevet, probably.

¶ Robert Bell, of Newcastle, married Anne Mildreda, d. of C. W. Childers, esq., of Cantley.

** Francis Hawksworth, esq., of Barnbro' Grange.

To keep their nags fresh for the end of the day,
 SIR EDWARD* and LASCELLES just canter away ;
 Not enjoying the pace our Raby hounds go,
 But preferring the maxim of "*certain and slow.*"

Chorus. With my, &c.

At the top of his speed, sadly beat and forlorn,
 Behold CAPT. HORTON is steering for BALN ;
 For accustom'd at sea, both to *shift* and to *tack*,
 He hopes by *manœuv'ring* to gain the fleet pack.

Chorus. With my, &c.

The two LEES,† HARVEY HAWKE,‡ FRANK SOTH'RON,§
 and all,

Are skirting away for STAPLETON HALL ;
 Whilst far in the rear, behold ALVERLEY COOKE,||
 Endeav'ring to scramble o'er HAMPOLE'S wide brook.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Far aloof to the right, and op'ning a gate,
 There's a sportsman by system, who never rides
 straight ;

But why, my good GODFREY,¶ thus far will you roam,
 When a pack of fine beagles hunt close to your home ?

Chorus. With my, &c.

* Sir Edward Dodworth, bart., of Newland.

† Wm. Lee, esq., of Grove, near Pontefract, many years treasurer of the West Riding, (father of R. T. Lee, esq., now of Grove,) and his brother James Lee, esq., of Carlton, afterwards of West Retford house, Notts.

‡ The Hon. Edward Harvey Hawke, afterwards the 3rd lord Hawke, born 3 May, 1774.

§ Frank Sotheron, afterwards admiral, of Darrington, and Kirklington, Notts.

|| Brian Wm. Darwin Cooke, esq., of Alverley, near Doncaster ; died 26 April, 1823.

¶ Probably Godfrey Wentworth Wentworth, esq., of Wolley, high sheriff, 1796 ; died Sept. 14, 1834.

Safe o'er the brook—but where's CAPTAIN DANSER?*

Oh! he's stopping to catch SIR ROWLAND WINN'S
prancer;

But what is the use of that, my friend WINN,†
If on foot you attempt it, you'll *sure* tumble in.

Chorus. With my, &c.

On his chesnut nag mounted, and heaving in flank,
At a very great distance, behold BACON FRANK;‡
So true's the old maxim, we even now find,
That, "*justice will always come limping behind.*"

Chorus. With my, &c.

See STARKEY and HOPWOOD, so full of their jokes,
From BRAMHAM MOOR come, to be quizzing the folks;
And when they return the whole chase they'll explain,
Tho' they saw little of it—to crony FOX LANE.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Lost, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but showing some
blood,
For from COXCOMB'S poor shoulders it streams in a
flood;

Behold Mr. HODGSON,§ how he fumes and he frets,
While his black lays entangled in cursed sheep nets.

Chorus. With my, &c.

If his name I pass'd over, I fear he would cavil,
I just wish to say that I *saw* Mr. SAVILLE;

* William Danser, Lt. Col. Royal Regt., who, when captain 4th Grenadiers, led the landing in Egypt; died at Doncaster, 19th March, 1812, aged 49.

† Of Nostell.

‡ Bacon Frank, esq., of Campsall, an active justice of the peace, and for many years chairman of the quarter sessions. High sheriff 1777; died 4 April, 1812, aged 73.

§ Ellis Hodgson, esq., of Stapleton, before alluded to.

And with very long coat on, (a friend to his tailor)
 With some more WAKEFIELD heroes, behold Mr.
 NAYLOR.

Chorus. With my, &c.

A large posse see in the valley below,
 Who serve very well for to make up a show ;
 But broad as the brook is, it made many stop,
 It's not ev'ry man's luck for to get to the top.

Chorus. With my, &c.

JOHNNY DALTON* so sure at Went made a slip,
 His nag tumbld in and he cry'd for his whip ;
 His groom coming up found his master so cross,
 D——n your fine whip, what's become of the horse ?

Chorus. With my, &c.

Now all having pass'd, I'll to FERRYBRIDGE go,†
 Each event of the day at the club I shall know ;
 Where bright bumpers of claret enliven the night,
 And chase far away hated envy, and spite.

Chorus. With my, &c.

Then forgive me, my friends, if you think me severe,
 'Tis but meant as a joke, not intended to sneer ;
 Come I'll give you a toast, in a bumper of wine,
 Here's success to this club, and to sport so divine.

And the hounds of old Raby for me.‡

* Probably of Slenningford, near Ripon.

† Ferrybridge, fifteen miles from Doncaster, on the Great North Road, once celebrated for its excellent inns—the Angel and the Swan.

‡ Kindly favoured by Charles Jackson, esq., of Doncaster.

THE COLLINGHAM GHOST.

I'LL tell ye aboot the Collingham ghost,
 An' a rare aud ghost was he ;
 For he cud laff, an' he cud talk,
 An' run, an' jump, an' flee.

He went aboot hither an' thither,
 An' freeten'd sum out o' thir wits,
 He freeten'd the parson as weel as the clark,
 An' lots beside them into fits.

The poor aud man wha teak the towl
 At Collingham bar for monny a year,
 He dursn't cum out to opp'n his yat
 For fear the ghost sud be near.

He teak to his bed an' there he laid,
 For monny a neet an' day ;
 His yat was aulas wide opp'n thrown,
 An' nean ivver stopp't to pay.

Aud Jerry wha kept the public house,
 An' sell'd gud yal to all,
 Curs'd the ghost wi' hearty gud will,
 For neabody stopp'd to call.

It made sike a noise all round aboot,
 That folks com far to see ;
 Sum sed it was a dreadful thing,
 An' sum sed it was a lee.

Gamkeepers com wi' dogs an' guns,
 Thinking it was some comical beast;
 An' they wad aither kill him or catch him,
 Or drive him awa at least.

Sea into Lady wood right they went
 Yah beautiful meenleet neet;
 A lot o' great men an' a lot o' ruff dogs,
 Enew a poor ghost to eat.

They watid lang—the ghost didn't come,
 They began to laff an' rail,—
 “If he cum oot ov hiz den,” says yan,
 “We'll clap a bit o' saut ov hiz tail.”

“Nay he knoos better then turn oot,
 When we are here to watch him,
 He'd git a bullit through his lug,
 Or Mungo there wad catch him.”

When close to their heads wi' a terrible clatter
 The ghost went wherrin up,
 An' ower the woods he lafft an' shoutid,
 “Bobo, bobo! who whoop, who whoop!”

The gamkeepers all tumbled doon,
 Their hair thrust off their hat,
 They gaped an' grean'd an' roll'd aboot,
 An' their hearts went pit-a-pat.

Thir feaces were white as onny clout,
 An' they sed nivver a word,
 They cudn't tell what the ghost was like,
 Whether 'twas a beast or a bird.

They stay'd nea langer i' th' wood that neet,
 Poor men were nivver dafter,
 They ran awa hame as fast as they cud,
 An' thir dogs ran yelping after.

The parson then, a larned man,
Sed he wad conjur the ghost ;
He was sure it was nea wandrin beast,
But a spirit that was lost.

All languages this parson knew
That onny man can chat in,
The Ebrew, Greek, an' Irish too,
As weel as Dutch an' Latin.

O! he cud talk an' read an' preach,
Few men knew mair or better,
An' nearly all the bukes he read,
Wer printed in black letter.

He read a neet, he read a day,
To mak him fit for his wark,
An' when he thowt he was quite up,
He sent for the awd clark.

The clark was quickly by his side,
He took but little fettlin,
An' awa they went wi' right gud will
To gie the ghost a settlin.

Aye off they set wi' all thir might,
Nor stoppt at thin or thick,
The parson wi' his sark an' buke,
The clark wi' a thick stick.

At last by t' side o' th' bank they stoppt
Where Wharfe runs murmrin clear,
A beautiful river breet an' fine,
As onny in wide Yorkshire.

The parson then began to read,
An' read full loud an' lang,
The rabbits they ran in an' oot,
An' wonder'd what was rang.

The ghost was listnin in a hole,
 An' oot he bang'd at last,
 The fluttrin o' his mighty wings,
 Was like a whirlwind blast.

He lafft an' shooted as he flew
 Until the wild woods rang;
 His who-who-whoop was nivver heard
 Sea lood an' clear, an' strang.

The parson he fell backwards ower
 Into a bush o' whins,
 An' lost his buke, an' rave his sark,
 An' prickt his hans an' shins.

The clark he tried to run awa
 But tumm'ld ower his stick,
 An' there he made a nasty smell
 While he did yell an' fick.

An' lots o' pranks this ghost he play'd
 That here I dar'nt tell,
 For if I did folks wad declare
 I was as ill as his-sel.

For eighteen* months an' mair he stay'd,
 An' just did as he thowt;
 For lord nor duke, parson nor clark,
 He fear'd, nor cared nowt.

Efter that time he went awa,
 Just when it pleas'd his-sel;
 But what he was, or whar he com fra
 Nea mortal man can tell.

* Commencing in the year 1836.

THE TWEA THRESHERS.

A STORY of two rustics, and the history of their several mistakes during a holiday which they took, in 1842, to go to Scarborough to see the Florentine Venus, then being exhibited in that town.

'Twas on a fiahne cleer sunny day,
 About the end o' summer,
 When all the goa was Scarbro' spo,
 Between the Tees an Hummer.

Coaches grained 'neath top heavy leeads,
 Gigs, carriages an sike like,
 Skew'd dust like fun fra' all the rooads,
 At' end at Scarbro' tonpike.

Lauk! what a dust there was kick'd up
 Like deed what blustrin storance,
 A waint queer seeght was seen that da,
 Some waxwark thing fra Florence.

Jerry an Jack, twea treshers bold,
 Wer bangin 'oot and barley,
 A dusty trade, hard by the rooad
 Sweatin an broilin rarly.

"Dod dang," says Jack, "yau knocks an delves,
 Digs, plews, sows, maws, an what for?
 Pately at yau may live yau's sens,
 Bud mare to keep up that, Jer."

He pointed ti twea carriage lecad
 'O fashionable people ;
 Wea seem'd to knoo the arts 'o ease,
 Sat couple feeacing couple.

“ Why can't we hev a bit 'o spree,
 As weel as uther folks, Jer ?”

“ I decan't see why,” quoth Jer, “ dang me !
 If ahle ageean strike strooak, ser.”

“ Afoor I'v seen that F'lorange thing,
 It nobbut costs a shillin ;
 Besides I lang ti hev a spree,
 An get a thorough swillin.”

“ Bonni !” says Jack, “ bonni, my lad,
 I like the risolution ;
 Let's hev thi hand, thi scheeam's weel plan'd,
 We'll het i' execution.”

Seea Jack and Jer shack'd hands and showd
 'At peasant eud wi peasant,
 Like prince wi prince, an lord wi lord,
 Laugh loud, feel pleased, luke pleasant.

Seea yam tha went, wesh'd, scrub'd, an brush'd,
 An sware tha wad hev rare spooat ;
 An eeach put on his bran new suit,
 New breeches, cooat, an waiscooat.

An off tha went : “ God speed ya weel !”
 Cried Jinny, that was Jack's wife ;
 “ An i' yer harts his love reveeal,”
 Cried Fan, the soul 'o Jer's life.

“ I wop yoo'll hev a pleasant da.”
 “ I wop you will,” said Jenny :
 “ I wop we sal,” said Jack, “ hurra !”
 “ I wop we sal,” said Jerry.

An tha wer gone, lauk hoo tha preached,
 An laugh'd all't way tha though;
 Far on afoor their voices reach'd,
 Ther mirth was getin vent so.

The wavy fiels 'o yallow wheat,
 Spread wide i' view ther treasure;
 The side swung wots, an bearded John,
 'At fills the tankard measure,

Did sweetly vie wi promises
 Zi fill oor barns wi plenty:
 "Thank God," says Jack, "these are his gifts,
 Ye fields 'twas him at sent ye."

Plenty thronged like an empress sat
 Upon the broo 'o Cayton;
 Wea laughed an made the hills ti smile
 For miles round bonny Ayton.

DOLLY'S GAON; OR, THE EFFECTS OF PRIDE.*

THE neighbours all remember weel
 Once Dolly bought a gaon;
 A painted lin, the grandest thing;
 Ther but one piece ith taon.

The boy ith shop he teld her soa;
 A merry joaking lad:
 He said it wor t' first gaon o't piece
 That ony one had had:—

* By a Native Genius. Printed by Crabtree and son, Cheapside, Halifax. To which is added, "Rose and Dolly," &c.

And if shoo'd come when it wor made,
 And let him see it on,
 A handkerchy he'd give to her,
 If he're a living man.

The gaon wor made, to 'th church shoo went ;
 But what gave most delight,
 Shoo heerd foulks whisper as shoo past,
 I never so the like !

But when shoo coom at Rubin's cot,
 A hut that stood o'th moor,
 Old Rubin sat, and Grace his wife,
 Both smooking at the door.

“ Good morning, Dolly,” old Grace said,
 “ I wonder'd wo't could be.”
 Surprised shoo stud, her hands both up,
 “ What mun I live to see !”

“ Is tat thy choice,” old Rubin said,—
 “ Tha beots old Judy Gazer,
 Shoo'd fifty gaons, but nooan like that,—
 I'gy it is a blazer !”

Gay Dolly laugh'd, old Rubin said—
 “ Come in and sit te daon ;”
 But Dolly tript along the green,
 Delighted with her gaon.

The church shoo enter'd, 'twor begun,
 The best time to be seen ;
 Some sat and star'd, and some stood up,
 As if shoo'd been the queen.

This confirm'd Dolly in her choice ;
 Her gaon wurt first in stile :
 The priest, and clark, and all did stare,
 And some, shoo thought, did smile.

This printed gaon had broad green leaves,
 With branches thick and tall ;
 Red burds and yollow, ducks and geese,
 The huntsman, haonds and all.

Thus Dolly sat, like Sheba's queen,
 The grandest in the place ;
 A sidelong glance sometimes shoo cast
 But did not turn her face.

Her prayer-book shoo seem'd to read,
 As other people do ;
 But her devotion was her dress,
 Her gaon wor spanking new.

The church did loase, and still they star'd ;
 Some laugh'd and made a stur :
 The childer too came running raond,
 One pointing said, " That's hur."

" Ah! what a gaon!" shoo heerd 'em say,
 " Wi yollow burds and red :
 It's just sich stuff as gentle fooak
 Makes curtains for their bed."

This confused Dolly all at once,
 Shoo knew not where shoo'er baon ;
 For fooaks shoo met, they laugh'd and said—
 " Haa like ye yo'r new gaon?"

But Dolly shoo would speyk to nooan ;
 To meet fouk shoo were feard :
 For some took hold o' Dolly's gaon,
 And ast what twor a yeord.

Shoo call'd to see old Betty Hay,
 While chapel fouk went past ;
 As shoo went in shoo heerd 'em say,
 " Shoo's getten here at last."

This wor a spice shop, where t' lads met ;
 A merry hoil it ware :
 Lads making fun o' all they could,
 And Dolly gat her share.

The haaos wor fill'd, but all gave place ;
 " Come, Dolly, sit ye daon :"
 When hoaf a dozen lads cried aaot—
 " That is a bonny gaon !"

" Yo've bet'em, Dolly, all to day ;
 Yo'r gaon is first in stile :
 It's been admir'd by all ith church,
 Old priest, we saw him smile.

" Yo've vext old Mrs. Smith to day ;
 Her dress is nout like this :
 Shoo knows it too, they all do say,
 And's taen it quite amiss.

" When t' childer laugh'd at yo'r new gaon,
 Shoo turn'd her face toth wal ;
 When church did loase, shoo went back way,
 So as to miss 'em all."

Some thought this gaon could not be bought
 At Halifax at all :
 It wor a London print, they thought ;
 'T piece sud be sent for—all.

A what a profit Dolly'd got !
 Shoo'd sell it in a crack ;
 " This dress beoats all, come, lads, and see
 A hunt o' Dolly's back !"

The noise wor great, the laugh wor loud ;
 Lads shaoting hard a-way :
 Poor Dolly rag'd, some said shoo swore,
 At last we hecard her say—

“ Good God !” said Dolly, stamping mad,
 “ Whatever sall I hear ?
 I’m t’ laughing stock for all, egad,
 I’m war nor ever here.”

Up Dolly jumps—this is a hoil ;
 Ol gooa, it dos’n’t meon :
 Shoo heerd t’ lads say oth aoutside door—
 “ Shoo’s coming aoot ageon.”

Lads pull’d her daon, but still shoo’d goa ;
 And running straight at door :
 Cheers and tables, spice and nuts
 Shoo tumbled on toth floor.

“ What will yo do,” old Betty said,
 When cheers and tables crash’d ;
 “ Me spice and apples daon oth floor,
 And cumfit glass is smash’d.”

Lads ran at apples, spice and nuts,
 All sprawling daon o’th floor ;
 Poor Dolly said, “ If I get aoot,
 Yol catch me here no moore.”

“ Naa, flint-faced Tom,” old Betty said,
 “ There’s not a war ith taon ;”
 Tha held her fast, then late her slip,
 Tha new shoo’d nock stuff daon.

“ Aye, tha my laugh, tha brazen’d thing,
 But will ta mak it up ;
 There is not hoaf oth stuff just naa
 I had before ith shop.

“ Such sturs as these I hate to see ;”—
 Tom said he ne’er begunt ;
 “ Old tale ageon, its none o’me,
 It’s olas nubdy’s dunt.

“ There’s winkin Will, and Jack ith oil,
 Thes not two war ith shop;
 I saw yo pushing lasses daon,
 Then picking lads oth top.

“ There’s Dolly here, theyn tore her cap;
 And t’ screed wor London lace;
 Shoe blacking temd o’hur new gaon,
 And spotted black her face.

“ Me chears theyn mash’d, me stoils theyn smash’d,
 And crack’d t’ new table top;
 My apple pooak theyn taen away,
 An put puttates ith spot.

“ Sich sturs wud ruin ony man;
 Whate’er I says no use:
 There’s three or four oth back oth door,
 Eighting my spenisjuce.

“ I’ll fotch a warrant, if I live;
 I’ll transpoort ten to-morn:
 Reit ovver sea I’ll send yo all,
 As sure as ’ere yor born.

“ Nan, ta me cap toth frilling shop,
 Them get it up best way;
 Ol be at justices at morn,
 Be it be breyk o’ day.

“ I’ll not go there a daggletail,
 Like mucky onion Ann;
 I’ll tell a tale, (yol seet ith news,)
 As weel as ony man.”

Ther scores o’ people craaded raond,
 Twor like a village fair:
 When shoo went aaot ther sich a noise,
 As if they’d rais’d a hare.

Sly Billy took her by the arm ;
 “ Come, Dolly, stick to me :”
 But Dolly struck him plump oth face ;
 “ I’ll nooan be fooil’d by thee.”

His nose did bleed, the people laugh’d,
 “ Reyt, thump him,” they did cry ;
 But Billy ’er fain to run away,
 His bloody nose to dry.

Another scene gave Dolly pain :
 It struck her like a blast ;
 Her old sweetheart wi bonny Jane,
 Stud laaghing as shoo past.

This wor too much, the tears did flow,
 Her trubbled brest did beat ;
 When love for love expects a smile,
 A scornful taunt did meet.

“ Thal wed her naa,” Jane laughing said ;
 “ Shoo beots fine fouk ith taon ;
 Shoo’s like a walking cortan’d bed ;
 I wish I’d sich a gaon.”

This Dolly heeard, but on shoo mov’d ;
 Sad, mourning, all furlorn :
 “ I wor in different trim, God knows,
 When I coom on at morn.”

I must be dreaming, Dolly thought ;
 But to be sure shoo put
 Hur hands both up to touch her een,
 To feel if they wor shut.

“ This gaon, I’ll burn it if I live,
 I’ll burn it every bit ;
 For, warst of all, where’er e go,
 Thel say I’m short o’ wit.”

Then Dolly went at sich a speed,
 Shoo never went before ;
 When shoo gat home shoo doft her gaon,
 Declar'd shoo'd dont no more.

THE MORAL.

O what a change we undergo
 By fate's unfriendly touch ;
 When we're asham'd and laugh'd at too,
 For what we've priz'd so much.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THIS ballad is founded on an event which took place in the latter part of the year 1848. A gamekeeper of the earl of Ripon went out one night about his usual business, and was found next morning, near one of the plantations on Hutton Moor, shot dead. A notorious poacher, who was seen in the neighbourhood on the day of the murder, was apprehended and tried at York assizes, but acquitted for want of evidence ; he subsequently emigrated to America, where he died, and is said to have confessed that he was the murderer.

THE cheerless day is closing fast,
 The angry night-wind howls around,
 And hurried by the sweeping blast,
 Cold sleet and snow drive o'er the ground.

Nought pleasing can the scene impart,
 Far as the weary eye can scan ;
 But colder far the widow's heart,—
 The widow of the murdered man.

The scene is o'er—the grave has closed
Above the form she loved the best ;
The heart where all her trust reposed
Was driven to untimely rest.

Amid her children weeping round,
She stands an image of despair,
Clasping her arms her infant round,—
Yet from her eye there falls no tear ;

Hers is a keener, deeper woe,
A more intense and heavy grief,
Than those whence tears in torrents flow,
And give the burdened heart relief.

“ Well may ye weep,” at length she cried,
“ Poor orphans to a father's care,
By villain's shot your father died,
And left us hopeless, friendless here.

“ Why on my heart such sudden fear
Came icy cold I cannot tell ;
When loud the shot pealed on mine ear,
I thought by it my husband fell.

“ He was I fear too rashly brave !
His heart was bold tho' warm and kind,
But now it moulders in the grave,
And we are helpless left behind.

“ In health and hope he left his home,
And promised early to return,
For him I spread my choicest store,
And brighter made the fire to burn.

“ For him, alas ! I looked in vain,
The night closed in dark, drear, and wild,
I sigh'd and wept, then looked again,
Then looked upon my sleeping child.

“ And oh! that night of dreadful grief,
Of fear, uncertainty, and sorrow,
What could I think? where seek relief?
I hoped—yet feared the coming morrow.

“ I thought that night would ne'er be done,
Each minute seemed a dreary day;
My heart before was ne'er cast down,
As then it drooped at his delay.

“ Each sound I heard I thought him come,
And eager looked—but looked in vain;
That dreary night he was from home,
And there he never came again.

“ The morning told the fatal truth,
My hapless heart presaged my lot,
The loved companion of my youth,
Was murdered by a villain's shot.

“ Oh! murderous man, what hast thou done?
Reflect upon thy awful crime!
What peace of mind to thee can come,
Oh wretch repent while thou hast time!

“ Oh! I could curse thee in my grief!
Thou murderer of my peace and joy;
But I will not—'twere small relief,
Tho' justice should thy life destroy.

“ 'Twould not recall to life again
The man I loved in early youth:
Ah me! ah me! now all in vain
His kindness, my confiding truth.

“ In thy dark cell alone to pine
From every consolation free;
I'd rather bear my lot than thine,
I'd rather be myself than thee!

- “ Will not before thy startled eye
Thy murdered victim ever seem?
Canst thou in slumber think to lie,
And not behold him in thy dream?
- “ For me, alas! what shall I do?
My children soon must cry for bread,
And he, the husband, father true,
Who was our all, is murdered.
- “ Deep in his grave, oh! I could rest,
There would my cares and sorrows cease;
With him I should—I should be blest!
O with him I should be at peace!
- “ Come death relieve me of my woe!
Come bid my sleepless eyelids close!
O gladly to his grave I'd go,
And share with him his cold repose!
- “ Why dost thou smile? my darling child!
Thy heavy loss thou dost not know!
Thy mother's grief is frantic, wild,
For oh thy father moulders low!
- “ No more will he with kindly care,
Caress thee fondly in his arms;
His loving kiss thou canst not share,
Nor lisp to him thy vain alarms.
- “ Forgive me, God! I wished to die,
When thou my babe so sweetly smiled;—
For thee to live in hope I'll try,
My comfort left, my darling child!”
- As conscious of its parent's woe,
The artless innocent upsprung,
Its arms around her neck to throw,
While to her lips its kisses clung.

Then love dissolved the mother's grief,
 What mother can desert her child?
 A flood of tears now brought relief,
 And hope again (though faintly) smiled.

ALICE HAWTHORN.*

COME all ye gay sportsmen who join in the sport,
 And oft to the race-course with pleasure resort,
 Come listen to me while of Alice I sing,
 Who bids fair to rival the famous Bees Wing.

CHORUS.

To swift Alice Hawthorn, then fill up the glass,
 And give her a bumper,—the first in the race.

Her sire was famous, Muley Moloch his name,
 Her dame was Rebecca, a mare of great fame,
 The pride of the turf, and the crack of the day,
 They carried the cups and the prizes away.

She beat them at Richmond in the year forty-two,
 Also at Northallerton swiftly she flew,
 As if she was going on the wings of the wind,
 And leaving the jockies to whip up behind.

At Richmond in forty-three, all of them tried,
 To beat Alice Hawthorn, but vainly they vied,
 'Twas glorious to see how the favourite did run,
 And the Victoria Plate like a gallant she won.

At Liverpool races she beat every horse,
 And at York too she triumphed, the pride of the course,

* From a broadside *penes me*, written by John Tate, "the Pocklington Poet," and printed by J. Forth, Pocklington.

And when Alice Hawthorn to Doncaster came,
The cup was her prize, and they all gave her fame.

The Ascot Heath sporters prepared her a prize,
And she won it most nobly, and pleased all their eyes,
She won at Newcastle, and to crown all up,
She gallantly carried away Goodwood cup.

The year forty-four is the height of her fame,
Her trainer, Bob Hesseltine, joys in her name,
Her master has reaped a good harvest this year,
And swift Alice Hawthorn to Salvin* is dear.

At York the Queen's Hundred she then bore away,
And proved herself fairly the crack of the day,
The Yorkers stood gaping and praising the mare,
And Alice! brave Alice! rung loud in the air.

At Lewes she won the Queen's Plate in grand style,
And her rider gazed on the old mare with a smile,
Then Doncaster crown'd her the queen of the course,
By winning three prizes and never a loss.

And now to conclude, you'll allow me to say,
At Richmond she carried the gold cup away,
So here's to Sim. Templeman, drink to the man,
And beat him on Alice ye jocks if ye can.

* Mr. Salvin purchased her of Mr. Plummer; and in another song, after enumerating "the noble prizes she won, with courage bold," concludes:—

"Unto my song I'll make an end, until I write again,
Success to Mr. Hesseltine her noble trainer's name,
Likewise to Mr. Plummer, who she often makes to smile,
And may they every coming year in racing annals shine."

TOMMY THUMB.

I 'ZE a poor country lad, as you see by my dress,
 That I'ze Yorkshire, mayhap, you may pratty
 well guess ;
 My name's Zekiel Homespun, you all know me now,
 It is not the first time I have here made my bow.
 Tol lol de roll, &c.

To London I com'd, upon bus'ness, d'ye see,
 But contriv'd to make pleasure and bus'ness agree ;
 For when I gets back wi' our chaps on the green,
 They'll be sure to be asking me what I ha' seen.

Now having in town but a short time to stay,
 Thinks I, while the sunshines, I'd better make hay ;
 So I ask'd what the play were ? they told me, by gum,
 'Twas a very fine tragedy, call'd Tommy Thumb.

In Yorkshire I'd oft heard our knowing ones say,
 That a very good moral was learn'd from a play,
 And that tragedy boasted of language so fine,
 So I thought that, as how, it might help me wi' mine.

Well, the curtain drew up, and the first to appear,
 Were two gentlemen drest, to be sure, mortal queer ;
 Says one, " To the king, this petition I'll show,"
 Then the other to him answered, " Do, Doodle, do."

In the next scene were the king and the queen on
 their throne,
 To whom the petition was presently shown ;
 But king Arthur from Doodle indignantly shrunk,
 " For," says he, " 'tis our pleasure this day to get
 drunk."

So thinks I to myself, an' that's what you're about,
 There's no business for me, sure, to see the play out;
 To my own native parts I will quickly go down,
 I can learn to get drunk there as well as in town.

So I've ta'en me a place at George and Blue Boar,
 Where the coach will set off in the morning at four,
 And as I must be up long afore it is light,
 I hope you'll not keep me here too late to night.

THE FUNNY WEDDING.

WHICH TOOK PLACE IN BRADFORD ON THE FIRST OF
 DECEMBER, 1851.

JUST give attention, old and young,
 And listen for awhile,
 I'll sing to you a funny song,
 Will sure to make you smile,
 It is about a circumstance
 Well known to all around,
 I mean the funny wedding
 That took place in Bradford town.

CHORUS.

Such a funny sight in Bradford town,
 Was never seen before.

It was from Whipsey that the people
 On that morning came,
 The aged couple there did live,
 You perhaps may know their name;
 This couple long had wanted to
 Enjoy each other's bed,

So on that happy day they went
To Bradford to get wed.
Such a funny wedding.

They often told their tales of love,
At length, good lack-a-day,
Old Johnny said to Betty,
“ Love, this is our wedding day.”
Such mirth and fun in Bradford town,
The people did never see,
For John is sixty-five years old,
And Betty seventy-three.
Such a funny wedding.

Invitations were sent round to their
Neighbours and their friends,
And earnestly requested them
Their wedding to attend ;
So on the first day of December,
They collected in their forces,
Some mounted upon donkeys' backs,
And others upon horses.
Such a funny wedding.

To see this funny wedding
Thousands gathered round,
For in a grand procession
They march'd into the town ;
Some with soot mustachios,
Others with their faces black,
And another with a monkey
Stuft with straw upon his back.
Such a funny wedding.

There was some had got red jackets on,
And others had got blue,
With rummy caps and three-cock'd hats,
They seem'd a jovial crew,

And as they came along the street,
The people they did start,
And laugh to see old John and
Betty riding in a cart.
Such a funny wedding.

At last they came up to the church,
And the cart did stand,
While John and Betty both got out,
As you shall understand ;
He led her to the altar
And plac'd her by his side,
They took the oath, and Johnny then
Claim'd Betty for his bride.
Such a funny wedding.

When the marriage it was over,
Devoid of care or pain,
The procession got in readiness
For to return again.
With John and Betty in the cart
They made a grand display,
And as they homeward did return
The fifes and drums did play.
Such a funny wedding.

Now John and Betty have got wed,
Let's hope they will agree,
In unity and harmony
Always happy be,
And in nine months' time,
May they have a daughter or a son
Mark'd with this grand procession,
And December on its bum.

And such a funny wedding may
They live to see again. „

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.*

YOU sportsmen all both great and small, one
 moment now attend,
 And listen with attention to these verses I have penn'd,
 'Tis of the Flying Dutchman I mean to sing my lay,
 And tell you all the prizes too that he has borne away.

To the Flying Dutchman drink success who has
 so nobly run,
 He's beat the famous Voltigeur and show'd them
 how 'twas done.

The first place was Newmarket the Flying Dutchman
 run,
 Where the July stake and a sweepstake of 400*l.* he
 won ;

And then he went to Liverpool, believe me what I say,
 A sweepstake of 1200*l.* the Dutchman bore away.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

At Doncaster in 1848, the truth I do unfold,
 He carried off the champion stakes, likewise the two
 year old ;

And then in 1849 he went to Epsom town,
 And won the Derby stake 6,320*l.*

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

Then in July, at Liverpool, no horse would with him
 run,

He walked over twice and there 850*l.* he won ;
 From there he went to Doncaster, and through the
 pelting rain,

With Charley Marlow on his back the Ledger did obtain.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

* From a broadside *pene* me, printed and sold by Jas. Lindsay, Glasgow.

The foal stakes then at Doncaster, which was 400*l.*
more,

No horse would run against him so the Dutchman he
walked o'er ;

Then at Newmarket he was match'd, but the Dutch-
man, I believe,

A forfeit of 500*l.* from Honeycomb received.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

Then for the Belivor stake the famous Flying Dutch-
man ran,

He took the prize; then at Ascot Heath the Emperor's
cup he won ;

And at Goodwood too he won the prize, then to Don-
caster came up,

He there was beat by Voltigeur running for the cup.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

Upon the thirteenth day of May in 1851,

The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur upon York*
race course did run,

'Twas for a thousand sovereigns, believe me what I
say,

Which the Flying Dutchman has won and borne the
prize away.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

No other horse was ever known to do what he has done,
For more than twenty thousand pounds in prizes he
has won ;

* This event, which drew upwards of 50,000 persons to the course, was a two mile match, for 1000*l.*, between the earl of Eglinton's horse Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton, five years old, carrying 8st. 8½*lb.* ; and the earl of Zetland's horse Voltigeur, by Voltaire, four years old, carrying 8st. The former horse won by about a length.

With Marlow mounted on his back, believe me what
 I say,
 He never run a race but one, but he took the prize
 away.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

So to conclude and make an end, and finish up my
 song,
 Unto the brave lord Eglinton, Flying Dutchman does
 belong,
 So fill your glass and let it pass, and give a loud huzza,
 For the Flying Dutchman stands unrivalled at the
 present day.

To the Flying Dutchman, &c.

THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.*

WHEN first in London I arriv'd
 On a visit, on a visit ;
 When first in London I arriv'd
 'Midst heavy rain and thunder,
 I 'spied a bonny lass in green,
 The bonniest lass I'd ever seen,
 I'd oft heard tell of a beauteous queen,
 Dash me, thinks I, I've found her.

I look'd at her, she look'd at me,
 So bewitching, so bewitching ;
 I look'd at her, she look'd at me,
 I look'd so very simple.
 Her cheeks were like the blooming rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any sloes,
 And near her mouth a dimple.

* From *A Garland of New Songs*, printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (circa 1810).

I stood stock still, she did the same,
 Gazing on her, gazing on her ;
 I stood stock still, she did the same,
 Thinks I, I've made a blunder ;
 Just then her cheeks turn'd deadly pale,
 Says I, " My love, what d'ye ail ?"
 Then she told me a dismal tale
 That she was scar'd with thunder.

" Madam," says I, and made my bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her ;
 " Madam," says I, and made my bow,
 " I'd quite forgotten t' weather ;
 But if you will permission give
 I'll see you home, where-e'er you live ;
 So she pop'd her arm right thro' my sleeve,
 And off we set together.

A bonny wild goose chase we had,
 In an out sir, in an out sir ;
 A bonny wild goose chase we had,
 The bollar stones so gall'd me ;
 At last she brought me to a door
 Where twenty lasses, hey, or more,
 Came out to have a better glore
 At bumkin as they call'd me.

" Walk in," said she, " kind sir," to me,
 Quite politely, quite politely ;
 " Walk in," said she, " kind sir," to me.
 " Poor chap," say they, " he's undone."
 " Walk in," says she. " No, no," says I,
 " For I've got other fish to fry,
 I've seen you home, so now good bye,
 I'm Yorkshire, tho' in London."

My pockets soon I rummish'd over,
 Cautious ever, cautious ever ;

My pockets soon I rummish'd over,
 Found there a diamond ring, sir ;
 For I had this precaution took,
 In each to stick a small fish hook ;
 So in grapling for my pocket book,
 The barb had strip'd her finger.

Three weeks I've been in London town,
 Living idle, living idle ;
 Three weeks I've been in London town,
 It's time to go to work, sir ;
 For I've sold the ring, and here's the brass,
 I have not play'd the silly ass ;
 It will do to toast a London lass,
 When I get back to Yorkshire.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION ; OR, PRINCE
 ALBERT'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

AN entirely new comic song, written and sung by
 Mr. Burford, at the Theatre, Whitby, on the
 occasion of the Foresters' bespeak, and since received
 every evening with great applause.

I AM a native of fair Dublin city,
 To Whitby I've come for a spree ;
 I've been up to London to visit
 The Great Crystal Palace, d'ye see :
 For there's wonders one top of the other,
 In that wonderful place to be seen,
 Faith the brains of a saint it would bother,
 To know what the government mean.

You may talk of your fancy bazaars,
If you're passing Hyde Park only stop;
Faith it's there that you'll stare with surprise,
At Prince Albert's Curiosity Shop.

For the first day the charge is a guinea,
For those that have guineas to pay,
But I dont think I'll be such a ninny
As throw my good money away;
On the next day the charge is five shillings,
But the queen wont be there I'll be bound,
For altho' she's got plenty of money
She'll not like to part with her *crown*.
You may talk, &c.

I'll sing you of some of the wonders,
I hear has been sent from this town:
Of life boats I'm sure there is plenty,
And not one of which will go down.
There's Smales, Swallow, Baker, and Slater,
Have studied upon their own scale,
But the one that should weather all storms,
Is that which was made by a Gale.
You may talk, &c.

There's a genius to make weather merry—
Merryweather's the genius I mean;
Foul and fair be his studies together,
Ere long his success will be seen.
At Staithes' they say there's a man too,
Has made a rat trap goes on springs;
And another a new reefing jacket,
Provided with cast metal wings.
You may talk, &c.

No doubt but you've heard of St Hilda,
That wonderful Saint long ago,

She cut all the heads off the serpents,
 With her wonderful sword at a blow.
 The petrified sword has been found too,
 To the Great Exhibition it's gone,
 For no doubt there'll be plenty of serpents
 From all parts to visit the town.

You may talk, &c.

I've got some fresh news for your seamen
 To keep up your hearts my good lads,
 For there's vessels to sail out of Whitby,
 In which you'll be sure of your brads.
 I've been watching the vessels that's passing,
 That justice to seamen allows,
 And so you'll be sure of your wages
 For they've got £4 10s. on their bows.

You may talk, &c.

May every success attend Whitby,
 May the star of prosperity shine
 On your labours to prove your industry,
 May it gain for your town a good name;
 May misfortune's clouds never lower
 On either your commerce or trade;
 May your seamen gain all they desire,
 And stick to the terms they have made.

You may talk, &c.

THE LORD OF SALTAIRE.

BY ABRAHAM HOLROYD.*

THIS song was composed to commemorate an event which created much sensation in Yorkshire, and indeed throughout all England, in September, 1853;

* Of Bradford, author of "Flow on, Gentle Aire," "Liberty, a Vision," &c.

this was the inauguration and opening of a palace dedicated to industry near Shipley in Airedale. These works were built for the manufacture of alpaca and mohair fabrics, and named Saltaire from Salt—the name of the owner, Titus Salt, esq., M.P. for Bradford—and Aire, the name of the river on which they were erected. The buildings cover an area of eleven and half acres, will contain 1,200 looms capable of producing 30,000 yards of cloth, or mixed goods, per day, or nearly 18 miles of cloth, and employing about 5,000 people.

The town of Saltaire is built upon the best principles, including every convenience necessary for promoting the health and comfort of the population. Not only will it be a model town as regards its spacious squares and streets, grounds for recreation, schools, and church, (which has lately been opened, and cost 11,000*l.*, and is perhaps the most beautiful in its interior of any church in Yorkshire,) its baths and washhouses, and all that philanthropy can suggest, or art supply, to further improvement.

ROLL on, gentle Aire, in thy beauty,
 Renowned in story and song,
 The subject of many a ditty,
 From Nicholson's* musical tongue:
 But a greater than he hath arisen,
 Who has link'd thy name with his own,
 He will render thee famous for ages,
 And thou wilt to millions be known.

Then let us all join in the chorus,
 And sing of the qualities rare,

* John Nicholson, "the Airedale Poet," who was accidentally drowned in the Aire on the 13 April, 1843, on the spot where the works now stand. A new edition of his poems, with a sketch of his life and writings, by John James, F. S. A., has recently been published, for the benefit of his widow.

Of one who by nature is noble,—
And hail him the lord of Saltaire!

He's rear'd up a palace to Labour,
Will equal the Cæsars of old,
The church and the school and the cottage,
And lavish'd his thousands of gold:
Where the workman may live and be happy,
Enjoying the fruit of his band;
In contentment, in comfort, and plenty,
Secure as a peer of the land.

Then let us all join, &c.

From Peru he's brought the alpaca—
From Asia's plains the mohair—
With skill has wrought both into beauty,
Priz'd much by the wealthy and fair:
He has velvets, and camlets, and lustres,
With them there is none can compare;
Then off, off with your hats and your bonnets,
Hurrah for the lord of Saltaire.

Hip, hip, and all join, &c.

A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE CONNECTED
WITH BRETTON HALL.*

AT Bretton Hall, near Wakefield, known so well,
Sir William Wentworth Blackett once did
dwell;

That mansion was his own; there, with his bride,
In pomp and splendour, he did once reside.
Yet, in the midst of all that he possest,
A rambling mind disturb'd sir William's breast;
His lady and his home he left behind;
Says he, "The end of this wide world I'll find;

* From a broadside *penes me*, without printer's name.

The earth's extensive, but, you may depend on't,
Before e'er I return, I'll find the end on't."
So he embark'd on board a ship, we find,
And, sailing, left her ladyship behind,
Who oft in sorrow did his absence mourn,
And sighing said, " Oh, that he would return !
For, be his voyage rough or smooth at sea,
It is a cruel bitter blast to me."
Sir William, he rolls on through winds and waves ;
Undaunted, he all kinds of weather braves ;
Nor his strange project e'er relinquish'd he,
Till one-and-twenty years he'd been at sea ;
Then, p'rhaps, he thought, " Good lack ! the world is
round ;
The end is nowhere—so it can't be found ;
And, as I'm weary of this wild-goose chase,
At home again, e'er long I'll show my face."
Then off he set, but little was aware,
What would transpire on his arrival there :
For while sir William rov'd as here express'd,
Another " Sir," his lady thus address'd :—
" Sir William's gone, (ne'er to return again)
Past this world's end, which long he sought in vain,
There's not a doubt he's found the end of life ;
But don't be troubled ; you shall be my wife."
She listen'd, till at length she gave consent,
And straightway to church then this couple went.
Sir William does about this wedding hear,
As he unto his journey's end draws near ;
And thus he does within his mind reflect :—
" This sly usurper I shall now detect :
Soon shall he know, though much against his will,
At Bretton hall I have dominion still ;
Those woods and fertile fields my own I call,
With this magnificent, this splendid hall :
And now I come to claim them as my own,
Though, by my dress, not from a beggar known ;

My clothes are turn'd to rags, and, by the weather,
My skin is tann'd till it resembles leather ;
So now I'll act the beggar bold and rude,
And at this wedding boldly I'll intrude,
And, though admittance I may be denied,
I'll rob the merry bridegroom of his bride." Then at his own hall door one rap he gave,
Resolv'd the inmates' charity to crave.
So he presented his request, 'tis said,
And they presented him—a crust of bread !
The bread he took, and then, to their surprise,
He ask'd the servants for some beer likewise.
" No, no," said they, " beer we shall give you none ;
You saucy drunken vagabond, begone !"
At length (with much ado) some beer he got,
And quickly he return'd the empty pot ;
And straightway then into the hall went he,
And said, he wish'd her ladyship to see.
" You can by no means see her," answer'd they,
" She's newly married ! 'tis her wedding-day !"
" Married !" the feigned beggarman replied,
" Then I'll not go till I have seen the bride."
Then tow'rs the dining-room his course he bent,
The servants quick pursued with one consent,
And seized him, with intent to turn him out.
" Come back, you villain ; what are you about ?"
" About my bus'ness, to be sure," quoth he,
" The room I'll enter, and the bride I'll see."
" We'll see you out of doors," the servants said ;
And now of course, a clam'rous din they made,
Just then, the bride, on hearing such a clatter,
Open'd the door, to see what was the matter.
This noble beggar thus obtain'd a sight
Of her who erstwhile was his heart's delight,
He viewed her in her nuptial garments dress'd,
And did of her a glass of wine request,
Which she denied—who little did suppose

The ragged stranger was her wealthy spouse ;
Then straight into the dining-room he went,
And down he sat among the guests content.
Says he, " You'll grant me my request I know ;
A glass of wine I'll have before I go."
The bride at length, complied with his request,
Thus thinking to despatch the ragged guest,
But when he did this glass of wine obtain,
He drank and fill'd, and drank and fill'd again.
The guests astonish'd and disgusted, view'd,
Whilst he proceeded to be far more rude ;
Around the bride's fair neck he threw his arm,
And gave a kiss, which did her much alarm,
On him she frown'd, and threaten'd him with law,
Says he, " Your threats I value not a straw :
My conduct to reprove is all in vain,
For what I've done I mean to do again.
Madam, your bridegroom's in an awkward case ;
This night I do intend to take his place."
And while upon her countenance he pores,
The guests agree to kick him out of doors.
" The deuce is in the beggarman," they cried ;
" He means to either beg or steal the bride."
" No, no," says he, " I claim her as my own."
He smil'd and then he did himself make known,
Saying, " William Wentworth Blackett is my name ;
For my long absence I'm much to blame ;
But safe and sound I have return'd at last,
So let's forgive each other all that's past."
The bride did her first bridegroom recognise ;
With joy transported, to his arms she flies ;
And, whilst they tenderly each other kiss,
The disappointed bridegroom they dismiss ;
Who inwardly did his hard case lament,
Hung down his head, and out of door he went.
" I'm robb'd of this fair jewel, now," thinks he ;
" How cruel is this tender spouse to me !"

Awhile he scratched his head, then heaved a sigh,
 Then eyed the hall again, and wip'd his eye.
 Sir William freely did forgive his wife ;
 They liv'd together till the end of life.
 My honest story I must now conclude,
 Which may by some be as a fiction view'd ;
 But, sirs, the boots in which sir William went,
 Are kept in memory of that event ;
 The very hat he wore preserv'd has been,
 At Bretton hall—where they may yet be seen.

THE BUTCHER TURNED DEVIL.*

COME neighbours draw near and listen awhile,
 I will sing you a song it will cause you to smile,
 It's concerning Old Nick, he's the father of evil,
 He has long been well known by the name of the
 devil.

In the village of Empsall, near to Wakefield town,
 To an old woman through the chimney he came down,
 If you'd been there to see him, you would have thought
 it funny,
 But he frightened the old woman, for he wanted all
 her money.

Says he, " Woman take warning, for now I tell you
 plain,
 To-morrow night at twelve o'clock I'll visit you again,
 One hundred bright sovereigns for me you must pre-
 pare,
 Or else with me then you must go, to a place you may
 guess where."

* From a broadside *penes me*, printed by J. Harkness, of Preston and Liverpool.

Then up thro' the chimney he vanished from her sight,
And she went to the Wakefield bank as soon as it was
light,

“ You must pay me one hundred pounds,” to the
bankers she did say.

“ You ought to give us notice, you can't have it to-day.”

O then she wept most bitterly and told them her tale,
How the devil he would fetch her, or her money
without fail,

Says the banker, “ I will help you, though I beg you
will be still,

And I'll apprehend the devil and send him to the
tread-mill.”

At Empsall a great thundering noise was heard again
that night ;

The devil down the chimney came with his long horns
and a light,

Two men that were in readiness seized him in a trice,
And they held the devil just as fast, as if he'd been in
a vice.

Next day great crowds of people went to see the
devil there,

But they say he changed his shape, and so it did appear,
For when he found the old woman safe, so that he
could not touch her,

He lost his horns and tail, and turned out to be a
butcher !

The devil often has been blamed when innocent, 'tis true,
But now he is caught in the fact, they will give him
his due,

And since he bears such a bad name, there's no doubt
but they will

Keep him prisoner, as long as he lives, at Wakefield
tread-mill.

SONG.

WHEN I was a wee little totterin bairn,
 An' had nobbut just gitten short frocks ;
 When to gang I at first was beginnin to lairn,
 On my brow I gat monie hard knocks :
 For se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,
 I was always a tumblin down then,
 While me mother wald twattle me gently, an' cry,
 " Honey, Jenny, tak' care o' thysen."

But when I grew bigger, an' gat to be strang,
 'At I cannily ran all about
 By mysen, whor I lik'd, then I always mud gang,
 Without bein' tell'd about ough.
 When however I com to be sixteen year auld,
 An' rattled an' ramp'd amang men,
 My mother wad call o' me in, an' wald scauld,
 An' cry—" Huzzy ! tak' care o' thysen."

I've a sweetheart comes now upo' Setterday neeghts,
 An' he swears 'at he'll mak' me his wife,
 My mam grows se stingy, she scaulds and she flytes,
 An' twitters me out o' my life.
 But she may leuk sour, an' cansait hersen wise,
 An' preach again likin young men ;
 Sen I'se grown a woman, her clack I'll despise,
 An' I'se—marry !—tak' care o' mysen.

COLONEL THOMPSON'S VOLUNTEERS.*

AS we march'd down to Scarbro' on the fourteenth
of June,
The weather it was warm, and the soldiers in full bloom;
There it was my good fortune to meet my dearest
dear,
For my heart was stole away by colonel Thompson's
volunteer.

My father and my mother confined me in my room,
When I jump'd out of the window, and ran into the
town,
Where it was my good fortune, to meet my dearest
dear,
The man that stole my heart was colonel Thompson's
volunteer.

Then in came George Etherington all with his bugle
horn,
He said he'd seen the prettiest girl that ever sun
shone on,
Her cheeks they were like roses, she is beautiful and
fair,
And she says she'll march with none but colonel
Thompson's volunteer.

Then in came captain Carter, and unto them did say,
That he had seen the prettiest girl, of any there to-day,
Her eyes were black as jet, and her hair it hung so
tight,
And she says she'll march with none but colonel
Thompson's men this night.

* From a broadside *penes me*, printed by Forth, Pocklington.

Our officers are loyal, they are men of courage bold,
 Their clothing is of scarlet and turned up with gold,
 It's I could wash the linen to please my dearest dear,
 When I was in the field with colonel Thompson's
 volunteer.

Our ladies they love music, our captain gives command,
 They play the prettiest marches of all the royal bands,
 They play the sweetest music that ever my ears did
 hear,
 For my heart was stole away by colonel Thompson's
 volunteer.

I'll bid adien to father, likewise to mother too,
 I'll never forsake my soldier but unto him prove true,
 And I'll range the country over with the lad that I
 love dear,
 Since I'm bound in wedlock's bonds to colonel Thomp-
 son's volunteer.

THE SLEDMERE POACHERS.*

COME, all you gallant poaching lads, and gan along
 with me,
 And let's away to Sledmere woods, some game for to
 see;
 It's far and near, and what they say it's more to feel
 than see,
 So come, my gallant poaching lads, and gan along with
 me.

* From a broadside in the possession of Mr. Hailstone, in addition to those mentioned in note p. 125, *ante*.

CHORUS.

We are all brave poaching lads, our names we dare
not tell,
And if we meet the keeper, boys, we'll make his
head to swell.

On the fifth of November last, it being a star-light night,
The time it was appointed, boys, that we were all to
meet,
When at twelve o'clock at midnight, boys, we all did
fire a gun,
And soon, my lads, it's we did hear, old hares begin
to run.

We have a dog, they call him Sharp, he Sledmere
woods did stray,
The keeper he fell in with him and fain would him
betray ;
He fired two barrels at the dog, intending him to kill,
But by his strength and speed of foot he tript across
the hill.

All on one side and both his thighs he wounded him
full sore,
Before we reached home that night with blood was
covered o'er ;
On recovering of his strength again, revenged for
evermore,
There's never a hare shall him escape that runs on
Sledmere shore.

We have a lad, they call him Jim, he's lame on all
one leg,
Soon as the gun is shoulder'd up, his leg begins to wag ;
When the gun presented fire, and the bird came
tumbling down,
This lad he kick'd him with his club before he reached
the ground.

So as we as march'd up Burlington road, we loaded
every gun,
Saying if we meet a keeper bold we'll make him for
to run,
For we are all bright Sledmere lads, our names we
will not tell,
But if we meet a keeper bold we'll make his head to
swell.

We landed into Cherry woods ; we went straight up
the walk ;
We peak'd the pheasants in the trees, so softly we did
talk ;
We mark'd all out, what we did see, till we return'd
again,
For we were going to Colleywoodbro' to fetch away
the game.

Come, all you gallant poaching lads, if I must have my
will,
Before we try to shoot this night let's try some hares
to kill ;
For shooting, you very well know, it makes terrible
sound,
So if we shoot before we hunt we shall disturb the
ground.

We landed into Suddaby fields, to set we did begin,
Our dog he was so restless there, we scarce could keep
him in ;
But when our dog we did let loose, 'tis true they call
him Watch,
And before we left that ground that night he fifteen
hares did catch.

So it's eight cock-pheasants and five hens, all these
we marked right well,
We never fired gun that night but down a pheasant fell.

You gentlemen wanting pheasants, unto me you must
 apply,
 Both hares and pheasants you shall have, and them
 right speedily.

So now, my lads, it's we'll gan yam, we'll take the
 nearest way,
 And if we meet a keeper bold his body we will bray ;
 For we are all bright Sledmere lads, our names we
 will not tell,
 But if we meet a keeper bold his head we'll make to
 swell.

So come, you poaching lads, who love to hunt the game,
 And let us fix a time when we will meet again ;
 For at Colleywoodbro' there's plenty of game, but
 we'll gan no more,
 The next port shall be Kirby Hill where hares do run
 by scores.

THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.*

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town was a gay day,
 For fortune has here set me down
 Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
 My lady gives galas and routs,
 And her treats of the town are the talks here ;
 But nothing i'ze seen thereabouts,
 Equal one that was given in Yorkshire.
 Rum ti iddity iddity, rum ti iddity ido,
 Rum ti iddity iddity, fal de ral, lal de ral lido.

* From a *Garland of New Songs*, printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh Market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Johnny Fig was a white and green grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
 None than John in the shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir.
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out, sir,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners ;
 She invited them all to a rout sir,
 And ax'd all the village musicioners.
 Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, sir,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses ;
 The concert commenc'd with the clark, sir,
 Who chanted the Vicar and Moses ;
 The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, sir,
 The gentlemen all said 'twas the dandy ;
 And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, sir,
 Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.
 Rum ti, &c.

The baker he sung a good batch,
 While the lawyer for harmony willing,
 While the bailiff he join'd in the catch,
 And the notes of the butcher were killing ;
 The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The schoolmaster flogg'd on with fury ;
 The coachman he play'd the Black Joke,
 And the fish-woman sung a Bravura.
 Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 Madam Fig scream'd a song loud as Boreas,
 Soon wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
 Who starting up, joined in the chorus ;
 While a donkey the melody marking,
 Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, sir,
 " Attend to the rector of Barking's
 Duet with the vicar of Bray, sir."
 Rum ti, &c.

A brine tub half full of beef, salted,
 Madam Fig had trick'd out for a seat, sir,
 Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
 But the cov'ring crack'd under his feet, sir ;
 Snip was sous'd in the brine, but, soon rising,
 Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,
 " Is it a matter so monstrous surprising,
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir ?"
 Rum ti, &c.

Then a ball after the concert gave way,
 And for daucing no souls could be riper,
 So struck up the Devil to Pay,
 While Johnny Fig paid the piper ;
 But the best thing came after the ball,
 For finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all
 To sup on a cold collation.
 Rum ti, &c.

THE SOLDIER IN YORKSHIRE.

THERE was a jolly soldier down into Yorkshire
 went,
 And for to court a pretty girl was his whole intent ;
 He courted her, and told her he lov'd her as his life,
 Poor girl, she little thought he had another wife.
 He courted her six months, with behaviour mild and
 kind ;
 Her friends and relations did like him, so we find ;
 He said, " My dearest Peggy, I love you as my life,
 And if your friends are willing, you shall be my wife."
 Her father and her mother they both did agree,
 That joined in wedlock this couple should be ;
 I, like a silly girl, consented to the same,
 I thought to have a husband none could me blame.

AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATTERIN NAN," ETC.

Tune, "*Come Whoam to thi Childer an Me.*"

A W'M a weyver ya knaw, an awf deead,
 So aw du all at iver aw can
 Ta put away aat o' my heead
 The thowts an the aims of a man!
 Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
 When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
 An aw think it a sorry consarn
 Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
 As they hae been, ur ivir can be;
 An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
 If he'd nobud swop places wi me;
 But he's welcome ta all he can get,
 Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
 An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
 Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw nivir can call hur my wife,
 My love aw sal nivir mak knawn,
 Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
 Thraws a shadda across o' my awn;
 An aw'm suar when hur heart is at eas,
 Thear is sunshine an singin i' mine,
 An misfortunes may come as they pleas,
 Bud they nivir can mak ma repine.

* *Yorkshire Songs*—No. I. (of a series to be published by Abraham Holroyd, Westgate, Bradford), 1860.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
 Aw wur foold be his speeches an rhymes,
 His promises wattered my hoap,
 An aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times ;
 But aw feel 'at my dearist desire
 Is withrin within ma away,
 Like an ivy-stem trailin' it mire,
 An deein' fur t' want of a stay !

When aw laid i' my bed day an neet,
 An wur geen up by t'doctor fur deead—
 God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet
 An a basin o' grewil an breedad ;
 An aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
 Bud sa kindly shoo chattud an smiled,
 Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur ta t'wall,
 An ta bluther an sob like a child !

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
 Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't ;
 It's a sin ta be nivir furgeen
 Ta yoke hur ta famine an stint ;
 So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
 Like a man thru a desert unknawn,
 Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
 Bud my sorras will all be my awn !

Soa aw' trudge on aloan as aw owt,
 An whativir my troubles may be,
 They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
 That aw've nivir browt trouble ta thee ;
 Yit a burd hes its young uns ta guard,
 A wild beast, a mate in his den ;
 An aw cannot but think that its hard—
 Nay, deng it, aw'm roarin agen !

A GLOSSARY.

A AOT, *out.*
 Aar, *our.*
 Abaht, *about, about.*
 Addled, *earned.*
 Afoor, *before.*
 Agean, *against.*
 Ah, *I.*
 Ahle, *I'll.*
 Aht, *out.*
 Ands, *and has.*
 Anen, *anent, near or against.*
 Arn, *to earn.*
 Ast, *asked.*
 Asta, *have you.*
 Aw, *I.*
 Awd, *auld, old.*
 Awf, *half.*
 Awlus, *anlas, always.*
 Awn, *own.*

BAAN, *bone.*
 Bairns, *children.*
 Baith, *both.*
 Bane, *near to.*
 Baon, *going.*
 Barn, *a child.*
 Be, *bi, by.*
 Behawfe, *by half.*
 Beng-up, *showy.*
 Berrid, *buried.*
 Bide, *bear.*
 Bods, *burds, birds.*
 Brack, *broke.*
 Breet, *bright.*
 Brewt, *brute.*
 Bud, *but.*

CAPPED, *surprised.*

Cawd, *cold.*
 Cleas, *clothes.*
 Coil, *coal.*
 Cos, *because.*
 Cud, *could.*

DAHNREYT, *downright.*
 Daht, *doubt.*
 Daz, *to stupify.*
 Deant, *do not.*
 Dee, *to die.*
 Deeane, *done.*
 Dew, *to do.*
 Diddle, *to cheat.*
 Ding, *to throw.*
 Don 't, *put it on.*
 Draand, *drowned.*
 Du, *do.*
 Dun, *done.*

ELPIN, *helping.*
 Ev, *have.*

FAHVE, *five.*
 Farden, *farthing.*
 Feeal, *fool.*
 Fettle, *to put in order, prepare.*
 Fiahne, *fine.*
 Fick, *to struggle.*
 Fitterd, *fluttered.*
 Fleead, *flayed.*
 Fleear, *the floor.*
 Fleg, *a flag.*
 Flick, *fitch.*
 Freetened, *frightened.*

GAON, *gone.*
 Getten, *gitten, has got.*

Gi, gie, *give*.
 Gimma, *give me*.
 Gloare, *to stare, look earnestly*.
 Goas, gooas, *goes*.
 Goom, *the gum*.

HAA, *how*.
 Haase, haaos, *house*.
 Hah, *how*.
 Heead, *the head*.
 Het, *have it*.
 His-sel or his sen, *himself*.
 Hod, *to hold*.

INTUL, *into*,
 Issant, *is not*.
 Ista, *art thou, are you*.
 Ith, *in the*.
 Ivven, *even*.
 Ivver, *ever*.
 Ize, *I am*.
 Izzent, *is not*.

KAHND, *kind*.
 Karkiss, *the body*.

LAIR, *a barn*.
 Leeght, leet, *light*.
 Lig, *to lie down*.
 Lin, *linen*.
 Loase, *to loose*.
 Lug, *the ear, also to pull*.
 Luke, *to look*.

MA, *me*.
 Mah, *my*.
 Mebby, *perhaps*.
 Meeast, *most*.
 Meenleet, *moonlight*.
 Mesen, mysen, *myself*.
 Mesht, *bruised*.
 Minnits, *minutes*.
 Mitch, *much*.
 Monny, *many*.
 Mud, *might*.
 Mun, *must*.

NAH, *now*.
 Nattry, *bad tempered*.
 Neet or neeght, *night*.
 Neiv, *the hand*.
 Nivvir, *never*.
 Noa, noan, *no, none*.
 Noas, *the nose*.
 Nobbut, *only*.
 Nont, *nothing*.
 Nowt, *nothing*.
 Nubdy, *nobody*.

OTH, *on the*.
 Ovvur, *over*.
 Owlus, *always*.
 Owt, *ought*.

PRATLY, *partly*.

RADE, *rode*.
 Raff, *low company*.
 Raond, *round*.

SARK, *shark, a shirt, (but at page 271, it evidently means a surplice)*.

Sarten, *certain*.
 Seean, *soon*.
 Seeat, *soot*.
 Seeghts, *sights*.
 Seet, *see it*.
 Sell, *self*.
 Sen, *since*.
 Shap, *shape*.
 Shaated, shaated, *shouted*.
 Shoo, *she*.
 Shraad, *a shroud*.
 Shutterd, *slipped or dropped out*.
 Sin, *since*.
 Sitch, *such*.
 Slap-shod, *loosely shod*.
 Sloap, *a cheat*.
 Smoak, *suspect*.
 Sneck, *a latch of a door*.
 Sooin, *soon*.

Sope, *a sup, drop.*
 Sorra, *sorrow.*
 Sowl, *soul.*
 Spanking, *quite new, stylish.*
 Spenisjuce, *spanish juice.*
 Steven, *to speak loud.*
 Storance, *stirrings.*
 Suddent, *should not.*
 Sum, *some.*
 Sumhah, *somehow.*
 Sune, *soon.*
 Swillin, *washing out.*
 Swop, *to exchange.*

TA, *to.*
 Taon, *town.*
 Teak, *took.*
 Teea, *to.*
 Teern, *to turn.*
 Teld, *told.*
 Tem'd, *poured.*
 Tengin, *stinging.*
 Tengs, *tongs.*
 Tew, *trouble, to crumple.*
 Tha, *they, thou.*
 Thall, tharl, *thou wilt.*
 Thart, *thou art.*
 Thel, *they will.*
 Tiv, *to.*
 Toth, *to the.*
 Towd, *the old.*
 Trigg'd, *filled.*
 Tu, *too.*
 Tull, *to.*
 Tummle, *to fall.*
 Tussell, *to struggle.*
 'Twad, *it would.*
 T'warst, *the worst.*
 Twea, *two.*
 'Twor, *it was.*

UD, *would.*
 Ur, *or.*
 Uther, *the other.*

WAD, *would.*

Wah, whar, *where, who.*
 Wake, waik, *weak.*
 War, *were.*
 Wark, *to ache, to work.*
 Warse, *worse.*
 Weame, *the belly.*
 Weea, *who.*
 Weel, weal, *well.*
 Weent, *will not*
 Wee'se, *we shall.*
 Wer, *were.*
 Weshin, *washing.*
 Whahl, *while.*
 Whewin, *whistling, blowing.*
 Whoame, *home.*
 Whoor, *where.*
 Wick, *alive.*
 Withaht, *without.*
 Wittta, *wilt thou.*
 Woddunt, *would not.*
 Wolivver (while ever), *so long*
as.
 Wor, *was.*
 Wor'nt, *was not.*
 Worrit, *tease by complaining.*
 Wo't, *who it.*
 Wots, *oats.*
 Wur, *our, were.*
 Wursen, *ourselves.*
 Wurt, *was the.*

YA, *you.*
 Yah, *one.*
 Yal, *whole, ale.*
 Yam, *home.*
 Yan, *one.*
 Yance, *once.*
 Y'are, *you are.*
 Yat, *hot, a gate.*
 Yatton, *the village of Ayton,*
commonly called "canny
Yatton."
 Yol, *you will.*
 Yor, *your.*
 Yo've, *you have.*

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